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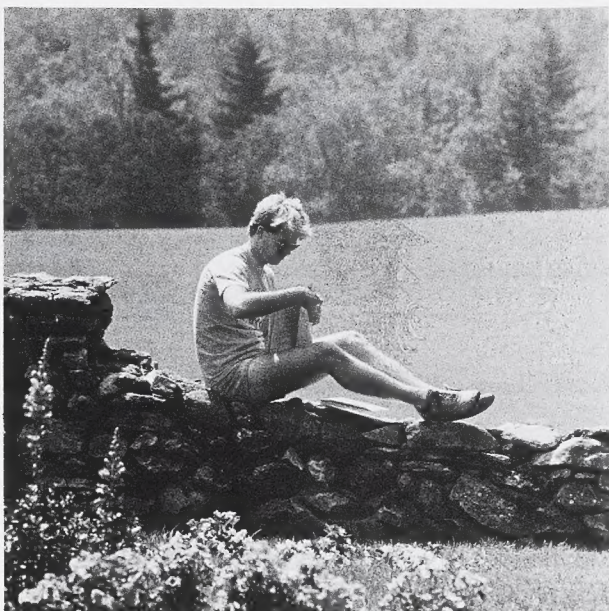


Middlebury College

**The
Program in Writing**
at the
Bread Loaf School of English
Bread Loaf, Vermont

Full Tuition Scholarships

for
**Rural and Small Town
Teachers of English**
June 26 - August 11, 1984



Administration

OLIN ROBISON, President of Middlebury College
PAUL M. CUBETA, Director of the Bread Loaf
School of English

Please address correspondence to:

CHARLOTTE ROSS, Administrative Assistant
Bread Loaf School of English — Box 100
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

Telephone:

802-388-3711 Ext. 5418 (until June 21)
802-388-7946 (June 22-August 12)

Middlebury College complies with the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Title IX of the Educational Amendments of 1972, the IRS Anti-Bias regulation and Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973. In so doing, Middlebury College does not discriminate against any individual on the basis of race, color, sex, religion, ethnic origin or handicap in any of its programs or activities. The Secretary of the College, Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753 (Tel. 802-388-3711) is responsible for coordinating the College's efforts to comply with Sec. 504, Rehabilitation Act of 1973.

THE AIM

The Program hopes to improve a teacher's capacity to teach writing, to enhance a teacher's knowledge of literature and to introduce her or him to techniques for emphasizing expository writing in the context of the humanities. In addition, the Program provides teachers with the training and resources that they need for undertaking productive research in writing based on their own practice as teachers.

It is the assumption of the Program that teachers of writing should themselves write and should broaden their professional acquaintance with systematic inquiry so that they can make their findings known to other researchers and to planners of curriculum. Awards from the Fund for the Improvement of Postsecondary Education of up to \$1500 are available to students who intend to conduct inquiries into language and learning in their own schools. The Coordinator of the Program in Writing is available for consultation on these writing projects during the school year.

The Program addresses in particular the writing needs of secondary school teachers of English and their students who, because of their cultural and geographic isolation, have inadequate educational resources to support them. Because of its magnificent setting in the heart of the Green Mountains, the Bread Loaf campus is an ideal place to engage questions of rural education. The commitment to the teaching of writing and literature at Bread Loaf has been the heart of the School of English since it was established in 1920. That spirit is perhaps best caught in the recognition that Robert Frost, friend and neighbor, returned to the School for forty-two years. The influence of his presence will long be felt, in part because Middlebury College owns and maintains the Robert Frost Farm as a National Historic Site, adjoining the Bread Loaf campus.

The Program in Writing also offers a six-credit seminar/tutorial in Writing, Thinking and Learning in the Program of the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford (July 2 -August 12, 1984), for students who have spent at least one summer in the Program in Writing in Vermont.

FULL TUITION SCHOLARSHIPS - SUMMER 1984

With support from the Fund for Postsecondary Education, the International Paper Company Foundation, the Lyndhurst Foundation, and the General Mills Foundation, the Bread Loaf School of English

offers rural and small town secondary school teachers of English an opportunity to participate in the Program in Writing by providing a substantial number of full tuition scholarships of \$1,350 in their first summer. Additional support toward board and room (\$700) on campus is available if need is established.

ELIGIBILITY FOR FULL TUITION SCHOLARSHIPS FOR THE SUMMER OF 1984

1. Teachers of English must hold a bachelor's degree from an accredited college or university and have had one year, but not more than fifteen years, of experience in public secondary schools in rural or small town communities. There is no precise definition of *rural* or *small town*, but applicants who live in impoverished areas remote from metropolitan centers will be given preference.

2. Because of the School's determination to attract rural and small town secondary school teachers from a wide variety of geographic backgrounds, teachers from the Southeast, South, Midwest and Far West will be given special consideration. A wide geographic distribution of teachers will provide them with a chance to discuss common problems and to determine what is indigenous to their communities, what is common to their profession, and what distinguishes the problems of the rural teacher —beyond geographic, economic and social circumstances.

3. The Program seeks a range of ethnic and social backgrounds not only among teachers but among their student bodies in, for example, Native American, Hispanic and Black rural communities.

4. Although the Program for each teacher may extend over two or more summers, teachers who can spend only one summer at Bread Loaf are eligible to apply.

5. Applicants who do not teach in rural communities or small towns are eligible for admission, but they do not receive automatically a grant of full tuition. They are, however, eligible for financial aid.

6. All teachers are enrolled as regular graduate students at the Bread Loaf School of English. Teachers who do not proceed for the M.A. degree will receive a Certificate of Continuing Graduate Education from Middlebury College.

CRITERIA FOR ADMISSION

1. Selection is based on a comprehensive description of the student's community and his or her involvement in the teaching of writing as well as of his or her own writing experiences.
2. For those teachers who are interested in receiving financial support during the school year for practice-oriented inquiries, a letter from their principal or superintendent is requested. This recommendation should verify that the applicant with Bread Loaf funding will be supported in her or his efforts to conduct classroom research and to improve the writing curriculum and will be encouraged to form networks beyond the applicant's own classroom.
3. Teachers who are applying for full-tuition scholarships and who are considering developing practice-oriented research proposals at Bread Loaf for year-long funding should indicate that they are prepared to return to Bread Loaf in the summer of 1985. With the help of the Bread Loaf faculty and experienced teacher-researchers, they will analyze, interpret, and write up their findings in such courses as Mrs. Goswami's Studying Writing.
4. Although an excellent undergraduate and/or graduate record in English and strong recommendations are the surest admission criteria, special attention will be given to judgments about the applicant's involvement in writing programs at his or her school and to the ways in which acceptance into the Program in Writing could assist a teacher's personal and professional growth.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR APPLICATION

Applicants should write to:

Mrs. Charlotte Ross, Administrative Assistant
Bread Loaf School of English — Box 100
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

Telephone: 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418

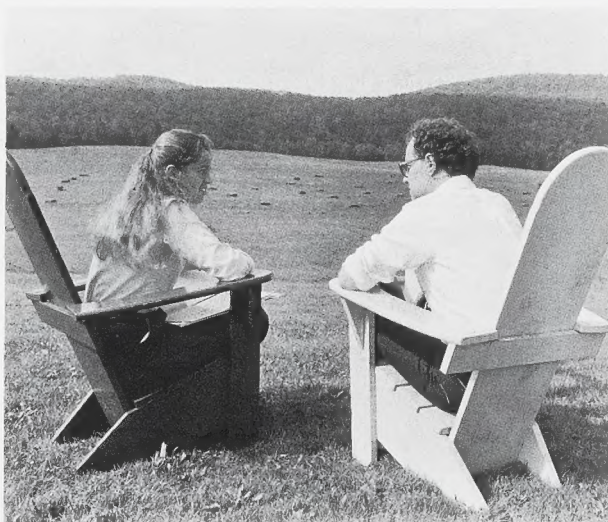
They will be sent an application form and the 1984 bulletin of the Bread Loaf School of English. The form should be filled out and returned to Mrs. Ross with an application fee of \$15 for students who have not previously applied to Bread Loaf. All undergraduate and graduate transcripts should also be forwarded.

The applicant is responsible for asking two colleagues or administrators to act as references.

There is no deadline for admission, but early application is urged, since competition for the limited number of scholarships is keen.

ELIGIBILITY FOR ACCEPTANCE INTO THE M.A. PROGRAM

1. All courses in writing are graduate courses and are a part of the M.A. degree program at the Bread Loaf School of English.
2. Students may elect at any time to become candidates for the M.A. degree. Those who are accepted are eligible upon application for financial aid from Middlebury College in all subsequent summers.
3. M.A. candidates may elect one course in writing each summer for *four* summers.
4. M.A. candidates who do not transfer credit from another institution, but instead enroll at Bread Loaf for five summers, may petition the Director for permission to take a course in writing *each* summer.
5. All students in the Program in Writing must also take one course in literature or theatre arts each summer.



THE PROGRAM IN WRITING AT BREAD LOAF: 1984

Students select one course or two mini-courses in writing and one in literature or theatre arts. They should register for courses only upon receipt of the 1984 bulletin of the Bread Loaf School of English.

Full Courses

Teacher as Learner/Teacher as Researcher —

Mrs. Goswami

For students who wish to begin inquiries in their own schools or communities. Students will draw on their own experience as they describe their histories and processes as writers and learners and reflect upon implications for teaching. Emphasis will be on research as a process of discovery and as part of the day-to-day work of teachers.

Studying Writing — Mrs. Goswami

For students who have begun inquiries in their own schools or communities and who wish to analyze, interpret, and write up their findings. We will explore the role of the teacher as researcher in a number of settings. Key issues include finding effective methods for classroom research, forming research communities, collaborating with outsiders and with students, and using research to inform practice.

Open to students only after one summer at Bread Loaf.

Oral and Literate Traditions — Ms. Heath

Interdisciplinary examination of the relationships among reading, writing, and speaking across contexts and cultures. Attention will be given to historical, psychological, sociological, and cultural aspects of becoming "literate." Special topics will include oral socio-drama, story-telling, and oral history, along with written stories, reports, letters, and academic essayist prose. Students should bring to the course tape recordings and various types of written treatments of the same subject matter by children, adolescents, or adults.

Mini-Courses

Writing Prose Non-Fiction (first 3 weeks) —

Mr. Macrorie

A workshop for teachers, centering on developing lively, succinct prose through writing and responding to the work of peers. A strong emphasis will be put on reading writing aloud, based on recent findings about the relationship of written language to "speech". The best of the writing - personal narrative, interviews with persons on the Mountain, accounts of teaching, etc.— will appear in the weekly magazine *Y'EAST*. There will be some talk about this workshop as a model for teaching persons of all ages.

Writing Responses to Literature (first 3 weeks) —
Mr. Macrorie

A workshop eliciting readers' written responses to literature, not critiques. Emphasis on developing voice in one's writing and recognizing it in the writing of others - through reading works aloud. Rigorous attention to weeding out clichés, redundancies, and stock responses.

Writing from Meditation (first 3 weeks) — *Mr. Moffett*

This course explores natural ways of focussing the mind that may be used to turn up and work up material for all kinds of writing. Partners help each other revise in small groups, and the class shares results within itself and perhaps beyond. Some discussion will center on the course's own methods as a teaching model.

Writing from Reading (first 3 weeks) — *Mr. Moffett*

Members of the course annotate various texts with their personal responses and, with the aid of partners in small groups, parlay some of these notes into compositions of all sorts. Short texts ranging over diverse types of reading matter will be handed out for annotation. The point is not to analyze and assess the texts, in this case, but to discover through reading some points of departure for one's own writing and to respond to texts as a creator of texts, as an active thinker in one's own right.

Writing to Learn: A Study of Relevant Research
(final 3 weeks) — *Mr. Britton*

Selected texts will be studied under three headings: (1) the writing process; (2) kinds of learning and kinds of written discourse; (3) developmental stages in writing ability. The course will be conducted as a reading seminar in which students give brief reports to introduce relevant ideas from works they have undertaken to read. The written requirement will take the form of a personal journal.

The Narrative Mode in Theory and Practice
(final 3 weeks) — *Mr. Britton*

A theoretical study of the educational value of story writing combined with an opportunity to practice it. The pedagogical focus will be on autobiographical and fictional writing by students aged five to seventeen. The course will be run in part as a workshop and in part as a reading seminar in which students give brief reports to introduce relevant ideas from works they have undertaken to read.

Writing to Learn and Its Foundation in Talk

(final 3 weeks) — *Miss Martin*

A workshop-cum-seminar involving both a study of samples of spoken and written language in the context of school learning, and also of students' own writing and discussion. The focus will be on the place of language in restructuring ideas and the variations that different situations demand. Students will be asked to keep a journal which expresses a dialogue between themselves and the texts they read. The School will provide a tape recorder for students unable to bring one, but they should bring *one* sample of spoken language on tape *and a transcript* of it.

Forms of Writing Approached Through Journals

(final 3 weeks) — *Miss Martin*

Expressive writing in journals as a quarry for developing transactional and poetic forms of discourse. A workshop-cum-seminar involving varied writing by students and also a study of theoretical aspects of the process of writing. Students should bring with them a *few* samples of writing by their students (including journal items) which they would like to discuss with others.

The following courses in Poetry Writing, Fiction Writing, and Writing for the Theatre are open to rural and small town teachers of English only after one summer at Bread Loaf.

Poetry Writing — *Ms. Hadas*

A workshop designed for those interested in writing, careful reading, and revision of poems. Emphasis will be on student work. Assignments (sonnets, sestina, dramatic monologue, etc.) will be given in order to suggest and explore various approaches to the composition of poetry. The student will be asked to put together a small collection of her or his poetry at the end of the session and to participate in a class reading open to the community. There will be individual conferences with the instructor, as desired by the student.

Fiction Writing — *Mr. Sadoff*

A workshop designed to explore the art of fiction writing and to develop a student's critical vocabulary as a writer, reader, and critic of the genre. The course will attempt to suggest how language, structure, and vision contribute to persuasive, moving fiction. Student and professional short stories will be discussed in class and conference.

Writing for the Theater — *Mr. Mokler*

A course designed to introduce students to the demands and possibilities of writing for the theater. Special attention will be given to the process of finding imaginative resources from which to draw material, and exploring dramatic situations in terms of actions and events. No attempt will be made to shape material into finished products - one act or full length plays — but rather emphasis will be placed on discovering and exploring material. Students will read their work aloud in class, and at least twice during the summer they will work with a professional director on one of their scenes for presentation before the class. Students from this course will also be invited to submit, during the subsequent year, finished dramatic pieces to be considered for workshop production in the summer of 1985.

The following course may be taken as a literature course by any student.

Interpreting and Teaching Fiction — *Mr. Maddox and Ms. Maddox*

This course will examine some of the problems of interpreting and teaching works of fiction. While the course can be regarded as an introduction to the graduate study of literature, it is also designed to bring teachers, at any stage in their educations, to a greater self-consciousness about the teaching of literature. This will not be a "methods" course; the instructors hope that the course will provide an opportunity for teachers at various levels and with various degrees of experience to discuss means of reading, teaching, and writing about fiction.

THE FACULTY IN WRITING AT BREAD LOAF

James Britton, M.A., Hon.LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Education, Institute of Education, University of London. Mr. Britton is a former English teacher in British state secondary schools, Educational Editor to John Murray (publishers), and Head of the English Department at the University of London Institute of Education. Director of the Schools Council Writing Research Unit 1966-72 and member of the "Bullock Committee," the 1972-74 British Government Inquiry into Reading and the Uses of English in Schools, he was awarded an honorary doctorate in 1977 by the University of Calgary and the David H. Russell Award for Distinguished Research in the Teaching of English by the National Council of Teachers of English. Publications include

Language and Learning, The Development of Writing Abilities, 11-18 (editor and co-author) and *Prospect and Retrospect*.

Dixie Goswami, B.A., Presbyterian; M.A., Clemson. Visiting Associate Professor of English, University of Massachusetts at Boston. Mrs. Goswami, a former NEH Fellow in Linguistics at Leeds University and a Mina Shaughnessy Scholar, has published articles on teaching writing and on research. She is now at work on a study of writing done in business and government (coedited with Lee Odell). Mrs. Goswami is Coordinator of the Program in Writing at the Bread Loaf School of English.

Pamela White Hadas, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., Washington University. Associate Professor of English, Washington University. Ms. Hadas has also taught at Middlebury and at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. She has published one book of criticism, *Marianne Moore: Poet of Affection*, and three books of poetry, *Designing Women*, *In Light of Genesis*, and *Beside Herself: From Pocahontas to Patty Hearst*. In 1980, she received the Witter Bynner Award in Poetry from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. She has been the Robert Frost Fellow at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. In 1982 she received the Oscar Blumenthal Award from *Poetry* magazine.

Shirley Brice Heath, B.A., Lynchburg; M.A., Ball State; Ph.D., Columbia. Associate Professor of Linguistics and Anthropology, School of Education Stanford. She is the author of books and articles on the social history of language in Mexico, Peru, and the United States which include: *Telling Tongues: Language Policy in Mexico, Colony to Nation*; *Teacher Talk: Language in the Classroom*; *Language in the USA* (coedited with Charles A. Ferguson); *Ways with Words: Language, Life and Work in Communities and Classrooms*. She has taught in primary and secondary schools in bilingual and bidialectal communities and during the past ten years has often collaborated with classroom teachers as co-researchers. A recipient of an NEH fellowship and two Ford Foundation grants, she has lectured in Europe, Asia, Australia, and Latin America. She is a member of the board of the National Center for Bilingualism Research and is currently at work on a social history of language in the United States. Ms. Heath is the Middlebury College Starr Professor of Linguistics for the summer of 1984.

Ken Macrorie, A.B., Oberlin; M.A., University of North Carolina; Ph.D., Columbia. Professor Emeritus of English, Western Michigan University. Mr. Macrorie has published *Writing to be Read*, *Uptaught*, *Telling Writing*, *A Vulnerable Teacher*, *Searching Writing*, a regular column in the magazine *Media & Methods*, and has served as editor on *College Composition and Communication*. He has taught at San Francisco State College and Michigan State University.

James H. Maddox, Jr., B.A., Princeton; M.A., Ph.D., Yale. Professor of English, The George Washington University. Mr. Maddox is the author of *Joyce's Ulysses and the Assault Upon Character* and articles and reviews on Joyce, Defoe, Samuel Richardson, and various aspects of English fiction. He is now at work on a study of the early English novel.

Lucy B. Maddox, B.A., Furman; M.A., Duke; Ph.D., University of Virginia. Assistant Professor of English, Georgetown. She has also taught at Clemson and Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University. Ms. Maddox is the author of *Nabokov's Novels in English*.

Nancy Martin, B.A., M.A., University of London. Former Reader in Education and Head of the English Department at the University of London Institute of Education. A member of the Schools Council Writing Research Unit (1966-72) and Director of its Development Project, *Writing Across the Curriculum* (1971-76), she has been visiting professor at Rutgers University, the Universities of Western Australia and Alberta and New York University. Publications include (co-authored with colleagues) *Writing and Learning Across the Curriculum*, *The Development of Writing Abilities, 11 to 18 years*, and *Understanding Children Talking*.

James Moffett, A.B., A.M., Harvard. Author and consultant in education, formerly instructor at Phillips Exeter Academy, Research Associate at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, and Visiting Lecturer at the University of California at Berkeley. Besides numerous professional articles on the teaching of language arts, Mr. Moffett has written *Teaching the Universe of Discourse*, co-authored *Student-Centered Language Arts and Reading, K-12*, co-edited *Points of View; An Anthology of Short Stories*, directed *Interaction*, a K-12 program for reading and language

arts, and more recently published *Coming on Center: English Education in Evolution* and *Active Voice: A Writing Program Across the Curriculum*. Scheduled for publication soon are four anthologies of student writing - a series called *Grassroots*, covering elementary through college - and an anthology of professional writing for use in composition, *The Writer's Non-Fiction Reader*. He has recently completed a cross-disciplinary work for the general public that applies esoteric doctrine to contemporary issues, *Soul School: Censorship, Conflict, and the Evolution of Consciousness*.

Alan Mokler, B.A., M.A., Stanford; M.F.A., Yale. Mr. Mokler is Director of the Program in Theatre and Dance at Princeton. He was Artistic Director of the Provincetown Playhouse in New York City, and was Director of the Acting Ensemble at Princeton for two years. He has directed at every level, including academic, community and professional theatre. He is also a writer, and his plays have been performed at Stanford, Yale, Princeton, New York and elsewhere.

Ira Sadoff, B.S., Cornell U., M.F.A., U. of Oregon. Director of Creative Writing program, Colby. Mr. Sadoff is the author of *Uncoupling*, a novel, and has published more than twenty stories in literary magazines. His fiction has been anthologized in *Prize Short Stories, 1976: The O. Henry Awards*, and he has received four honorable mentions in Martha Foley's *Best Short Stories* collections. He is a recipient of a N.E.A. Fellowship. He has published three collections of poetry: *A Northern Calendar*, *Palm Reading in Winter*, and *Settling Down*. In 1968 he founded the literary magazine, *The Seneca Review*, and later served as poetry editor of *The Antioch Review*. He has taught at Antioch College, Hampshire College, and in the graduate writing program at the University of Virginia.

Visiting Consultants

Peter Elbow, B.A., Williams; M.A., Exeter College, Oxford; Ph.D., Brandeis. He is Writing Program Director and a member of the English Department of SUNY, Stony Brook. He wrote *Oppositions in Chaucer*, *Writing Without Teachers*, and *Writing with Power* as well as numerous articles about literature, writing, and teaching. He was a Moody Fellow at Oxford, an honorary Woodrow Wilson Fellow, a Danforth Fellow, and a Kent Postdoctoral Fellow at the Wesleyan University Center for Humanities. In

1966 his essay on "Troilus and Criseyde" was awarded first prize in an English Institute competition.

Donald H. Graves, B.A., Bates; M.Ed., State College, Bridgewater; Ed.D., SUNY, Buffalo. Professor of Education, University of New Hampshire. Mr. Graves is a frequent writer for *Language Arts* and has just published *Writing: Teachers and Children at Work*.

Peter Medway, B.A., M.A., Oxford. Currently engaged in doctoral research at University of Leeds, Mr. Medway has been a teacher of English and Humanities in state secondary schools in London, Yorkshire and Devon. He was also for two years a member of the Schools Council/University of London Writing across the Curriculum Project, and has been Nuffield Teacher Fellow at the University of Sussex. He has lectured widely in Britain and Canada on language in education and the teaching of English, is the author of *Finding a Language: Autonomy and Learning in School*, and co-author of *Understanding Children Talking* (Nancy Martin *et al*) and *The Climate of Learning* (with Mike Torbe).

Camillus Lee Odell, B.A., Maryville College; M.A.T., University of North Carolina; Ph.D., University of Michigan. Professor of English, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Odell has taught courses in composition, in the teaching of writing, and in research on composition. He has published a number of articles on teaching and on research and has co-edited *Evaluating Writing: Describing, Measuring, Judging* and *Research on Composing: Points of Departure*. At present, he is working on a three-year study, funded by the National Institute of Education, of the nature and functions of writing done in business and government.

Administration

Paul M. Cubeta, A.B., Williams; Ph.D., Yale. Director, Bread Loaf School of English; College Professor of Humanities, Middlebury. A former Carnegie Fellow at Harvard, and Assistant Director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Mr. Cubeta has also taught at Williams. He is the author of articles on Jonson's poetry, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Frost and Edward Thomas. Editor of *Modern Drama for Analysis* and *Twentieth Century Interpretations of "Richard II,"* he has written, "Lear's Comic Vision" for *Teaching Shakespeare*, (Princeton Univ. Press).



Literature and Theatre Courses

English Literature

Chaucer, Shakespeare's Tragedies and Comedies, English Stage Comedy, Milton, the Wordsworthian Tradition, 19th-Century Novel, Eliot and Pound, Yeats and Joyce, Modern Satire, Modern Novel, Contemporary Drama, Interpreting and Teaching Fiction

American Literature

American Romanticism, The American Language Through American Literature, Frost and Stevens, Contemporary Poetry, American Nature Writing

Continental Literature

Themes in Medieval Literature, 19th-Century Continental Novel, Contemporary Continental Drama

Theatre Arts

Acting

All courses in literature require short critical literary analysis.

Other Aspects of the Program

Several times during the summer there will be workshops and lectures by visiting consultants. Individual conferences will be arranged so that students can discuss problems with their own writing, the writing and language needs of their students, planning curricula, and preparing bibliographies of resources. Experienced teacher-researchers will offer workshops on practice-oriented research and work with students on developing their own proposals for Bread Loaf research grants. Students now funded will discuss projects underway such as "Teacher Researchers Writing to Students," "Establishing a Network of Teacher-Researchers," "Exploring the Impact of a Word Processor in a Writing Classroom," "Studying Conversational Writing," "The Use of Conceptual Journals," or "Studying the Processes of Students Writing for Publication."

GENERAL INFORMATION

Theatre Program Each summer there is a major dramatic production, directed by a member of the faculty, and a program of one-acts directed by students. Recent productions have included *The Devil's Disciple*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *Juno and the Paycock*, *The Sea Gull*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Tempest* and *Buried Child*. *Twelfth Night* will be produced this summer. Students have produced plays by Pinter, Ionesco, Lorca, van Itallie, Guare, Mamet, and Stoppard. Members of the Bread Loaf community are encouraged to participate in all aspects of mounting a production — costuming, set construction, sound and lighting, acting, stage managing — in the pleasant, informal atmosphere of the Little Theatre. Academic credit is given for major contributions in acting, directing or production.

Other Features The lecture program at Bread Loaf introduces students to distinguished scholars and writers whose lectures broaden the outlook and enrich the content of the regular academic program.

A picnic at the nearby Robert Frost farm and a tour of the Frost cabin are a popular Bread Loaf

tradition, as are the square dances in the Bread Loaf Barn.

Several times each week students have the opportunity to view classic or modern films at Bread Loaf. They are also invited to join the Bread Loaf Madrigalists, who give several informal concerts each summer.

Recreation Since the elevation at Bread Loaf is 1500 feet above sea level, the summers can be cool. For those who enjoy outdoor life, the School is ideally located at the edge of Battell Forest. A junction with the Long Trail — “a footpath in the wilderness” — which winds along the summit of the Green Mountains and extends from southern Vermont to the Canadian border, is a short hike from the School.

The extensive campus offers a fine opportunity for the combination of study and recreation. A softball playing field, tennis and volley ball courts are available for student use. Jogging trails are everywhere. Bathing beaches at Lake Dunmore are twelve miles from the School. At Bread Loaf there is the Johnson Pond.

THE PROGRAM IN WRITING AT LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD: 1984

After taking one course in writing at Bread Loaf, Vermont, students may apply for a summer's study of writing in the Program of the School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford. At Oxford a student elects only the double-credit seminar in writing as a full summer program. The writing course meets as a seminar once or twice a week for several hours. In addition, a student has weekly individual tutorials. Teachers in the Oxford writing program will have an opportunity to meet with their peers who teach writing in Oxfordshire and to visit secondary school classes near Oxford.

SEMINAR IN WRITING

Writing, Thinking and Learning — *Tony Burgess and John Dixon*

A central concern for this seminar and its accompanying tutorials will be a study of the relationships among writing, thinking and learning. It will explore the need for a rationale for the teaching of writing which takes proper account of this relationship and which is set against the broader scene of teaching and learning as a whole, including the uses of spoken language and the place of literature.

These intentions will be pursued through 1) a systematic study of theories of writing and an exploration of ways in which these theories may illuminate the practice of individuals and schools; 2) visits to public and private British schools, colloquia at Lincoln with British teachers and other educators, workshops conducted by members of the seminar and visiting consultants; 3) students' self-directed writing in the form of a long study or a portfolio of shorter pieces.

THE FACULTY IN WRITING AT OXFORD

Tony Burgess, B.A. King's College, Cambridge, M.A., University of London. Lecturer in English, Institute of Education, University of London. Mr. Burgess has worked as an English teacher in British state secondary schools and as research officer on the development of writing and on language diversity. He has been interested in school based teacher training and is co-founder of the Institute's Alternative Course, located in a number of inner London secondary schools. He is currently working, within an ethnographic perspective, on the realization of understandings about language and learning in classroom settings. He is co-author of *Understanding Children Writing, The Development of Writing Abilities 11-18* and *The Languages and Dialects of London School Children*.

John Dixon, B.A., M.A., St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. Mr. Dixon taught English for twelve years in inner-city schools in London. After writing "Growth through English," the report on the Dartmouth Seminar, he was chairperson of the English Committee for England and Wales (1968-74). He worked with serving teachers from 1969, first as Director of the Diploma in English Studies, University of Leeds, and later as Director of the national project on English 16-19. Consultant to the Open University (1978-80) for their new course on "Mathematics Across the Curriculum," he recently retired to continue research on writing development 9-13, and on the analysis of achievements in writing 16-17. His books include *Education 16-19: The Role of English and Communication* and (forthcoming) an investigation of Evidence of Response to Literature.

VISITING CONSULTANTS

James Britton, M.A., Hon. LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Education, University of London.

Nancy Martin, B.A., M.A., University of London.
Former Reader in Education and Head of the English
Department at the University of London Institute of
Education.

GRANT SUPPORT AND FINANCIAL AID

All rural and small town teachers of English admitted to the Program in Writing receive a full tuition scholarship of \$1,350 in their first summer. Additional aid to defray the cost of board and room on campus is available to students who file a Financial Aid Form (FAF) with the College Scholarship Service. Requests for additional aid should be made when the application form is submitted to the School. Once a student is accepted, awards will be made promptly upon receipt from the College Scholarship Service of the information on a student's need.

Through The Guaranteed Student Loan Program (GSLP) most states sponsor and guarantee their own student loan programs.

All students in subsequent summers at Bread Loaf are eligible for financial aid in the form of grants and/or waiterships. At Oxford they are eligible for financial aid and loans. Aid is awarded on the basis of financial need and intellectual achievement.

Fees — 1984

Tuition:	\$1,350
Board:	500
Room:	<u>200</u>
Total	\$2,050
Tuition credit for first year	<u>-1,350</u>
students in Program in Writing	\$ 700

Each applicant who is accepted and plans to live on campus is asked to pay a \$50 deposit, refundable up to May 1, which is applied to a student's total bill. An on-campus applicant is officially registered only upon receipt of this deposit. Money should not be sent until payment is requested. Rooms are assigned only to students registered officially.

The comprehensive fee for tuition, board and room at Oxford is \$2,150.

Additional information about the Bread Loaf School of English, the Bread Loaf Program at Lincoln College, Oxford, accommodations for families, etc., will be found in the 1984 bulletin of the School of English.



Middlebury College
The Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

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Permit No. 43
Middlebury, VT



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1984

Dear Bread Loafer:

This letter is a happy harbinger for returning Bread Loafers, and one which I hope will be helpful to those about to enjoy their first summer on the Mountain. We're already at a standing-room-only enrollment.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College and is payable upon receipt and must be paid by June 26. Please return the enclosed arrival card and the medical information form to the Bread Loaf office.

The Bread Loaf campus is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station in Middlebury on June 26. Do not get off at the College because English is not spoken there in the summer. Early morning arrivals on June 26 will be transported from the Middlebury Inn to Bread Loaf at 10 A.M. There is a charge of \$3.00 for the trip. More expensive transportation by private taxi would be your responsibility. There are Greyhound (Vermont Transit) buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany and New York City.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Hwy. 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles east of this junction on Rt. 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury afternoons if you don't have a car.

Air North and U.S. Air have flights from Boston to Burlington. U.S. Air also has service from New York and Albany. People Express flies in from Newark and United from Chicago. Connections from Burlington can be made on Vermont Transit buses.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and to receive your room and post office box assignments. Please read the Basic Information Sheet, which you will receive from Bob and Joan Handy, the Inn Managers; and then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your courses with Charlotte Ross. Then from a representative of the Comptroller's Office, in the Blue Parlor, you may obtain your ID card (as receipt for full payment made).

Lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 26 will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June 26, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on Monday, June 25, for faculty and staff, and for students who because of travel problems have my permission to arrive on Monday, June 25.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40° to 50°) and warm (75° to 90°F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deep Woods Off. If you do not elect to use Foley Services for linen rental, you must bring your own linen. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios (unless you use earphones), TV's, hi-fi's are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. Please leave portable refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Fridges are more than our circuit capacity can bear, and hot plates and coffee pots can be a dangerous fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.) Leo Hotte, our new Caretaker, has graciously agreed to retain in secure custody any contraband items, should you inadvertently bring them. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by your typewriters or insured word processors.

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased at the Front Desk for those who believe that something might happen in the real world. A TV set will be brought on campus for viewing, should any event make the world impossible for your re-entry in August. That does not include political conventions or Olympics, should any occur.

For your convenience bring travelers checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until August 3, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding \$20 - an outrageous inconvenience which is not in my control. And after that, no honor and no cashed checks at all.

Pets are not allowed in student dormitories or in public buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus. You may bring your plants.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (Your Name) Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 8. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be sent back to the real world after you leave the Mountain. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at Bread Loaf - Student Storage, Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

Since the Front Desk closes at 11 P.M., it is sometimes difficult to complete late evening calls. Try to have incoming calls made well before 11 P.M., with allowances for time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7946.

If you have software diskettes that will be interesting to use during demonstration sessions on an Apple IIe microcomputer, please bring them.

Alan Mokler would like it understood that 18. Playwriting meets formally as a class only on Monday and Thursday from 2:00 to 4:30. The Tuesday and Wednesday times are set aside for writing and rehearsals. If this clarification leads any of you to consider a change in registration, the course is still open.

Since Alan will be producing Shakespeare's Twelfth Night this summer, it might be a good idea to take a look at it before or during my Welcoming Remarks.

With a little luck we'll all be ready at about the same time. Have a great trip.

Yours,



Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/eh

P.S. If you find that you can't come to Bread Loaf this summer because of unexpected circumstances, would you please call the Bread Loaf office collect at 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418. We have a long waiting list of great candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to be at Bread Loaf this summer.



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1984

Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends:

I want to welcome all relatives and friends of Bread Loaf students and NEH seminar participants to the Mountain. Bread Loaf is a lot more than a School; it is a community of shared intellectual, social and recreational engagements. You who are not enrolled students are cordially invited to join in as many on-campus activities as you wish, to attend the evening lectures, the writing workshops, the picnic at the Frost Farm, receptions, films and plays, or to use the tennis and volley ball courts, the Johnson Pond, the Snack Bar in the Barn. You may purchase a meal ticket at the Front Desk whenever you'd like to join on-campus Bread Loafers for a meal. If you'd like to audit an occasional class, you may do so after checking with Charlotte Ross to see whether the instructor permits auditors. It has been an honored tradition since 1920 to pay the School \$1.00 a class hour to help the secretaries meet their routine office expenses at Bread Loaf. This fee has not gone up in 65 years, and must now be the 1920 equivalent of \$15. Stephanie Shute, the Theatre Production Manager, would welcome your assistance in mounting our dramatic productions. You are encouraged to try out for a part in our plays: Twelfth Night, or one-acts by Weller and Shepard.

The spirit of this invitation is meant to be warm and real, but we should recognize that it can also be abused. The rights of resident students can unintentionally be infringed upon by visitors. First, dogs must not be brought on campus because they create a serious nuisance by barking outside open classroom windows, or by annoying students and faculty in the Barn. Perhaps a more vexing problem is that of unattended children. Since the Barn is one of the few places where students can have conferences with faculty - there are no faculty offices - it cannot be a place, delightful as it is, where children cavort at will. My tone is not meant to be querulous, but it is my responsibility to balance necessities and privileges and to create an educational environment which supports the central purpose of the School.

I'm pleased that Marian Litz, Director, with John and Valorie Foy as Assistant Directors, is running our informal weekday all day care center, the Croutons, for all our off-campus youngsters. You can make arrangements with Mrs. Litz when you arrive. The fee is minimal and the program terrific.

I ask for your help in making the summer a truly enjoyable one for us all.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/eh

BREAD LOAF

I will arrive by bus at the Middlebury Bus Station ☐

I will arrive by private car at Bread Loaf ☐

at..... On.....
hour of day day of week and month

Name.....

In order to facilitate transportation arrangements, please return
this card before.....

JUN 20 1983

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753

FOLEY SERVICES, INC.
133 State Street
Rutland, Vermont 05701
(802) 773-3367

April 2, 1984

Dear Student:

Can you furnish, launder, wrap and deliver towels, pillowcases and sheets each week for \$25.00?

»» We Can ««

We offer you freshly laundered linens each week with no investment in linen purchases, preparation or maintenance time.

You need only return the order form and your one-time rental payment to cover the complete service for the academic year - \$20.00, plus a \$5.00 deposit which is refundable at session's end.

Each week you will receive two fresh sheets, one pillowcase, and three large Turkish towels on an exchange basis.

Return your order form today. (Make checks payable to Foley Services, Inc.)

Thank you,

FOLEY SERVICES, INC.

Breadloaf School of English

ORDER FORM:

Student Name (Please Print)

Weekly Linen Service —

Dorm or House and Room No.

2 sheets
1 pillowcase
3 Turkish towels

Home Address

6 Weeks — \$25.00

City State Zip

(\$5.00 deposit
refunded at end
of session)

Send order to: FSI-Student Linen Service

P.O. Box 99

Rutland, Vermont 05701

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
 Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 2135

LAST FIRST
 Summer Program: _____
 Date of Birth: _____
 Home Address: _____

 Home Tel. () _____

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records here. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

Susan Kalma, M.S.N., F.N.P.
 Director, Parton Health Center

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Dizziness or fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion					Kidney stone				
Severe head injury					Albumin or blood in urine				
Head or neck x-rays or radiation treatments					Mother used D.E.S.				
Sinusitis					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Hearing loss					Shoulder dislocation				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Knee problems				
Eye trouble other than need for glasses					Recurrent back pain				
High blood pressure					Neck injury				
Rheumatic fever					Back injury				
Heart trouble					Broken bones				
Pain or pressure in chest					Swollen or painful joints				
Shortness of breath					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitis				
Asthma					Paralysis				
Pneumonia					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Chronic cough					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Tuberculosis					Thyroid trouble				
Positive tuberculin test					Serious skin disease				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Pilonidal cyst				
Hernia					Mononucleosis				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Anemia				
Intestinal trouble					Easy fatigability				
Self-induced vomiting					Tumor or cancer				
Frequent vomiting					Malaria				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Serious depression				
Jaundice or hepatitis					Excessive worry or anxiety				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right.

Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivities, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:

(If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)

YES NO

☐ ☐

Penicillin

☐ ☐

Sulfa

☐ ☐

Other antibiotics

(Name: _____)

☐ ☐

Aspirin

☐ ☐

Codeine

☐ ☐

Other pain relievers

(Name: _____)

☐ ☐

Horse serum

☐ ☐

Local anesthetics

☐ ☐

Other drugs, medicines, chemicals

(Name: _____)

YES NO

☐ ☐

Are you allergic to:

Foods (please list) _____

Name of allergist: _____

Address: _____

☐ ☐

Stinging insects (please specify) _____

Telephone: () _____

☐ ☐

Molds

Date series begun: _____

☐ ☐

Pollen

Please describe fully any adverse reactions to these injections:

☐ ☐

Animals (please specify) _____

☐ ☐

Other (please specify) _____

☐ ☐

Do you receive allergy desensitization injections?

☐ ☐

Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right hand column.

Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections.

YES NO

☐ ☐

Do you use medications regularly?

Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them.

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you had any emotional problems for which you have received counseling within the last three years? If so, please describe:

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where, and diagnosis.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES NO
☐ ☐

Do you use corrective eyewear?

Eyeglasses; prescription:

Contact lenses; prescription:

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

Diabetes

High blood pressure

Stroke

Cancer (Type: _____)

Heart attack before age 55

Cholesterol or blood fat disorder

Alcoholism

Sickle cell anemia

Glaucoma

YES NO RELATIONSHIP

Depression

Other serious illness (specify):

YES NO RELATIONSHIP

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE

MONTH, DAY, & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE

DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)

Polio - not required after 18th birthday.

Measles (red or hard measles)

Check type: ☐ Live ☐ Killed* ☐ Unknown*
 *reimmunization required

Rubella (3-day or German measles)

DATE ___/___/___ if measles disease diagnosed by a physician.

Immunize if rubella disease was not confirmed by blood test; titer result:
 DATE ___/___/___

10
YEAR
BOOSTER

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Please list below any additional immunizations, with dates:

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully.

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name _____	Field _____	Name _____	Field _____
Address _____		Address _____	
City, State _____		City, State _____	
Tel. (____) _____		Tel. (____) _____	

INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

☐ Please check here if you intend to purchase sickness and extended accident coverage (a secondary policy) through the College.

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

In case of emergency please notify:

Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

My signature below indicates that:

- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- if I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

DATE

SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

DATE

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN
(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed
above is in parent's or guardian's name)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of \$1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, One Boston Place, Boston, MA 02101, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	26 June - 13 August 1984
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	2 July - 12 August 1984

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

THE FACTS OF LOAF

The Bread Loaf School of English

Tuesday, June 26, 1984

Green Ribbon Greeters

New-comers! In the Inn Lobby you will be welcomed by Green Ribbon Greeters, returning Bread Loafers who will help you get your bearings. More than tour guides, they would like to make you feel that you are already a part of this special place. Please ask them about routine and rituals and share with them your questions and concerns. Today you deserve a green ribbon welcome; next year you wear the green ribbons.

Registration

Students should confirm their courses at the Secretary's Office as soon as possible after arrival. Those who have not registered for courses in advance and those who wish to change course registration should consult Paul Cubeta.

Bills

John Palmeri will be in the Blue Parlor today to receive payment for all unpaid bills. John Fleming's NEH students may pick up their stipends in the Blue Parlor as well.

Paul to Preach

The first School Meeting will be tonight at 7:30 in the Little Theater. Paul Cubeta will speak about Bread Loaf and Twelfth Night as improbable fictions. We will recover from the speech at a reception which will follow in the Barn.

First-Year Meeting

There will be an important meeting for first-year students on Wednesday at 4:30 in the Barn. Paul Cubeta will introduce certain members of the staff who will discuss with you why they are really in charge around here. A wine, cheese, and ginger ale party will follow.

Parking Warning

State law prohibits parking beside the highway. Please keep the road clear, especially in front of the Inn. Faculty at Maple and students in Tamarack, Brandy Brook, and Gilmore may park their cars on the lawn contiguous to the road. Enforcement of this law begins today.

Walking Warning

Please observe Vermont traffic regulations and face the traffic when walking on Route 125. It is both easy and dangerous to forget that Route 125 is a major road way with cars and trucks travelling at excessive speeds.

Facts of Snacks

The Snack Bar will be open starting today, from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. and from 6:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.

Facts of Libe

Our librarians are Brent Goeres and George Bennett.

The Library will be open the following hours:

Weekdays: 8:00 a.m. to midnight

Saturday: 9:00 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sunday: 9:00 a.m. to 12 noon, 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.,
7:00 p.m. to midnight.

The Library will be closed during all special programs.

Feeding Times

Weekdays

Breakfast: 7:30 to 8:00

Lunch: 1:00 to 1:15

Dinner: 6:00 to 6:15

Weekends

8:00 to 8:30

1:00 to 1:15

6:00 to 6:15

The Dining Hall Supervisor is Paul Larocque. The Head Waiter is John Ferguson and his Assistant is Charlie Orr. Because all waiters are also students, these hours for serving meals are kept strictly. Please try to be on time. And wear shoes in the Dining Hall.

Main Desk

Robert and Joan Handy are our Front Office Managers. Scott Wales, Rick Lansdale, and Doug Kincade are our Front Office Managers' Assistants.

The Office will be open:

Weekdays and Saturdays: 8:00 to 8:00

Sundays: 9:00 to 1:00 and 6:00 to 11:00.

The switchboard remains open until 11:00 every night.

Mail

Mail should be posted at the Front Office Mailbox by 3:00 on weekdays and by 2:00 on Saturdays. Mail is distributed around 10:00 in the morning and 5:30 in the evening. This year everyone is sharing a mailbox so do not be alarmed when someone else's mail appears in the box that you thought was yours alone. Students living off campus should get their mailbox assignments at the Front Desk. The Post Office hours are: Weekdays from 8:00 to 5:00 and Saturdays from 8:00 to 1:00. The Office is closed on Sundays.

Safe

If you would like to store small valuables in the Front Office safe, see Bob Handy.

Facts of Books

Bookstore Manager Doug Kincade announces the following Bookstore hours:

Tuesday: Open all day except meals

Wednesday: Open 8:00 to 1:00, 1:30 to 2:30, 6:30 to 7:30

Weekdays (starting Thursday): 8:00 to 9:45, 12:00 to
12:30, and 1:45 to 2:15

Saturday: 12:00 noon to 1:00

Sunday: Closed

Meet the Chief

Charlotte Ross, Kay Bennett, and Elaine Hall will make appointments for you to see Paul Cubeta. He is of course always available for a meeting in case of an urgent problem.

Facts of Docs

Laurie Brown will be our Nurse-in-Residence this summer. The Infirmary is in Cornwall Cottage, across from the Inn. It will be open:

Weekdays: 8:00 to 8:30, 1:30 to 2:00, 6:45 to 7:15

Saturday and Sunday: 1:30 to 2:00 and 6:45 to 7:15

Please return completed medical forms. Extra forms are available from Laurie.

Facts of Sparks

Such appliances as blow driers, hot plates, and coffee makers are strictly forbidden at Bread Loaf. Our delicate wiring is 55 years old and can easily overload. Also, these appliances pose a serious danger of fire to our all wooden buildings.

Taxi Facts

The Bread Loaf Taxi will ride into town and back on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The Taxi leaves the Inn at 2:00 and arrives in Middlebury at 2:20. It leaves Middlebury promptly at 4:00.

Phone Facts

Our "oldest switchboard in Vermont" has been replaced by a new computerized phone system. To make charged calls you must still reach the Main Desk. However to make a local off-campus call you no longer need Bread Loaf operator assistance; simply dial 9 and then your number.

There are pay phones on the ground floor of the Inn, outside behind the Laundry, in the Barn beneath the classroom stairs, and at Gilmore. Incoming callers can dial (802) 388-7946, or 328-9429 for the Gilmore phone. Except for emergencies, all incoming calls must be received before 11:00 when the switchboard closes. Check your mailbox regularly for messages and please leave a number at which you may be reached if you leave Bread Loaf during the summer.

Facts of Slacks

Washers, driers, and an iron are in a building near Larch on the way to the Barn. Tickets to run the machines are available from a dispenser near the Front Desk.

Facts of Tots

Marian Litz will lead the Croutons this year. She will be assisted by John and Valorie Foy. This summer there will be afternoon as well as morning sessions. Those interested in enrolling their children should bring them to the Earthworm Manor Barn on Wednesday, June 27, during the day.

A list of prices for Crouton sessions will be posted on the Bulletin Board outside the Secretary's Office on Wednesday.

New York Times

If you wish to order the New York Times please return the order slip you will find in your mailbox with the appropriate amount of money to the Front Desk.

For weekday delivery only (Monday, July 2 through Friday, August 10--35 days) the cost is \$17.50. For Sunday editions only (five Sundays) the cost is \$7.75. For both, the cost is \$25.25.

Guests

Because of the great number of students in the dormitories, we are unable to accomodate guests in students' rooms.

Guest Meals

The prices of guest meals are \$3.00 for breakfast, \$4.00 for lunch, and \$5.00 for dinner (or \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$3.00 for children.) Off campus students can purchase weekly lunch tickets for \$15.00 at the Front Desk.

Room Changes

Requests for room changes may be submitted to Charlotte Ross for the approval of Paul Cubeta. You should understand, however, that at the present time there are no available rooms. Only urgent requests should be submitted.

Crumb

The Bread Loaf Crumb is a daily bulletin that you will find on your table at lunch each weekday. Off campus students can get copies at the Front Desk. If you have a notice for the Crumb, give it to Editor Billy Aronson, or leave it in The Crumb Box in the Secretary's Office.

Young Playwrights

Billy Aronson will lead a weekly playwriting workshop for members of the Bread Loaf community between the ages of 8 and 16. Those interested should leave their names and ages at the Front Desk.

Theater at Bread Loaf

This summer Bread Loaf is offering a wide variety of opportunities for people to participate in theater activities. Everyone in the community is invited to act and work backstage, including students, faculty, and staff, as well as their families and friends.

Three productions will be presented this summer in The Little Theater. The first two are one-acts, which will be performed together July 19-21. Split, by Michael Weller, is about a couple who, after six years of marriage, is discovering that something is very wrong with their relationship. Icarus' Mother, by Sam Shepard, is about five friends (three men, two women) waiting for the fireworks at a Fourth of July picnic; as usual with Sam Shepard, the fireworks are rather surprising. These two plays are being directed by advanced directing students Faye Jordon and Michael Hayes.

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night is the major production of the summer. It will play August 2-5, and is being directed by Alan Mokler. The roles of Malvolio and Sir Toby are cast with visiting guest artists Brian McEleney and Barry Press, but all other roles are open.

Auditions for all three plays will be held this Wednesday night at 7:30 in the Little Theater. Please don't be shy about trying out--there are many roles and we need lots of actors. There is no need to prepare anything, but if you'd like to read the plays you can get copies from the library (reserve books). If you cannot come Wednesday, you can also audition Thursday night at 7:00.

All three plays need stage manages. People interested in this important job and those interested in working on sets, costumes or lighting are asked to stop by the theater and speak with Walter Boswell or Mary Harkins.

Musicians are needed for Twelfth Night. We hope to find three or four people who can play flute, cello, recorder, violin or other 17th Century instruments. In particular, we need a musical director who can take existing melodies and arrange them for the instruments we choose. Please, if you think you would like to perform and/or be musical director, come to auditions and let us know.

There are other theater opportunities this summer too. Next Tuesday and Thursday Barry Press will lead a two session workshop that explores ways theater improvisation can be used to spark the imagination of writers. If there is interest, Barry will continue to explore this subject with a small group of students throughout the summer.

Finally, the playwriting class will be doing informal staged readings of new scenes during every class--generally Monday and Thursday afternoons. If you'd like to participate, sign up on the bulletin board.

Everyone is welcome at auditions--to try out or just watch. Rehearsals are generally open and performances are free. We try to do true community theater and involve people every step of the way. Come join us. Come play.

The Theatre Staff

Alan Mokler	Barry Press
Walter Boswell	Brian McEleney
Mary Harkins	Faye Jordon
Stephanie Shutte	Michael Hayes



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 2, 1984

Dear New Bread Loafer:

Since you are spending your first summer on the Mountain, it might be helpful in allaying any anxieties to inform you, as I have the faculty, what grades are alleged to mean at the School of English:

<u>Grade</u>	<u>Description</u>
A+, A	An extraordinary or even superlative achievement.
A-	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	Very good work.
B	Good, competent achievement, an entirely creditable effort.
B-	Passing work.
C+, C, C-, D	Varying gradations which establish an unsatisfactory performance.

The normal expectation for any summer at Bread Loaf is that about half of the final course grades will be B or B+, but most students start out with lower grades on their first papers. It is not at all unusual for students to get a C or C+ at first and a B or B+ for a final grade.

You should recognize that you would not be at Bread Loaf if I had any doubts about your intellectual ability or your preparation. If for whatever reason you are disappointed with the results of your first papers, please don't get discouraged. See your instructor. See me. First papers of first-year students are no indication of any final assessment. If you start off with an A+, remember there is no way for you to improve.

May this please be the first and last word on a subject which has never yet gotten to the meaning of an educational experience. More important than grades is the assessment each instructor will place in your file if you elect to sign the Waiver of Confidentiality, which you have received. I pay little attention attention to specific grades on a Bread Loaf transcript, but I evaluate carefully these detailed and perceptive letters, which are available as part of a Bread Loaf letter of recommendation, should you ever request one from the School.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/eh

1984 Schedule of Classes

Except as indicated, all classes will be held in the Barn. Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in the classes.

			Room
8:30	19. Chaucer (II)	Mr. Fleming	1
	32. Milton (II)	Mr. Hadas	4
	63. T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound (III)	Mr. Litz	2
	83. American Romanticism (IV)	Mr. Weisbuch	3
	189. Oral and Literate Traditions (I)	Ms. Heath	5
	195. Frost and Stevens (IV)	Mr. Mariani	6
9:30	3. Teacher as Learner/Teacher as Researcher (I)	Mrs. Goswami	5
	21. Modern British Novel (III)	Ms. Maddox	2
	37. The European Novel, 1850-1900 (V)	Mr. Maddox	1
	93. Modern Drama (V)	Mr. Cadden	3
	105. English Stage Comedy (II)	Mr. Danson	4
	194. Modern Satire (III)	Mr. Kernan	6
10:30	71. Themes in Medieval Literature (V)	Mr. Hadas	4
	94. American Fiction From Twain to Mailer (IV)	Mr. Weisbuch	1
	101. Yeats and Joyce (III)	Mr. Litz	2
	167. The American Language Through American Lit. (IV)	Ms. Heath	5
	196. Contemporary American Poetry, 1970-Present (IV)	Mr. Mariani	3
	NEH Seminar	Mr. Fleming	6
11:30	28. Shakespeare's Comedy (II)	Mr. Danson	6
	61. Shakespeare's Tragedies (II)	Mr. Kernan	2
	87. Interpreting and Teaching Fiction (III)	Ms./Mr. Maddox	1
	154. Contemporary Drama (V)	Mr. Cadden	3
Mon., Wed. 2:00-4:30	2. Writing Prose Non-Fiction (I)	Mr. Macrorie	2
	191. Writing From Meditation (I)	Mr. Moffett	5
	193. Landscapes: Literal and Subjective (III)	Mr. Pack	3
Mon., Wed., Fri. 2:00-4:00	129. Introduction to Acting (VI)	Ms. Elliott	Earthworm Manor Barn
Mon., Thurs. 2:00-4:30	18. Writing for the Theatre (I)	Mr. Mokler/Staff	1
Mon., Thurs. 2:00-4:30	6. Fiction Writing (I)	Mr. Sadoff	6
Mon., Thurs. 2:00-3:30; Wed. 2:00-3:00	161. Writing to Learn and Its Foundation in Talk (I)	Miss Martin	5
	172. Writing to Learn: A Study of Relevant Research (I)	Mr. Britton	2
Tues., Thurs. 2:00-4:30	184. American Nature Writing (IV)	Mr. Elder	3
	190. Writing Responses to Literature (I)	Mr. Macrorie	2
	192. Writing From Reading (I)	Mr. Moffett	5
Tues., Fri. 2:00-4:30	5. Poetry Writing (I)	Ms. Hadas	4
Tues., Fri. 2:00-3:30; Wed. 3:15-4:15	173. The Narrative Mode in Theory and Practice (I)	Mr. Britton	5
	174. Forms of Writing Approached Through Journals (I)	Miss Martin	2

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Program for Summer of 1984

Monday, July 9	Dedication of Davison Library Addition	5:00
Tuesday, July 10	Margaret W. Ferguson Yale University	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
	The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture On Milton	
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, July 19, 20, 21	Student-Directed One-Act Plays: "Split" by Michael Weller "Icarus' Mother" by Sam Shepard	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, August 2, 3, 4, 5	<u>Twelfth Night</u> by William Shakespeare	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, August 11	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre 8:45 p.m.

Program in Writing: Consultants

July 2 through 5	Donald Graves
July 9, 10	C. Lee Odell
July 13, 14	Peter Medway
July 16 through 18	Peter Elbow

Bread Loaf School of English

MOVIE SCHEDULE 1984

Friday, June 29

DAYS OF HEAVEN

Friday, July 6

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL

Saturday, July 7

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Friday, July 13

THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE

Saturday, July 14

THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

Friday, July 27

TOM JONES

Saturday, July 28

ANNIE HALL

Advisor	Barry Press
Technical Director	Daniel Renn
Lighting Designer	Peter Dorson
Master Electrician	Jon Welter
Sound Board	Ben Danson
Costume Coordinator	Mary T. Harkins
Scene Designer	Walter Boswell
Running Crew	Connie Kyzer Katie Snyder
House Manager	Stephanie Shute

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents

SPLIT

by Michael Weller

and

ICARUS' MOTHER

by Sam Shepard

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Margaret Alfonso, Pat Fernow,
Dick Foreman, Fleeta Harris, Leo Hotte,
Ann Koppeis, Lee Montgomery, Robin Reid,
Ellen Rennard, Nelson Sudderth,
the Household Staff, and
the Kitchen Staff

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

July 19, 20, 21, 1984

Little Theatre

8:30 P.M.

SPLIT

by Michael Weller

The Characters

Paul	Tom Crochunis
Carol	Kathleen Joy LaShoto

Directed by FAYE D. JORDAN

The Scene: At Home

The Time: Early Morning

Stage Manager	Kitty C. Austin
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Produced by arrangement with
Samuel French, Inc.

ICARUS' MOTHER

by Sam Shepard

The Characters

Bill	Rand Cooper
Jill	Katherine Wilhelm
Pat	Nancy Seid
Howard	Mark Lawhorn
Frank	Chuck McDonnell

Directed by MICHAEL HAYES

Stage Manager	Lee DeBroff
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Produced by arrangement with
Samuel French, Inc.

Costume Crew

Kitty Austin
Kay Bennett
Stephen Berenson
Gretchen DiGeronimo
Carol Elliott
Pat Fernow
Laura Lewis
Marian Litz
Brian McEleney
Jan Moore
Barry Press
Emily Scott
Barbara Thaden
Lucy Wollin

Music for the songs
Composed by Alan Mokler
Arranged by Stephen Kiernan

SPECIAL THANKS TO

Bob Brown
Joan Bullock and the Chipman Inn
St. Mary's of the Assumption
McCarter Theatre Company
Emerson College
Mildred Inskip
The Madrigalists

and

Paul Cubeta, Michael Cadden,
Larry Danson, Michael Goldman, and Al Kernan
for stimulating discussions about the play

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents

TWELFTH NIGHT

or

What You Will

by William Shakespeare

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

August 2, 3, 4, 5, 1984

Little Theatre

8:30 P.M.

CAST

Orsino	Harry Proudfoot
Olivia	Carol Elliott
Malvolio	Brian McEleney*
Sir Toby Belch	Barry Press*
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Jim Lobdell
Maria	Daphne Ballon
Feste	Stephen Berenson
Fabian	Robert Broad

Viola	Ellen Rennard
Sebastian	Doug Kincade
Antonio	Joseph O'Brien
Sea Captain	Geoffrey Hirsch

Valentine	Bart Srebnick
Curio	George Dunn
Officer #1	Kevin Dwyer
Officer #2	James Baldwin
Priest	Charles Miller

Musicians	Pamela Hadas
	Stephen Kiernan

*Brian McEleney and Barry Press
appear by special arrangement with
Actors' Equity Association

Act I - 90 minutes

(Ten minute intermission)

Act II - 60 minutes

THEATRE STAFF

Director	Alan Mokler
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Scenic and Lighting Designer	Walter C. Boswell
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Costume Designer	Mary Thomasine Harkins
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Assistant to the Costume Designer	Lynn Scovel-Chester
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Stage Manager	Sue Wootton
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Costumer	Vera M. Spanos
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Technical Director	Daniel F. Renn
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Master Electrician	Peter Dorson
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Electrician	Ben Danson
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Sound	Jon Welter
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Theatre Assistants	Ben Danson
	Michael Hayes
	Angela Irvine
	Faye Jordan
	Margaret Pearce
	Terri Vest
	Jon Welter

Hair	Fleeta Harris
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Props	Connie Kyzer
	Stephanie Shute

House Manager	Stephanie Shute
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GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states: (according to address list)		Total student enrollment	233
		Men students	100
		Women students	133
		Former students	148
		New students	85
Arizona	1	Number of courses	37
Alabama	2	Total number of faculty	22
Alaska	3	Teaching one course	7
Arkansas	1	Number of course changes	27
California	6	Cancellations	83
Colorado	3	1984 M.A. degree candidates	29
Connecticut	11	M. A. from Oxford	11
Florida	4	1984 M. Litt. degree candidates	1
Georgia	6	M.Litt. from Oxford	2
Idaho	2	Prospective 1985 M.A. candidates	
Iowa	5	Prospective 1985 M.Litt. candidates	
Illinois	5	Scholarship students	134
Indiana	1	Rockefeller award students	15
Kansas	4	International Paper award students	11
Kentucky	1	General Mills award students	4
Louisiana	1	Lyndhurst award students	27
Maine	9	Grace award students	6
Maryland	2	Candidates for Midd. M.A.	172
Massachusetts	21	Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	13
Michigan	2	Undergraduates	5
Minnesota	4	Off-campus students	38
Mississippi	1	(+ 14 NEH students)	
Missouri	4	Number of colleges represented	164
Montana	2	Pre-1979 B.A. or B.S. degree	150
New Hampshire	7	Average age of students	33
New Jersey	12	Median age of students	31
New Mexico	3	Under 21	1
New York	21	21 - 25	43
North Carolina	5	26 - 30	59
North Dakota	2	31 - 35	63
Ohio	11	36 - 40	34
Oklahoma	1	41 - 50	26
Oregon	1	51 & over	7
Pennsylvania	10	Private school teachers	72
Rhode Island	1	Public school teachers	94
South Carolina	6	College & Jr. Coll. teachers	12
South Dakota	4	Other:	
Tennessee	6	Undergraduates	5
Texas	1	Graduate students	22
Utah	2	Ph.D. students	4
Vermont	14	Unemployed	14
Virginia	5	Other occupations	10
Washington	2	Teachers of Native Americans	11
West Virginia	2	Working for 9 credits	16
Wisconsin	3	Working for 6 credits	212
Wyoming	3	Working for 3 credits	5
(46 states represented)			
District/Columbia	1		
(7 foreign countries represented)			
Canada	1		
France	3		
Greece	1		
Spain	1		
United Kingdom	1		
West Germany	1		
Virgin Islands	1		

Bread Loaf School of English
1984

COLLEGES REPRESENTED (164)

Amherst - 3	Connecticut Coll. - 1
Antioch C. - 1	Cornell U. - 1
Arkansas St. - 1	Dakota Wesleyan - 1
Auburn U. - 1	Dartmouth - 2
Augustana C. - 1	DePauw - 1
Bates C. - 2	Dickinson - 1
Beloit - 1	Dr. Martin Luther Coll. - 1
Bennington - 1	Douglass - 2
Black Hills St. - 2	Earlham - 1
Boston U. - 1	Eastern Kentucky - 1
Bowdoin - 1	Eastern Michigan - 1
Bowling Green St. U. - 1	Emerson - 1
Brigham Young U. - 3	Emory - 1
Bryn Mawr - 1	Emory and Henry - 1
Bucknell - 1	Emporia St. - 1
California St. U. - 1	Florida St. U. - 1
Carnegie Mellon U. - 1	Georgia Southern - 1
Carroll C. - 1	Gettysburg - 1
Carson-Newman - 1	Glenville St. - 1
Castleton St. Coll. - 1	Goucher - 2
Central Michigan - 1	Grace - 1
Colby - 2	Grinnell - 1
Coll. of New Rochelle - 1	Grove City Coll. - 1
Coll. of William & Mary - 1	Hamilton - 1
Colorado Coll. - 1	Harvard - 1
Colorado Women's Coll. - 1	Holy Cross - 1
Concordia - 1	Indiana U. - 1

Colleges Represented - 2

Julliard Sch. of Music - 1	Pembroke St. - 1
Kansas St. of Pittsburg - 1	Pennsylvania St. - 1
Kean Coll. of NJ - 1	Pfeifer - 1
Kearney St. - 1	Pitzer - 1
Kenyon - 5	Princeton - 4
King's Coll. - 1	Purdue - 1
Lafayette - 1	Radford - 1
Lyndon St. Coll. - 1	St. Cloud St. U. - 1
Malone - 2	St. John's - 1
Marian - 1	St. Joseph's Coll. - 1
Metropolitan St. - 1	St. Lawrence - 1
Middlebury Coll. - 13	St. Louis U. - 1
Millersville St. - 1	Semo St. U. - 1
Minot St. - 1	Skidmore - 1
Mt. Holyoke Coll. - 1	Smith Coll. - 1
Nanterre U. (Paris) - 4	Southern Illinois U. - 1
Newcomb Coll. - 1	Stanford U. - 1
New England Coll. - 2	SUNY - Albany - 1
New Mexico St. - 2	SUNY - Binghamton - 1
New York U. - 1	SUNY - Fredonia 1
Niles Coll. of Loyola U. - 1	SUNY - Oneonta - 1
North Carolina St. - 1	SUNY - Oswego - 1
Northern Arizona U. - 1	SUNY - Plattsburgh - 1
North Michigan U. - 1	SUNY - Potsdam - 2
Northwestern U. - 1	Swarthmore - 1
Notre Dame - 2	Syracuse - 2
Ohio St. - 2	Taylor U. - 1
Ohio U. - 1	Tennessee Tech. U. - 1
Oregon St. U. - 1	Towson St. Coll. - 1

Trinity, Vt. - 1	U. of Southern Florida - 1
Union Coll. - 1	U. of the South - 4
U. of Arizona - 1	U. of Washington - 1
U. of California, Berkley - 1	U. of Wisconsin - 3
U. of Chattanooga - 1	U. of Wyoming - 2
U. of Connecticut - 1	U. of Vermont - 2
U. of Dubuque - 1	U. of Virginia - 1
U. of Florida - 3	Valdosta St. Coll. - 1
U. of Georgia - 2	Vassar - 2
U. of Hartford - 1	Virginia Commonwealth U. - 2
U. of Iowa - 1	Virginia Polytech. Inst. & St. U. - 1
U. of Kansas - 1	Wake Forest U. - 1
U. of Lowell - 1	Warwick U. - 1
U. of Maine - 3	Wellesley Coll. - 2
U. of Maryland - 1	Western Washington U. - 1
U. of Massachusetts - 2	Wheaton - 1
U. of Michigan - 4	Wilmington Coll. - 1
U. of Missouri - 1	Williams Coll. - 6
U. of Minnesota - 1	Windham - 1
U. of Montana - 1	Winthrop - 1
U. of New Hampshire - 1	Yale - 2
U. of North Carolina - 1	York - 1
U. of Northern Iowa - 1	Youngstown St. U. - 1
U. of Oklahoma - 1	
U. of Pennsylvania - 3	
U. of Rhode Island - 2	
U. of South Carolina - 1	
U. of Southern California - 1	
U. of South Dakota - 1	

Bread Loaf School of English
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SCHOLARSHIPS BY NAME

The Lillian Becker Scholarship - Terri Vest

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholarship - Daniel Boone and William Kerwin

The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship - Katie Towler

The Robert Gallagher Scholarship - Ian Baker

The Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholarship - Charles Orr

The John M. Kirk Memorial Scholarship - Tom Andrew

The Anthony Penale Scholarship - Lu Ellen Huntley

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholarship - Faye Jordan and Deborah Keyes

The Raymond A. Waldron - Ken Holvig

Bread Loaf School of English
1984

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS (40)

Andrew, Thomas Alan
Connor, Joan Carol
Dailey, Richard Fisk
DiGeronimo, Gretchen Elspeth
Graham, William Leslie
Hart, Virginia Lee Hanner
Hart, William
Harvey, Steven
Hayes, Michael Daniel
Hendershot, Harold Edward
Huntley, Lu Ellen
*Ingraham, Polly Merritt
Kent, Gail Rudder
Keyes, Deborah Elizabeth
Koppeis, Ann Mary
Lane, JoAnn Reddick, in absentia
LaShoto, Kathleen Joy
*Lee, Patrick Joseph
*Litwack, Susan Joy
Lobdell, James Edward
*McInerney, James Patrick
Montgomery, Frances Lee
Murrah, Jack Eugene
O'Neal, William Dennis
Peard, Trevor Bowen
*Perry, Arthur Ladd
Reid, Robin Anne
*Risteen, Blanche Moore
*Roach, Daniel Thomas, Jr.
*Speers, William Savage
*Stillman, Peter Reynolds
Sudderth, Nelson Campbell
Sutton, Dianne Ball
Thaden, David John
Towler, Katherine Kellogg
*Unger, Marian Brett
Vargas, William Michael
Vest, Terri Renee
*Walker, Susan Wise
Zalecki, Rev. Dennis Michael

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF LETTERS (3)

*Caserta, John Paul
Kennedy, John H.
*Tadler, William Joseph

*Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford,
August 11, 1984

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AREAS OF CONCENTRATION - M.LITT. (13)

Clark, Nathan	The Novel
Fielders, Margaret	19th- and 20th-Century Poetry and Prose
Griffiths, Catherine	Drama
Handy, Robert	Dramatic Literature
Irvine, Angela	American Literature
Kennedy, John	The 19th Century Novel (Romanticism to Realism)
Kennedy, Sr. Francis Assisi	The Classical Tradition in European Literature
King, Carlene	19th- and 20th-Century English Literature
Lim, Soon Heng	
Lintner, John	The 19th-Century Novel
Otten, Nicholas	American Literature, 1780s to 1880s
Wollin, Lucy	Fiction
Wootton, Suzanne	Theater Arts and Dramatic Literature

Bread Loaf School of English
1984

COURSE ENROLLMENT

2.	Writing Prose Non-Fiction	(Macrorie)	17
3.	Teacher as Learner/Teacher as Researcher	(Goswami)	15
5.	Poetry Writing	(P. Hadas)	11
6.	Fiction Writing	(Sadoff)	10
18.	Writing for the Theatre	(Mokler + staff)	9
19.	Chaucer	(Fleming)	17
21.	Modern British Novel	(L. Maddox)	20
28.	Shakespeare's Comedy	(Danson)	25
32.	Milton	(D. Hadas)	13
37.	The European Novel, 1850-1900	(J. Maddox)	20
61.	Shakespeare's Tragedies	(Kernan)	20
63.	T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound	(Litz)	13
71.	Themes in Medieval Literature	(D. Hadas)	8
83.	American Romanticism	(Weisbuch)	11
87.	Interpreting and Teaching Fiction	(J+L Maddox)	28
93.	Modern Drama	(Cadden)	16
94.	American Fiction from Twain to Mailer	(Weisbuch)	24
101.	Yeats and Joyce	(Litz)	15
105.	English Stage Comedy	(Danson)	7
129.	Introduction to Acting	(Elliott)	14
154.	Contemporary Drama	(Cadden)	10
156.	Studying Writing	(Goswami)	9
161.	Writing to Learn: a Study of Relevant Research	(Britton)	11
167.	The American Language through American Literature	(Heath)	16
172.	Writing to Learn and Its Foundation in Talk	(Martin)	15
173.	The Narrative Mode in Theory and Practice	(Britton)	14

		<u>Course</u>	<u>Enrollment</u>	- 2
174.	Forms of Writing Approached through Journals	(Martin)	18	
184.	American Nature Writing	(Elder)	12	
189.	Oral and Literate Traditions	(Heath)	7	
190.	Writing Responses to Literature	(Macrorie)	15	
191.	Writing from Meditation	(Moffett)	15	
192.	Writing from Reading	(Moffett)	10	
193.	Landscapes: Literal and Subjective	(Pack)	7	
194.	Modern Satire	(Kernan)	18	
195.	Frost and Stevens	(Mariani)	16	
196.	Contemporary American Poetry, 1970 - Present	(Mariani)	20	

Bread Loaf School of English
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TEACHER LOAD

Britton, James	25	(11 + 14)
Cadden, Michael	26	(16 + 10)
Danson, Lawrence	32	(25 + 7)
Elder, John C.	12	
Elliott, Carol V.	14	
Fleming, John V.	17	
Goswami, Dixie	24	(15 + 9)
Hadas, David	21	(13 + 8)
Hadas, Pamela	11	
Heath, Shirley B.	23	(7 + 16)
Kernan, Alvin B.	38	(18 + 20)
Litz, A. Walton	28	(13 + 15) + 1-125
Macrorie, Ken	32	(17 + 15)
Maddox, James	48	(20 + Shared class of 28 with Lucy)
Maddox, Lucy	48	(20 + Shared class of 28 with Jim)
Mariani, Paul	36	(16 + 20)
Martin, Nancy	33	(15 + 18)
Moffett, James	25	(15 + 10)
Mokler, Alan	9	+ 4-125s
Pack, Robert	7	
Sadoff, Ira	10	
Weisbuch, Robert	35	(11 + 24) + 1-125

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1984

UNDERGRADUATES (5)

Joseph Chaney	(Beloit College)
Arthur Middleton	(Ohio Dominican)
Thomas Miller	(University of Denver) (Second B.A.)
Nicole Skinner	(Pitzer)
Katie Snyder	(Cornell)

Bread Loaf School of English
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CONTINUING EDUCATION (5)
(According to applications)

Frank Beyer

Robert Cole

David Elderbrock

Col. Edwin Gibson

Marsha Groff

Bread Loaf School of English
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STUDENTS TAKING 3 COURSES (16)

Nancy Anisfield

Kenneth Bennet

Susan Ely

Marie Garnier

Marsha Groff

Diane Hackett

Steven Harvey

Kenneth Holvig

Gail Kent

Moira Lang

Jan Loughran

Cynthia Myers

Ellen Rennard

Bart Srebnick

Suzanne Wootton

Dennis Zalecki

STUDENTS TAKING 1 COURSE (5)

Edwin Gibson

Joan Handy

Robert Handy

William Hart

Cindy Ray

Bread Loaf School of English
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125. INDEPENDENT PROJECTS - SUMMER (8)

Fielders, Margaret	Litz
Hayes, Michael	Mokler
Jordan, Faye	Mokler
Kennedy, John	Weisbuch
Kennedy, Sr. Francis Assisi	D. Hadas
Otten, Nicholas	Weisbuch
Rennard, Ellen	Mokler
Wootton, Suzanne	Mokler

126. INDEPENDENT PROJECTS - WINTER (7)

Anisfield, Nancy	J. Maddox, Litz
Boone, Daniel	Elder, L. Maddox
Elliott, Lorna jean	P. Hadas, Mariani
Jersild, Devon	Elder, J. Maddox
Kennedy, John	Weisbuch, Litz
Loughran, Jan	Elder, L. Maddox
Murrah, Jack	J. Maddox, Weisbuch

126.A INDEPENDENT PROJECTS - WINTER - OXFORD (4)

Caserta, John	Cunningham, Shrimpton
	Bednarowska, Cunningham
Pilkington, Ace	Kay, Wilders
Pilkington, Elaine	Kay, Wilders

1984

PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

Margaret Alfonso	Saint Cloud, Florida
Lynne Alvine	Buena Vista, Virginia
Arnold Amoroso (Oxford)	Kennebunkport, Maine
Kitty Austin	Cedar Falls, Iowa
David Babcock	Mount Vernon, Ohio
Margaret Bass	Oxford, Mississippi
Kenneth Bennet	LaCrosse, Wisconsin
Ruth Birrell	Hot Springs, South Dakota
Doris Blough	Rock Hill, South Carolina
Daniel Boone	Friars Hill, West Virginia
Donald Brasted	Glendo, Wyoming
Donald Burgess	Havre, Montana
Peggy Callison	Bristol, Tennessee
Mark Christensen (Oxford)	Superior, Wisconsin
Glenda Clay	Valdosta, Georgia
Alexander Coleman	Hague, Virginia
John Cound	Topeka, Kansas
Deborah Cromer	Columbia, South Carolina
Deborah Damrow	Berlin, New Hampshire
Nancy Davies (Oxford)	Hanover, New Hampshire
Diane Drake	Thief River Falls, Minnesota
William Durbin	Cook, Minnesota
Lerishea Ellison	Douglas, Georgia
Kathy Fearon	Naples, Florida
Patricia Fernow	Lander, Wyoming
Brenda Finn	Longmeadow, Massachusetts
Edward Foy	Weiser, Idaho
Valorie Foy	Weiser, Idaho
Diane Hackett	Rochester, New York
James Hatley (Oxford)	Stony Brook, New York
Jean Haeger	Stratton, Maine
Fleeta Harris	Gainesville, Florida
Christine Hemp (Oxford)	United Kingdom
Linda Henry	Kyle, South Dakota

Arlene Herring
 Geoffrey Hirsch
 Victoria Holmsten (Oxford)
 Kenneth Holvig
 Lu Ellen Huntley
 Scott Hutchison
 Rae Iverson
 Kathleen Jernquist
 Faye Jordan
 John Kennedy
 William Kerwin
 Deborah Keyes
 John Krpicak
 Constance Kyzer
 Kenneth Leupold
 James Lobdell
 Marsha Looyesen
 Mary Ludwig
 Alfred Lujan
 Dale Lumley (Oxford)
 Gail Martin
 Charles McDonnell
 Ambrose Metzegen-Bundiy (Oxford)
 Cynthia Miles
 Roger Mork (Oxford)
 Honora Neal
 Cheryl Nelson
 Christopher Noll
 Deane O'Dell
 William O'Neal
 Mary Orear
 Leslie Owens
 Julia Oxendine
 Gail Parson (Oxford)
 Arthur Perry (Oxford)
 Conrad Phillips
 Harry Proudfoot

Maxton, North Carolina
 Berlin, New Hampshire
 New Laguna, New Mexico
 New City, New York
 Raleigh, North Carolina
 Ashland, Virginia
 Underhill, Vermont
 Foster, Rhode Island
 Auburn, Alabama
 Rowayton, Connecticut
 Pine Ridge, South Dakota
 Bangor, Maine
 Wooster, Ohio
 Leesville, South Carolina
 Socorro, New Mexico
 Rohnert Park, California
 Glenburn, North Dakota
 Petoskey, Michigan
 Santa Fe, New Mexico
 Butler, Pennsylvania
 Stephens, Wyoming
 Platte, South Dakota
 Keokuk, Iowa
 Soperton, Georgia
 Lander, Wyoming
 Pagosa Springs, Colorado
 Ortonville, Minnesota
 Andover, New Hampshire
 McGrath, Alaska
 Chattanooga, Tennessee
 Camden, Maine
 Easley, South Carolina
 Pembroke, North Carolina
 Homer, Alaska
 Farmington, Maine
 Port Henry, New York
 Laconis, New Hampshire

Shirley Rau (Oxford)
 Lucinda Ray
 Kenneth Reed
 Patricia Reed (Oxford)
 Ellen Rennard
 Elizabeth Richardson
 Eileen Rosenbaum
 Euphemia Scantlin
 Vera Scarbrough
 Emily Scott
 Laura Shaffer
 Paul Sladky
 Kenneth Spurlock
 Peter Stillman (Oxford)
 Dianne Sutton
 Carolynn Swanson
 David Thaden
 Jeff Tortomasi
 Joanne Tulonen
 Marian Unger (Oxford)
 William Vargas
 Terri Vest
 Susan Walker (Oxford)
 Gina Wallace
 Karen Wessel
 Diana Westbrook
 Kathryn Wilde
 David Wilson
 Gerald Wilson
 Elizabeth Wood (Oxford)
 Suzanne Wootton
 Kelly Yale (Oxford)

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Nampa, Idaho
 Warwick, Massachusetts
 Crystal River, Florida
 Paradise, Pennsylvania
 Tucson, Arizona
 Spearfish, South Dakota
 Topsham, Maine
 Saint Augustine, Florida
 Oakdale, Tennessee
 Whitehall, New York
 Grantsville, West Virginia
 Forreston, Illinois
 Covington, Kentucky
 Utica, New York
 Newark, Ohio
 Juneau, Alaska
 Chapel Hill, North Carolina
 Spring Green, Wisconsin
 Wilsall, Montana
 Lincolnton, Georgia
 West Newbury, Vermont
 Brandon, Vermont
 McClellanville, South Carolina
 Topsham, Maine
 Homer, Alaska
 Richmond, Virginia
 Fort Wingate, New Mexico
 Coralville, Iowa
 Pinedale, Wyoming
 Burlington, Vermont
 Hanover, Pennsylvania
 Williamsville, New York

1984

PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

BY YEARS

FIRST YEAR (33)

Kitty Austin
David Babcock
Margaret Bass
Ruth Birrell
Doris Blough
Donald Burgess
Glenda Clay
Alexander Coleman
John Cound
Deborah Cromer
William Durbin
Patricia Fernow
Linda Henry
Scott Hutchison
John Krpicak
Constance Kyzer
Kenneth Leupold
Marsha Looysen
Gail Martin
Honora Neal
Cheryl Nelson
Deane O'Dell
Leslie Owens
Harry Proudfoot
Kenneth Reed
Laura Shaffer
Kenneth Spurlock
Carolynn Swanson
Joanne Tulonen
Diana Westbrook
Kathryn Wilde
Gerald Wilson
Gina Wallace

Cedar Falls, Iowa
Mount Vernon, Ohio
Oxford, Mississippi
Hot Springs, South Dakota
Rock Hill, South Carolina
Havre, Montana
Valdosta, Georgia
Hague, Virginia
Topeka, Kansas
Columbia, South Carolina
Cook, Minnesota
Lander, Wyoming
Kyle, South Dakota
Ashland, Virginia
Wooster, Ohio
Leesville, South Carolina
Socorro, New Mexico
Glenburn, North Dakota
Stephens, Wyoming
Pagosa Springs, Colorado
Ortonville, Minnesota
McGrath, Alaska
Easley, South Carolina
Laconis, New Hampshire
Crystal River, Florida
Grantsville, West Virginia
Covington, Kentucky
Juneau, Alaska
Wilsall, Montana
Richmond, Virginia
Fort Wingate, New Mexico
Pinedale, Wyoming
Topsham, Maine

SECOND YEAR (27)

Arnold Amoroso (Oxford)
Kenneth Bennet
Daniel Boone
Donald Brasted
Peggy Callison
Mark Christensen (Oxford)
Deborah Damrow
Lerishea Ellison
Diane Hackett
Fleeta Harris
Geoffrey Hirsch
Kenneth Holvig
Rae Iverson
William Kerwin
Mary Ludwig
Alfred Lujan
Charles McDonnell
Mary Orear
Gail Parson (Oxford)
Patricia Reed (Oxford)
Ellen Rennard
Elizabeth Richardson
Euphemia Scantlin
Vera Scarbrough
Emily Scott
Paul Sladky
Jeff Tortomasi

THIRD YEAR (17)

Kathy Fearon
Brenda Finn
Edward Foy
Valorie Foy
James Hatley (Oxford)
Christine Hemp (Oxford)

Kennebunkport, Maine
LaCrosse, Wisconsin
Friars Hill, West Virginia
Glendo, Wyoming
Bristol, Tennessee
Superior, Wisconsin
Berlin, New Hampshire
Douglas, Georgia
Rochester, New York
Gainesville, Florida
Berlin, New Hampshire
New City, New York
Underhill, Vermont
Pine Ridge, South Dakota
Petoskey, Michigan
Santa Fe, New Mexico
Platte, South Dakota
Camden, Maine
Homer, Alaska
Paradise, Pennsylvania
Tucson, Arizona
Spearfish, South Dakota
Saint Augustine, Florida
Oakdale, Tennessee
Whitehall, New York
Forreston, Illinois
Spring Green, Wisconsin

Naples, Florida
Longmeadow, Massachusetts
Weiser, Idaho
Weiser, Idaho
Stony Brook, New York
United Kingdom

THIRD YEAR (CONTINUED)

Arlene Herring
Victoria Holmsten (Oxford)
Dale Lumley (Oxford)
Ambrose Metzegen-Bundiy (Oxford)
Cynthia Miles
Julia Oxendine
Conrad Phillips
Shirley Rau (Oxford)
Karen Wessel
David Wilson
Kelly Yale (Oxford)

Maxton, North Carolina
New Laguna, New Mexico
Butler, Pennsylvania
Keokuk, Iowa
Soperton, Georgia
Pembroke, North Carolina
Port Henry, New York
Nampa, Idaho
Homer, Alaska
Coralville, Iowa
Williamsville, New York

FOURTH YEAR (17)

Margaret Alfonso
Lynne Alvine
Nancy Davies (Oxford)
Diane Drake
Jean Haeger
Faye Jordan
Deborah Keyes
James Lobdell
Christopher Noll
William O'Neal
Arthur Perry (Oxford)
Lucinda Ray
Eileen Rosenbaum
Peter Stillman (Oxford)
David Thaden
Susan Walker (Oxford)
Elizabeth Wood (Oxford)

Saint Cloud, Florida
Buena Vista, Virginia
Hanover, New Hampshire
Thief River Falls, Minnesota
Stratton, Maine
Auburn, Alabama
Bangor, Maine
Rohnert Park, California
Andover, New Hampshire
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Farmington, Maine
Warwick, Massachusetts
Topsham, Maine
Utica, New York
Chapel Hill, North Carolina
McClellanville, South Carolina
Burlington, Vermont

FIFTH YEAR (7)

Kathleen Jernquist
John Kennedy
Roger Mork (Oxford)

Foster, Rhode Island
Rowayton, Connecticut
Lander, Wyoming

FIFTH YEAR (CONTINUED)

Dianne Sutton

Marian Unger (Oxford)

William Vargas

Terri Vest

Newark, Ohio

Lincolnton, Georgia

West Newbury, Vermont

Brandon, Vermont

SIXTH YEAR (2)

Lu Ellen Huntley

Suzanne Wootton

Raleigh, North Carolina

Hanover, Pennsylvania

First year students	33
Second year students	27
Third year students	17
Fourth year students	17
Fifth year students	7
Sixth year students	<u>2</u>
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1984 PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

GENERAL MILLS FOUNDATION

Mark Christensen

William Durbin

Cheryl Nelson

Jeff Tortomasi

(4)

Cromwell, Minnesota

Cook, Minnesota

Ortonville, Minnesota

Spring Green, Wisconsin

1984 PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

GRACE FOUNDATION

Holmsten, Victoria

Lujan, Alfred

Metzegen-Bundi, Ambrose

Myers, Cynthia

Reed, Patricia

Wessel, Karen

(6)

New Laguna, New Mexico

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Keukuk, Iowa

Stanley, New York

Paradise, Pennsylvania

Homer, Alaska

1984 PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS
INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY

Austin, Kitty
Babcock, David
Burgess, Donald
Eldred, Charlotte
Krpicak, John
Martin, Gail
O'Dell, Deane
Proudfoot, Harry
Tulonen, Joanne
Wilde, Kathryn
Wilson, Gerald
(11)

Cedar Falls, Iowa
Mount Vernon, Ohio
Havre, Montana
Binghamton, New York
Wooster, Ohio
Stephens, Wyoming
McGrath, Alaska
Laconis, New Hampshire
Wilsall, Montana
Fort Wingate, New Mexico
Pinedole, Wyoming

1984 BREAD LOAF STUDENTS

LYNDHURST FOUNDATION

Alvine, Lynne
Barker, Laura
Bass, Margaret
Boone, Daniel
Callison, Peggy
Clay, Glenda
Coleman, Alexander
Ellison, Lerishea
Harris, Fleeta
Herring, Arlene
Huntley, Lu Ellen
Hutchison, Scott
Jordan, Faye
LeSourd, Leonard
Miles, Cynthia
Orr, Charles
Oxendine, Julia
Pierce, Brett
Powell, David
Reed, Kenneth
Scantlin, Euphemia
Scarbrough, Vera
Shaffer, Laura
Spurlock, Kenneth
Sutherland, Betty
Thaden, David
Westbrook, Diana
(27)

Buena Vista, Virginia
Selma, Alabama
Oxford, Mississippi
Friars Hill, West Virginia
Bristol, Tennessee
Valdosta, Georgia
Hague, Virginia
Douglas, Georgia
Gainesville, Florida
Maxton, North Carolina
Raleigh, North Carolina
Ashland, Virginia
Auburn, Alabama
Chattanooga, Tennessee
Soperton, Georgia
Matthews, North Carolina
Pembroke, North Carolina
Christchurch, Virginia
Rome, Georgia
Crystal River, Florida
Saint Augustine, Florida
Oakdale, Tennessee
Grantsville, West Virginia
Covington, Kentucky
Charlottesville, Virginia
Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Richmond, Virginia

1984 PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS
ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION

Birrell, Ruth
Blough, Doris
Cromer, Deborah
Haeger, Jean
Henry, Linda
Kerwin, William
Keyes, Deborah
Kyzer, Constance
Looyesen, Marsha
Noll, William
Owens, Leslie
Paul, Daniel
Richardson, Anne
Rosenbaum, Eileen
Wallace, Gina
(15)

Hot Springs, South Dakota
Rock Hill, South Carolina
Columbia, South Carolina
Stratton, Maine
Kyle, South Dakota
Pine Ridge, South Dakota
Bangor, Maine
Leesville, South Carolina
Glenburn, North Dakota
Kyle, South Dakota
Easley, South Carolina
Portland, Maine
Spearfish, South Dakota
Topsham, Maine
Topsham, Maine

Bread Loaf School of English
1984

NO EXAMS GIVEN

- | | | |
|------|--|-------------|
| 2. | Writing Prose Non-Fiction | (Macrorie) |
| 3. | Teacher as Learner/Teacher as Researcher | (Goswami) |
| 5. | Poetry Writing | (Hadas, P.) |
| 6. | Fiction Writing | (Sadoff) |
| 18. | Writing for the Theatre | (Mokler) |
| 156. | Studying Writing | (Goswami) |
| 161. | Writing to Learn and its Foundation in Talk | (Martin) |
| 172. | Writing to Learn: A Study of Relevant Research | (Britton) |
| 173. | The Narrative Mode in Theory and Practice | (Britton) |
| 174. | Forms of Writing Approached Through Journals | (Martin) |
| 189. | Oral and Literate Traditions | (Heath) |
| 190. | Writing Responses of Literature | (Macrorie) |
| 191. | Writing from Meditation | (Moffett) |
| 192. | Writing from Reading | (Moffett) |
| 193. | Landscapes: Literal and Subjective | (Pack) |

Listed below are questions on two chapters of Great Expectations and four short stories. Choose two questions on works by different authors and write thoughtful interpretive essays. Give your essays the emphasis and focus you want, but in the process answer all the questions asked about the works you write on. Take some time to organize your thoughts; an hour apiece should be plenty for each essay.

1. The plot of "Mule in the Yard" presents a battle of wits between Mannie Hait and I. O. Snopes; the story ends with Mannie's revelation of the way she out-manuevered Snopes and beat him at his own game. What do the long descriptions of the chase around the yard have to do with this battle between Mrs. Hait and Snopes? What kind of imagery does Faulkner use in those descriptions, and why? How does the language of description in the first part of the story provide a context for the action in the second part? In interpreting this story, does it help to have read other Faulkner stories?
2. Chapter 38 of Great Expectations ends with Pip's summary of the "Eastern story" about the sultan who strikes and brings the ceiling down. Why does Pip include it, and why does he place it at this point in the novel? What is the relevance of the story--to the chapter it concludes, and to the novel as a whole? What does Dickens gain by including the "Eastern story" in his novel?
3. Why does Chapter 54 of Great Expectations need interpreting? The chapter describes the attempt to get Magwitch out of England, the failure of the attempt, and the capture of Magwitch. How do this chapter and the rest of the novel speak back and forth to each other?
4. Write an interpretive essay on "The Great Wall of China." In the course of your essay, address the following questions. To what extent does a reading of other Kafka stories help in a reading of "The Great Wall"? What is the first-person voice like in the narration of a Kafka story? What problems seem to trouble this narrator throughout, and why does he break off so abruptly at the end?
5. Look over "The Boarding House" with care and notice Joyce's use of point of view in the story. Where does the narrator "stand" in telling the story? How much is this story governed by free indirect style? Write an essay discussing how the points of view, the particular perspectives from which the story is written, contribute to what the story is about.
6. Write an interpretive essay on "Counterparts," addressing the following questions. What are the interconnections between the three sections (office, pubs, home)? What part do women play in the story? How representative of the Dubliners themes is the story? (There are some other questions you might want to consider, if you have the time and the inclination. How is "Counterparts" related to its next-door neighbor, "A Little Cloud"? As you scan over the italicized phrases in the story, do they help to tell what the story is about?)

1. Identify five of the following by play, author, dramatic situation and, very briefly, general significance to the play in which it appears. (45 minutes)

1. A breaking string
2. A Man in a Mask
3. A Milkmaid
4. A Christmas tree
5. "The bedroom shared by -- and ---. There are beds, left and right, with screens around them. It is between two and three o'clock in the morning. Off-stage church bells are ringing the alarm."
6. Honoria Fraser's chambers in Chancery Lane.
7. "A second interruption in the action takes place when, by mistake, the stage hands let the curtain down."
8. A father's pistols
9. An unmentionable brush
10. "Led by a fiddler, the servants and farm people enter, dressed festively . . . Glasses are brought out and the drinking starts. A dance circle is formed and "The Swineherd and the Princess" is sung. When the dance is finished, everyone leaves, singing."
11. A copy of Othello

2. Below you'll find three questions. Pick one. Although each calls for some personal opinion, remember to demonstrate your knowledge of the play or plays involved. (45 minutes)

1. Which of the plays we have read has affected you most and why?
2. You have been commissioned to put together an anthology of modern drama, but you can only include four plays. Choose them and justify your choices.
3. You want to do one of the following plays at your high school/community theatre. Write a letter to your principal stating why the play should be done at this time in your community. For the sake of the argument, there are no practical difficulties (money, space requirements, cast size, etc.)

Spring Awakening
The Father
Heartbreak House
A Doll House
Uncle Vanya

3. Choose one of the following questions. Avoid excessive comment on plays you've discussed in section 2. (90 minutes)

1. The theatre is, in part, a visual experience. Discuss how four of the playwrights you have read use sets, costumes, props, lighting, etc., to convey to the audience their vision of the self and the world.
2. Discuss the nature of heroism in modern drama, using four of the playwrights you have read.

3. Many modern plays concern themselves specifically with familial and sexual relationships and confrontations. Indeed, it has been said that they provide "one of the most basic energies of modern drama; the ways in which this energy or power takes theatrical shape will often inform the play as a whole." Discuss, using four playwrights.
4. In his book The Theatre of Revolt, Robert Brustein defines three categories of revolt practiced by the modern playwright: Messianic revolt (the dramatist revolts against God and tries to take his place); Social revolt (the dramatist revolts against the conventions, values and morals of society); and Existential revolt (the dramatist revolts against the conditions of life itself -- the body, being in time, death). Comment with regard to four of the playwrights you have read. You may concentrate on one type of revolt to the exclusion of the others.

Choose one question from Part A and one question from Part B. Discuss three different writers in each part (no repeats). Write legibly.

PART A (Choose one)

1. You are whisked suddenly from Bread Loaf to the considerably more civilized Paradise of Writers. There, under an apple tree, any three of the following writers sit: Twain, Norris, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Mailer. They are debating what has gone wrong with the American Dream. Part of the debate concerns how each writer defines the original dream. Each, of course, refers constantly to his fictional work to support his views. Reproduce the debate, whether in dialogue form or as a conventional essay.
2. As above -- same situation, same choice of writers -- but a different debate subject: the value of instinctive behavior as opposed to civilized restraint. Again, emphasize how each of three writers differently interprets these terms.

PART B (Choose one)

1. D. H. Lawrence says of love in the modern world, "We cannot bear connection. That is our malady." Discuss this problem (and any exceptions to it) in one work by Henry James and in the work of two other writers not discussed in your first exam essay.
2. Tony Tanner writes in City of Words, "There is an abiding dream in American literature that an unpatterned, unconditioned life is possible, in which your movements and stillnesses, choices and repudiations are all your own; and there is also an American dread that there are all sorts of plots afoot to rob you of your autonomy of thought and action. But there is a dread not only of the prevention of this freedom but of its full activation, for to exist a person must have an outline, a form, a system. The nightmare of non-identity thus alternates with the nightmare of imposed identity: too much fluidity, too much fixity, ameobic blob or slave." Discuss in relation to any works by three writers not covered in your answer to Part A.
3. American fictions seem to end without ending. That is, they do not provide the usual sense of closure and moral summary but raise as many questions as they answer. Consider the endings (taken largely, not just final paragraphs) of three of the following: The Awakening, Portrait of a Lady, End of the Road, Daisy Miller, McTeague or Huck if not considered in Part A.

THREE HOURS.

Answer three questions, at least one from each section.

I.

1. With reference to specific poems, compare the Rose and the Tower as emblems in Yeats's poetry.

2. Discuss one of the following pairs of poems in relation to the development of Yeats's poetic career.

"September 1913" - "Easter 1916"

"The Second Coming" - "Prayer for My Daughter"

"Sailing to Byzantium" - "Byzantium"

"Coole Park, 1929" - "Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931"

3. Using examples from specific poems, discuss the uses (and, if you wish, abuses) of a knowledge of Yeats's visionary system.
4. Discuss (with specific examples) the ways in which Yeats turns history and biography into something like myth.
5. Write a formal analysis of one or more poems taken from a single volume of Yeats's poetry. You should pay some attention to matters of language and form, and should indicate how the poetry is typical of his work at that time.
6. Discuss the interaction between traditional forms and a personal vision in one or two of Yeats's poems.
7. Discuss the Yeatsian presence (which can range from stylistic echoes to the use of particular poems) in the works of Joyce.

II.

1. Under the heading "The Unity of Dubliners," discuss the ways in which two of the stories fit into the overall structure of the collection.
2. Discuss the question of irony and "aesthetic distance" as it applies to your reading of "The Dead" and/or Portrait.
3. Compare the treatment of childhood in the first three stories of Dubliners with that in Chapter One of Portrait.
4. Discuss the roles of language, imagery, and action in the revelation of Stephen's character. What is your sense of the overall structure of Portrait?
5. Compare the treatments of Parnell in the works of Yeats and Joyce.
6. Discuss one or more of the following issues in the interpretation of Ulysses. If you wish you can make this a two-hour, "double question" answer.
 - a. The Homeric correspondences.
 - b. The function of interior monologue.
 - c. The progress of styles from episode to episode in the second half of the novel.
 - d. The Stephen of Ulysses in relation to the Stephen of Chapter Five of Portrait.
 - e. The relationship between form and content in a single episode.
 - f. Molly's monologue as (in Joyce's words) "the indispensable countersign to Bloom's passport to eternity."
 - g. The relationship between symbol and "fact."
 - h. The place of Ulysses in the history of the novel.
 - i. Bloom: hero or anti-hero?

Three hours. Do either Part 1 or Part 2.

- (1) Write a clear, coherent essay on English stage comedy, using the plays we have read as your examples. Supply as much specific, illustrative detail as possible. Refer to critical, theoretical, or historical issues where they are relevant, and let your essay show the range and depth of your knowledge of the plays.

OR,

- (2) Write a brief essay on eight of the following quotations, using each as the focus for a discussion of the play from which it comes. The play, not the passage, is your object:

1. S. Antipholus. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.
Enter Dromio of Ephesus.
Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? How chance thou are returned so soon?
Act 1, 2

2. Lady Fidget. Well, Horner, am not I a woman of honor? You
see I'm as good as my word.
Horner. And you shall see, madam, I'll not be behindhand
with you in honor; and I'll be as good as my word
too, if you please but to withdraw into the next
room.
Lady Fidget. But first, my dear sir, you must promise to have
a care of my dear honor.
Horner. If you talk a word of your honor, you'll make me
incapable to wrong it. To talk of honor in the
mysteries of love is like talking of Heaven or the
Deity in an operation of witchcraft, just when you
are employing the devil; it makes the charm impotent.
Lady Fidget. Nay, fie! let us not be smutty.
Act 4, 3

3. Volpone.

What should I do
But cocker up my genius and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir, and this makes men observe me.
This draws new clients, daily, to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age....

Act 1, scene 1

4. Jack.

(Rushing over to Miss Prism.) Is this the handbag,
Miss Prism? Examine it carefully before you speak. The
happiness of more than one life depends on your answer.

Miss Prism.

(Calmly.) It seems to be mine. Yes, here is the
injury it received through the upsetting of a Gower Street
omnibus in younger and happier days. Here is the stain on
the lining caused by the explosion of a temperance beverage,
an incident that occurred at Leamington. And here, on the
lock, are my initials. I had forgotten that in an extrava-
gant mood I had had them placed there. The bag is undoubtedly
mine. I am delighted to have it so unexpectedly restored
to me. It has been a great inconvenience being without
it all these years.

Jack.

(In a pathetic voice.) Miss Prism, more is restored
to you than this handbag. I was the baby you placed in it.

Act 3

5. Antonio.

How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in twain is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Olivia.

Most wonderful.

Sebastian.

Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? What name? What parentage?

Act 5

6. Mirabell.

You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

Fainall.

Have we done?

Mirabell.

What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fainall.

No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when
you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something
else now, and play too negligently. The coldness of a
losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd
no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune than
I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her
reputation.

Mirabell.

You have a taste extremely delicate and are for
refining on your pleasures.

Act 1 (opening)

7. Touchwood Senior. I am the most unfortunate in that game
That ever pleased both genders; I ne'er played yet
Under a bastard. The poor wenches curse me
To the pit where e'er I come; they were ne'er served so,
But used to have more words than one to a bargain.
I have such a fatal finger in such business
I must forth with't, chiefly for country wenches,
For every harvest I shall hinder hay-making;
Enter a Wench with a child
I had no less than seven lay in last progress,
Within three weeks of one another's time.
Act 2
8. Rowley. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of
Charles's follies with anger.
Sir Oliver. Od's heart, no more I can--nor with gravity either.
Sir Peter, do you know the rogue bargained with me for
all his ancestors--sold me judges and generals by the
foot--and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.
Charles. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free
with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My
ancestors may certainly rise in evidence against me,
there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I
tell you--and upon my soul I would not say it if I was not--
that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my
follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest
satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.
Act 5
9. Simon Eyre. I'll be merry: away with flip-flap, these
fooleries, these gulleries! What, honey? Prince am I
none, yet am I princely born.
Act 3
10. Don Juan. ...what is virtue but the Trade Unionism of the
married? Let us face facts, dear Ana. The Life Force
respects marriage only because marriage is a contrivance
of its own to secure the greatest number of children and
the closest care of them. For honor, chastity, and all
the rest of your moral figments it cares not a rap.
Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions--
Ana. Juan!
The Statue. (protesting.) Really!--
Don Juan. (determinedly.) I say the most licentious of human
institutions: that is the secret of its popularity. And
a woman seeking a husband is the most unscrupulous of all
the beasts of prey.
Act 3

11. Geraldine. I can't go on doctor! I must tell the truth.
(To Dr. Rance.) I'm not a boy! I'm a girl!
- Rance. (to Dr. Prentice.) Excellent. A confession at last. He wishes to believe he's a girl in order to minimize the feelings of guilt after homosexual intercourse.
- Geraldine. (wide-eyed, desperate.) I pretended to be a boy. I did it to help Dr. Prentice.
- Rance. How does it help a man if a girl pretends to be a boy?
- Geraldine. Wives are angry if they find their husbands have undressed and seduced a girl.
- Rance. But boys are fair game? I doubt whether your very personal view of Society would go unchallenged.
- Geraldine. Provoked beyond endurance, Geraldine flings herself into Dr. Rance's arms and cries hysterically.
Undress me then, doctor! Do whatever you like only prove that I'm a girl.
- Rance. Dr. Rance pushes her away and turns frigidly to Dr. Prentice.
If he's going to carry on like this he'll have to be strapped down.

Act 2

12. Ruth. One moment! let me tell you who they are.
They are no members of the common throng;
They are no noblemen who have gone wrong!
- General. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers.

Recitative—General

I pray you pardon me, ex-Pirate King,
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.
Resume your ranks and legislative duties,
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

I. Identify five of the following by play, author, dramatic situation and, very briefly, general significance to the play in which it appears. (45 minutes)

1. A capacious black bag, shopping variety.
2. "Movement: this consists in simple sideways raising of arms from sides and their falling back, in a gesture of helpless compassion."
3. A game of hide and seek
4. A photographer's studio
5. Ears of corn
6. A nickel
7. A mask that expresses astonishment and confusion.
8. A mug of tea; a piece of brown bread
9. "He wears high-heeled green rock and roll boots, tight grasy blue jeans, a tight yellow t-shirt, a green velvet coat, a shark tooth earring, a silver swastika hanging from his neck and a black eye-patch covering the left eye."
10. A survival knife

II. Choose either (1) or (2). (45 minutes)

1. Which of the plays we have read has affected you most and why?
2. Write a letter to your principal or the head of your community theatre proposing a production of one of the following plays. Why should the play be done in your community at this time? For the sake of the argument, there are no practical considerations (money, space, cast size, etc.).

The Tooth of Crime

Cloud 9

Happy Days

Sexual Ferversity in Chicago

The Island

III. Answer one of the following questions. (90 minutes)

1. Compare and contrast the use of theatricality in plays by at least three of the playwrights we have read. What do these playwrights say -- or imply -- about the methods, purposes, and importance of the theatre?
2. How would you generalize about attitudes towards women to be found in contemporary drama? Use at least three playwrights.
3. Discuss the nature of heroism in at least three of the playwrights you have read.
4. Discuss how any three of the playwrights we have read use language.

Final examination

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Summer 1984

S.B. Heath

I. Short answers (one-two paragraphs); choose two.

- A. Explore the British-American debate on vocabulary, Americanisms, and slang. To what extent did writers of the mid-nineteenth century reflect this debate in their writings?
- B. What makes the difference between stereotypic and variable representations of language varieties in literature?
- C. Contrast the arguments Stein and Twain might have given for the use of dialect in literature.
- D. Compare the handling of conversation by James and Williams or by James and Stein.

II. Choose four of the following concepts and illustrate their usefulness in interpreting literary language and identifying style features.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| A. mental state verbs | H. presuppositions |
| B. deictics | I. given and new information |
| C. pragmatics | |
| D. agent-patient relations | |
| E. metalanguage | |
| F. standard variety of English | |
| G. intertextuality | |

III. Choose one of the following; to the extent possible, draw from T&P and S&C.

A. To what extent would you link Stein, Williams, and Melville as writers who went against the American grain in the same ways? To what extent can we identify these writers with modern critics who reexamine the meanings of conventions--traditional and prescriptive--in American literature?

B. Would you agree that Twain's publication in 1885 of The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn represented a "turning point in American writing, the point at which American style came into its own as distinct from British style"? If so, indicate why and what this point of view says about the work of Melville, Whitman, and James. If you would not agree, indicate whether or not you believe there has been a "turning point" and if so, when and why and by whom? If you are bothered by the notion of "a major turning point," please indicate why and argue against such a notion.

C. Iser tell us that "it is the very lack of ascertainability and defined intention that brings about the text-reader interaction, and here there is a vital link with dyadic interaction...conventions regulate the manner in which gaps are filled." To what extent have American writers used the conventions of language rather than traditional "literature"? Consider specific writers, their genres, paragraphs, sentences, and punctuation.

The final twelve passages are drawn from books we have studied this summer, with one author appearing twice. Please organize these selections into three groups; use each grouping as the basis for an essay responding to some theme, question, or image that has been important in our reading. You do not need to discuss every one of the quotations; you may use a given one in more than one essay; and you may use other examples from our books. But do try, among your three essays, to touch on most of the passages here.

Good luck!

1. As I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw that, instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth roof-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no brace for his feet, nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope tied around his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided; certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible. The shock I received on seeing this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down upon the granite for a rest.

In all my experience of mountaineering I have never known an act of real, profound courage as this of Cotter's. It is one thing, in a moment of excitement, to make a gallant leap, or hold one's nerves in the iron grasp of will, but to coolly seat one's self in the door of death, and silently listen for the fatal summons, and this all for a friend,--for he might easily have cast loose the lasso and saved himself,--requires as sublime a type of courage as I know.

2. This is the sense of the desert hills, that there is room enough and time enough. Trees grow to consummate domes; every plant has its perfect work. Noxious weeds such as come up thickly in crowded fields do not flourish in the free spaces. Live long enough with an Indian, and he or the wild things will show you a use for everything that grows in these borders.

The manner of the country makes the usage of life there, and the land will not be lived in except in its own fashion. The Shoshones live like their trees, with great spaces between, and in pairs and in family groups they set up wattled huts by the infrequent springs.

3. Few places in this world are more dangerous than home. Fear not, therefore, to try the mountain-passes. They will kill care, save you from deadly apathy, set you free, and call forth every faculty into vigorous, enthusiastic action. Even the sick should try these so-called dangerous passes, because for every unfortunate they kill, they cure a thousand.

4. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,--no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes), which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground,--my head bathed by the blithe air and uplifted into infinite space,--all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or parcel of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental: to be brothers, to be acquaintances, master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

5. In the passage of days the pond became a puddle, but the Snout survived. There was dew one dark night and a coolness in the empty stream bed. When the sun rose next morning the pond was an empty place of cracked mud, but the Snout did not lie there. He had gone. Down stream there were other ponds. He breathed air for a few hours and hobbled slowly along on the stumps of heavy fins.

It was an uncanny business if there had been anyone there to see. It was a journey best not observed in daylight, it was something that needed swamps and shadows and the touch of the night dew. It was a monstrous penetration of a forbidden element, and the Snout kept his face from the light. It was just as well, though the face should not be mocked. In three hundred million years it would be our own.

6. The walls now are more than a mile in height--a vertical distance difficult to appreciate. Stand on the south steps of the Treasury building in Washington and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol; measure this distance overhead, and imagine cliffs to extend to that attitude, and you will understand what is meant; or stand at Canal Street in New York and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you have about the distance; or stand at Lake Street bridge in Chicago and look down to the Central Depot, and you have it again.

7. Our village life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wildness,--to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some wilder and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground. At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable. We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the sea-coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets.

8. . . . the subtle greedy alligator. Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plaited tail brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder. When immediately from the opposite coast of the lagoon, emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discoloured. Again they rise, their jaws clap together, re-echoing through the deep surrounding forests. Again they sink, when the contest ends at the muddy bottom of the lake, and the vanquished makes a hazardous escape, hiding himself in the muddy turbulent waters and sedge on a distant shore. The proud victor exulting returns to the place of action. The shores and forests resound his dreadful roar, together with the triumphing shouts of the plaited tribes around, witnesses of the horrid combat.

9. Occasionally a good countenance may be seen among the Mono Indians, but these, the first specimens I had seen, were mostly ugly, and some of them altogether hideous. The dirt on their faces was fairly stratified, and seemed so ancient and so undisturbed it might almost possess a geological significance. The older faces were, moreover, strangely blurred and divided into sections by furrows that looked like the cleavage-joints of rocks, suggesting exposure on the mountains in a cast-away condition for ages. Somehow they seemed to have no right place in the landscape, and I was glad to see them fading out of sight down the pass.

10. All ethics so far evolved rest upon a single premise: that the individual is a member of a community of interdependent parts. His instincts prompt him to compete for his place in that community, but his ethics prompt him also to co-operate (perhaps in order that there may be a place to compete for).
 The land ethic simply enlarges the boundaries of the community to include soils, waters, plants, and animals, or collectively, the land.
 This sounds simple: do we not already sing our love for and obligation to the land of the free and the home of the brave? Yes, but just what and whom do we love? Certainly not the soil, which we are sending helter-skelter downriver. Certainly not the waters, which we assume have no function except to turn turbines, float barges, and carry off sewage. Certainly not the plants, of which we exterminate whole communities without batting an eye. Certainly not the animals, of which we have already extirpated many of the largest and most beautiful species. A land ethic of course cannot prevent the alteration, management, and use of these 'resources,' but it does affirm their right to continued existence, and, at least in spots, their continued existence in a natural state.

11. "This would be good country," a tourist says to me, "if only you had some water."

He's from Cleveland, Ohio.

"If we had water here," I reply, "this country would not be what it is. It would be like Ohio, wet and humid and hydrological, all covered with cabbage farms and golf courses. Instead of this lovely barren desert we would have only another blooming garden state, like New Jersey. You see what I mean?"

"If you had more water more people could live here."

"Yes sir. And where then would people go when they wanted to see something besides people?"

"I see what you mean. Still, I wouldn't want to live here. So dry and desolate. Nice for pictures but my God I'm glad I don't have to live here."

"I'm glad too, sir. We're in perfect agreement. You wouldn't want to live here, I wouldn't want to live in Cleveland. We're both satisfied with the arrangement as it is. Why change it?"

"Agreed."

We shake hands and the tourist from Ohio goes away pleased, as I am pleased, each of us thinking he has taught the other something new.

12. I am a frayed and nibbled survivor in a fallen world, and I am getting along. I am aging and eaten and have done my share of eating too. I am not washed and beautiful, in control of a shining world in which everything fits, but instead am wandering awed about on a splintered wreck I've come to care for, whose gnawed trees breathe a delicate air, whose bloodied and scarred creatures are my dearest companions, and whose beauty beats and shines not in its imperfections but overwhelmingly in spite of them, under the wind-rent clouds, upstream and down. Simone Weil says simply, "Let us love the country of here below. It is real; it offers resistance to love."

Identify ten of the following by the work in which they appear and their significance in that work. Then describe briefly the way in which they are characteristic of or functional in satire in general.

1. The Burning of Los Angeles
2. Reading Dickens in the jungle
3. Shooting an elephant
4. Room 101
5. The fun wheel at Luna Park
6. A beast fable
7. Zeno's Paradoxes
8. Hetton
9. A man encased in plaster connected to two bottles
10. Zembla
11. The Importance of Being Ernest
12. Old porridge encrusted under the edge of a bowl
13. Newspeak
14. Miss Lonelyhearts and Shrike
15. 256th Squadron
16. Eynstein's theory of art

Two Hours

- I. Horace tells us that poetry begins in delight and ends in wisdom. Frost, picking up on Horace in an essay he published in 1939, echoes this sentiment and then adds, by way of metaphor, that the same is true for love: "No one can really hold that the ecstasy should be static and stand still in one place. /The poem/ begins in delight, it inclines to the impulse, it assumes direction with the first line laid down, it runs a course of lucky events, and ends in a clarification of life—not necessarily a great clarification, such as sects and cults are founded on, but in a momentary stay against confusion. . . . It finds its own name as it goes. . . ." And here is Stevens, in 1941: "The deepening need for words to express our thoughts and feelings which, we are sure, are all the truth that we shall ever experience. . . makes us listen to words when we hear them, loving them and feeling them, makes us search the sound of them, for a finality, a perfection, an unalterable vibration, which it is only within the power of the acutest poet to give them. . . . A poet's words are of things that do not exist without words. . . . We have been a little insane about the truth. We have had an obsession. In its ultimate extension, the truth about which we have been insane will lead us to look beyond the truth to something in which the imagination will be the dominant complement. . . . The imagination gives to everything that it touches a peculiarity, and . . . the peculiarity of the imagination is nobility."

Discuss some of the essential similarities and differences between these two great American philosophical poets. What are the forms of delight each poet specializes in; i.e., what are some of the initial attractions for drawing us into a poem by Stevens or Frost (humor? a special language? topicality? strangeness of surface?); what are some of the large issues each poet keeps coming back to; in what way does each attempt to imaginatively respond to the pressures of reality each is moved by (eros? loss? the existential void? the nobility of the sublime?)?

One Hour

- II. Compare and contrast Wallace Stevens' "The Idea of Order at Key West" (1934) and Robert Frost's "Never Again Would Birds' Song Be the Same" (1942). Discuss music, feeling, desire, order and chaos in both poems; discuss some of the similarities and differences in the esthetic and philosophical approaches both poets take in these poems. In what ways do you see the characteristic imprints of each poet in these poems; i.e., what makes one a poem we recognize immediately as a poem by Stevens and the other as a poem by Frost?

- I. Each of you has chosen your letter from the truncated abcedarium of lottery and have by now meditated on that letter. Write an essay in which you explicate the canto you have picked (remember, Merrill tells us there are "no accidents") and explicate it in relation to itself and in relation to its part in the nuclear chain of The Book of Ephraim. Discuss the decorums of form, voice, character, plot, and "edvention" in your canto. Be sure to touch on the subjects of love, marriage, poetic offspring, the worlds of the living and the dead as they intersect. (1½ hours)

- II. Discuss some of the roles of the poet writing in America in the past twenty years. What is the relationship of the poet's language to the role the poet has assumed for herself or himself. Of the nine poets specifically treated--Bishop, Rich, Forché, Lowell, Berryman, Creeley, Wright, Ashbery and Merrill--discuss at least four distinct voices and the linguistic and lexical strategies they employ in order to attract and hold you, mon semblable, the Drowsy Emperor, the reader. (1½ hours)

Answer any TWO of the following questions. Take the time to think out and plan your answers in advance. Clarity and precision will be more highly esteemed than volume. You may make free use of your text and of any research notes you have made. Make explicit acknowledgment of any secondary sources you use extensively.

1. Award the "Harry Bailley Prize" to one of the Canterbury Tales. Explain the reasoning behind your decision. Mention the runner-up explicitly, and explain why the winner is better.
2. What difference does Boethius make to either
(a) the Knight's Tale or
(b) Troilus and Criseyde?
3. On the basis of all the reading you have done for the course, attempt a general characterization of either Chaucerian comedy or Chaucerian tragedy.
4. Write on ONE of the following themes in Chaucer: social classes, the battle of the sexes, hypocrisy, chivalry.
5. If you think that the questions so far have not given you the opportunity to show yourself at your Chaucerian best, write a question of your own and answer it. (If you choose this option, you will be judged on the quality of the question as well as that of the answer. Obviously, you should not deal extensively with materials dealt with in one of your papers.)

So hydous was the noyse, a benedicitee,
Certes, he Jakke Straw and his meynee
Ne made nevere shoutes half so shrille
Whan that they wolden any Flemyng kille. . .

Discuss any four of the following passages. In what ways is each passage characteristic of the novel in which it occurs? Your discussion should contain some comment on the style or technique of the passage, as well as the content.

1. Was it wisdom? Was it knowledge? Was it, once more, the deceptiveness of beauty, so that all one's perceptions, half way to truth, were tangled in a golden mesh? or did she lock up within her some secret which certainly Lily Briscoe believed people must have for the world to go on at all? Every one could not be as helter skelter, hand to mouth as she was. But if they knew, could they tell one what they knew? Sitting on the floor with her arms round Mrs. Ramsay's knees, close as she could get, smiling to think that Mrs. Ramsay would never know the reason of that pressure, she imagined how in the chambers of the mind and heart of the woman who was, physically, touching her, were stood, like the treasures in the tombs of kings, tablets bearing sacred inscriptions, which if one could spell them out, would teach one everything, but they would never be offered openly, never made public. What art was there, known to love or cunning, by which one pressed through into those secret chambers? What device for becoming, like waters poured into one jar, inextricably the same, one with the object one adored?
2. "Idle," she writes, "to imagine falling in love as a correspondence of minds, of thoughts; it is a simultaneous firing of two spirits engaged in the autonomous act of growing up. And the sensation is of something having noiselessly exploded inside each of them. Around this event, dazed and preoccupied, the lover moves examining his or her own experience; her gratitude alone, stretching away towards a mistaken donor, creates the illusion that she communicates with her fellow, but this is false. The loved object is simply one that has shared an experience at the same moment of time, marciassistically; and the desire to be near the beloved object is at first not due to the idea of possessing it, but simply to let the two experiences compare themselves, like reflections in different mirrors. All this may precede the first look, kiss, or touch; precede ambition, pride, or envy; precede the first declarations which mark the turning point--for from here love degenerates into habit, possession, and back to loneliness."

3. They continued without saying any more, walking along opposite horizons, hand in hand across the intervening space, two separate people. And he trembled as if a wind blew on to him in strong gusts, out of the unseen. He was afraid. He was afraid to know he was alone. For she seemed fulfilled and separate and sufficient in her half of the world. He could not bear to know that he was cut off. Why could he not always be one with her? It was he who had given her the child. Why could she not be with him, one with him? Why must he be set in this separateness, why could she not be with him, close, close, as one with him? She must be one with him.

He held her fingers tightly in his own. She did not know what he was thinking. The blaze of light on her heart was too beautiful and dazzling, from the conception in her womb. She walked glorified, and the sound of the thrushes, of the trains in the valley, of the far-off, faint noises of the town, were her "Magnificat."

4. "That's very crude of you. When you've lived as long as I you'll see that every human being has his shell and that you must take the shell into account. By the shell I mean the whole envelope of circumstances. There's no such thing as an isolated man or woman; we're each of us made up of some cluster of appurtenances. What shall we call our 'self'? Where does it begin? where does it end? It overflows into everything that belongs to us--and then it flows back again. I know a large part of myself is in the clothes I choose to wear. I've a great respect for things! One's self--for other people--is one's expression of one's self; and one's house, one's furniture, one's garments, the books one reads, the company one keeps--these things are all expressive."

. . . "I don't agree with you. I think just the other way. I don't know whether I succeed in expressing myself, but I know that nothing else expresses me. Nothing that belongs to me is any measure of me; everything's on the contrary a limit, a barrier, and a perfectly arbitrary one. Certainly the clothes which, as you say, I choose to wear, don't express me; and heaven forbid they should!"

5. At what, then, does it all work out? Is the whole thing a folly and a mockery? Am I no better than a eunuch or is the proper man--the man with the right to existence--a raging stallion forever neighing after his neighbour's womenkind?

I don't know. And there is nothing to guide us. And if everything is so nebulous about a matter so elementary as the morals of sex, what is there to guide us in the more subtle morality of all other personal contacts, associations, and activities? Or are we meant to act on impulse alone? It is all a darkness.

6. How completely dull and normal Miss Culver appeared now, as they walked along together, Leonora carrying her bunch of parsley with such elegance that it looked like an exotic accessory to her outfit. In the bus she brooded a little over that unexpected remark about men 'going off' just when you thought they were close. She hardly liked to admit it, but she did sometimes feel slightly uneasy when James was out of her sight and this business with Phoebe Sharpe--whether there had been much or little in it--showed that her anxiety was justified. Not that one thought of James as 'men,' of course, or regarded him quite as other people. It wasn't as if one could marry James, for instance, though it was amusing to toy with the idea. "Quietly in London," one sometimes read, perhaps even 'very quietly.' Surely life--and literature--were not without precedents for such a marriage? Then she remembered Humphrey looming over her that evening, but of course dear James wouldn't expect anything like that. . . .

Do either Section I or Section II.

Section I: Three Hours

Write a clear, coherent essay on the nature of Shakespearean comedy, using the plays we have read as your examples. Supply as much specific, illustrative detail as possible. Your essay should show the range and the depth of your knowledge of the plays--language, character, action, and so on--as well as the brilliancy of your ideas.

Section II: Three Hours

Write on eight of the following quotations (approximately 20 minutes each), using each as the basis for a discussion of the play from which it comes. Take your cues from the language and context of the passage, but feel free to draw on whatever other material seems relevant.

1. Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
A Midsummer Night's Dream 3.2
2. Shylock. Jailer, look to him. Tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Jailer, look to him.
Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shylock. I'll have my bond! Speak not against my bond!
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me a dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.
The Merchant of Venice 3.3
3. Benedick. A miracle! Here's our own hands against
our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this
light, I take thee for pity.
Beatrice. I would not deny you; but, by this good day,
I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save
your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Benedick. Peace! I will stop your mouth. (Kisses her.)
Don Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?
Much Ado About Nothing 5.4

4. Corin. If you will see a pageant truly played
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Rosalind. O, come let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.
As You Like It 3.4
5. S. Antipholus. O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs;
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die.
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.
Luciana. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
The Comedy of Errors 3.2
6. Malvolio. Good fool, help me to some light and some
paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any
man in Illyria.
Twelfth Night 4.2
7. Chorus. Thus far with rough, and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England.
Henry V, epilogue
8. Duke. Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues. . . .
Measure for Measure 1.1
9. Leontes. I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? O royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits
Standing like stone with thee.
The Winter's Tale 5.3

10. Caliban. No more dams I'll make for fish,
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring,
 Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca--Caliban
 Has a new master. Get a new man!
- Freedom, high day! High day, freedom! Freedom,
 high day, freedom!
- Stephano. O brave monster! Lead the way.
The Tempest 2.2

Answer at least one question.

1. How did your ideas on Milton change because of your reading this summer?
2. Why did Milton think it was a good idea to spend years on a poem justifying the ways of God to man? Didn't the Bible do a good enough job?
3. What in Paradise Lost is available to readers who don't accept Milton's theology?
4. Pick a passage in Paradise Lost that we did not discuss in class and you didn't write on and show how it works in at least one of the following ways: metrically, imagistically, syntactically, phonetically, politically, theologically, psychologically.
5. Explain how Milton uses blank verse and verse paragraphs. (Try to talk about enjambment.)
6. What kind of image of Milton do you get from Paradise Lost? What passages would you find particularly useful in writing his biography?
7. Milton defended men who had put a king to death. In what ways is Paradise Lost the work of a revolutionary?
8. Discuss Paradise Lost from a feminist prospective that you have defined.
9. Your high school principal tells you to teach Paradise Lost, or not to. How would you convince her/him that she/he is wrong? (Don't try this question unless you teach or have a vivid imagination.)

Answer any two of the following questions. Allow 1-1½ hours for each essay. Do not write twice on the same novel, and avoid writing on subjects you've already written papers on.

1. Take Raskolnikov, Marmeladov, and Svidrigaylov and discuss Dostoevsky's means of creating the psychology of novelistic characters. What seems especially (even uniquely) Dostoevskyan in this psychology? Finally, to what extent do these three characters share or reflect a common psychology?
2. Different readers disagree on the extent to which the epigraph to Anna Karenina--"Vengeance is mine; I will repay"--is the sign of a theological/moral imperative which coerces the novel's action and dictates Anna's fate. Some readers find Anna's deterioration completely and satisfyingly explained by the interaction between her particular personality and the unbearable social circumstances she finds herself in; other readers find, with D. H. Lawrence, that Tolstoy places a thumb on the scale and sends Anna to her death because of her violation of a moral code. State your position on this question and defend it in detail.
3. Discuss the treatment of "liberalism" in two of the following novels: Middlemarch, Anna Karenina, Crime and Punishment.
4. The opening paragraph of the "Prelude" and the closing paragraph of the "Finale" would seem to suggest that Middlemarch proposes a philosophy of--or at least an idea about--the movement of history. To what extent is there a coherent view of history in the novel?
5. Choose one of the books in this course and discuss what seem to you, in the final analysis, the qualities that account for its greatness.
6. What contexts do Flaubert and Tolstoy establish for understanding and judging adultery in Madame Bovary and Anna Karenina? How do the differences in the treatment of adultery epitomize the differences between the two novels?
7. We have at various times discussed the question of "authority" in our novels, the question of how standards of judgment are built in or implied in fiction; and we have noticed how "authority" is much easier to locate and define in some novels than in others. How is the authority for judgment established or implied in Madame Bovary and Lord Jim? What are the difficulties of locating "authority" in these two texts?

Identify ten (10) of the following by play and situation in its play; then go on to describe briefly the significance of the thing involved for a more general overall view of Shakespeare's tragedy. In other words, what recurrent type of scene, situation, attitude, etc. in Shakespeare's tragedy is represented by the particular situation.

1. "Why, I will see thee at Phillipi then."
2. "A show of eight Kings and Banquo, last /King/ with a glass in hand."
3. A man in a graveyard with a skull in his hand.
4. "Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off you lendings!"
5. "What's aught but as 'tis valued?"
6. "The lady doth protest too much, methinks."
7. "The earth that's Nature's mother is her tomb.
What is her burying grave, that is her womb."
8. "Cup us till the world go round."
9. "How if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly."
10. "From this time forth I never will speak word."
11. "Mad call I it, for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad."
12. "As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods,
They kill us for their sport."
13. "Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet."

THREE HOURS. Answer any three questions. Your answers should be supported by specific references to the poems.

1. Discuss the character and range of one of the following volumes: Prufrock and Other Observations, Poems 1920, Ripostes, Lustra, Cathay.
2. Choosing one poem by each poet, compare the early styles and thematic concerns of Pound and Eliot.
3. Discuss the usefulness of the term "dramatic monologue" in explicating the early (pre-1920) poems of Pound and/or Eliot.
4. Choosing one of the shorter poems of Pound or Eliot, write a brief explication to be used as a model in a textbook for high school seniors or college freshmen.
5. The problems of "voice" in the poetry of Pound or Eliot.
6. Choosing a few specific passages, describe and differentiate the uses of allusion in the poetry of Eliot or Pound.
7. How do the poems of Pound and/or Eliot reflect the immediate cultural and historical background.
8. Discuss the question of "difficulty" or "obscurity" in the poems of Pound and Eliot.
9. Show how a knowledge of their prose criticism can illuminate particular poems by Pound and/or Eliot.
10. Discuss the general "design" (formal and thematic) of one or more of the following works. If you wish you can make this a two-hour, "double credit" question.

Hugh Selwyn Mauberley

The Waste Land

Ash Wednesday

Four Quartets

The Cantos

11. Discuss with reference to both Pound and Eliot the general problem of writing a long poem under the conditions and expectations of modern poetry.

Answer at least one question.

1. How did your preconceptions of medieval literature change because of this summer's readings?
2. Discuss the fantastic in Parzival and St. Francis.
3. Imagine a Franciscan response to the first story in the Decameron, the one about the wicked man who on his deathbed was so successful at convincing a friar of his piety that he became a saint.
4. Why does Parzival pay a great deal of attention to Gawan? If it's an artistic mistake to do so, say so.
5. Compare the attitude towards money in the Egil Saga and in the Boccaccio story of your choice.
6. Compare heroism in Roland and the Egil Saga.
7. Compare Tristan and Isolde on love with Petrarch. What did Petrarch add to Gottfried?
8. Define knighthood on the basis of Roland, Tristan, and Parzival.
9. What is Christianity? You must use in your answer the Song of Roland, Parzival, the Little Flowers and the Decameron and no other books.
10. Write a dialogue between Egil and Parzival on loyalty, wealth and the meaning of life.

WRITE LEGIBLY.

PART A

Discuss five of the following passages in terms of their immediate significance -- tone, imagery, symbolism, whatever seems important. Then comment on their significance in the context of the work from which each is taken and in relation to the author's total vision. (40 points)

1. The first and final stanzas of a Dickinson poem:

My Life had stood -- a Loaded Gun --
In Corners -- till a Day
The Owner passed -- identified --
And carried Me away --

Though I than He -- may longer live
He longer must -- than I --
For I have but the power to kill,
Without -- the power to die --

2. The concluding paragraph of "Roger Malvin's Burial":

Then Reuben's heart was stricken, and the tears gushed out like water from a rock. The vow that the wounded youth had made the blighted man had come to redeem. His sin was expiated,-- the curse was gone from him; and in the hour when he had shed blood dearer to him than his own, a prayer, the first for years, went up to Heaven from the lips of Reuben Bourne.

3. Whitman's "Walt" opens "Song of Myself":

I celebrate myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear of
summer grass.

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes...
the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself, and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but
I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume....it has no
taste of the distillation...it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever...I am in love with it,
I will go to the bank of the wood and become
undisguised and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

4. From Melville's Benito Cereno:

"You generalize, Don Benito; and mournfully enough. But the past is passed; why moralize upon it? Forget it. See, yon bright sky has forgotten it all, and the blue sea, and the blue sky; these have turned over new leaves."

"Because they have no memory," he dejectedly replied; "because they are not human."

"You are saved," cried Captain Delano, more and more astonished and pained; "you are saved; what has cast such a shadow upon you?"

"The negro."

5. Emerson opens "The Divinity School Address":

In this refulgent summer, it has been a luxury to draw the breath of life. The grass grows, the buds burst, the meadow is spotted with fire and gold in the tint of the flowers. The air is full of birds, and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm-of-Gilead, and the new hay.... The cool night bathes the world as with a river, and prepares his eyes again for the crimson dawn. The mystery of nature was never displayed more happily. The corn and the wine have been freely dealt to all creatures, and the never-broken silence with which the old bounty goes forward has not yielded yet one word of explanation.

6. The beginning and end of Poe's "Ligeia." (Don't be afraid of this one -- just argue your view.)

I cannot, for my soul, remember how, when, or even precisely where I first became acquainted with the lady Ligeia....And now, while I write, a recollection flashes upon me that I have never known the paternal name of her who was my friend and my betrothed, and who became the partner of my studies, and finally the wife of my bosom.

Yes, these might indeed be the fair cheeks of the living Lady of Tremaine. And the chin, with its dimples, as in health, might it not be hers? -- but had she then grown taller since her malady? What inexpressible madness seized me with that thought?...."Here then, at least," I shrieked aloud, "can I never -- can I never be mistaken -- these are the full, and the black, and the wild eyes -- of my lost love -- of the lady -- of the LADY LIGEIA."

PART B (30 points)

Answer one of the following questions on Melville's Moby Dick.

1. Moby Dick is an adventure story at times, a series of prose-essays on whales and whaling elsewhere, a theatrical tragedy replete with stage-directions at still other times. Why does Melville keep switching his ways of telling? What has it to do with particular characters and modes of knowing, with our sense of time and with literary conventions? Use specific examples here, and include a discussion of Ishmael's changing role as character and narrator.
2. It is a common argument that bipolarity -- an opposition of two sets of beliefs, two world-views -- is the key to literary meaning. A work may put forth a great variety of attitudes but they sort themselves out in terms of two poles, which together constitute an opposition.

Define and discuss whatever you consider to be the chief opposition in Moby Dick. Though Ahab and Ishmael may figure in this, don't hinge everything on that. How is the conflict dramatized? What differing formulations does it take? Are there ways in which one side is finally favored, does Melville treat the major bipolarity which you nominate neutrally, or are the poles merged into a resolving value? In what ways, if any, does Melville challenge the very idea of simple bipolar oppositions?

3. Father Mapple, Starbuck, and Ahab (in an inverted, demonic way) are New England Christians. Discuss the critique of their faiths as developed through their attitudes, actions, and characterizations. Consider Queequeg and his God and attitudes as an alternative faith. Is Melville angry at God, at Christianity in general, or just at New England Calvinism? Where does Ishmael fit into all of this? Pip? Fedallah? What kind of faith do you take away from Moby Dick, or is Melville sceptical toward all codes of meaning?

PART C (30 points)

Answer one of the following questions.

1. Emerson, Whitman, Poe, and Dickinson all speak in one way or another of a central self which acts as an internal God and of a special moment which provides an infinite vision. But how does each characterize this central self and this special moment differently from the other two writers. Take three of these writers and be as specific as possible.

2. Literary autobiography is always fictional. The "I" may be a stylized version of the writer himself; he may represent all that the writer opposes in society; or he may be a mixture of recommended and disapproved values. Discuss the stylized selves of any three of the following: Melville's lawyer in "Bartleby," Hawthorne's Coverdale, Dickinson's speaker in the poems, Whitman's Walt, "Emerson" in any one of the essays, one of Poe's first-person narrators.
3. Take the bipolarity question from Part B (#2) and consider the chief terms of opposition in any three of our writers other than Melville.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

SIXTY-FIFTH SUMMER

Commencement Ceremony



THE LITTLE THEATRE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1984

8:45 P.M.

Processional

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

PAUL M. CUBETA

Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

PAUL MARIANI

Professor of English

University of Massachusetts at Amherst

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts
Master of Letters

OLIN ROBISON

President, Middlebury College

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists

Recessional

1984

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

THOMAS ALAN ANDREW	*JAMES PATRICK McINERNY
JOAN CAROL CONNOR	FRANCES LEE MONTGOMERY
RICHARD FISK DAILEY	JACK EUGENE MURRAH
GRETCHEN ELSPETH DiGERONIMO	WILLIAM DENNIS O'NEAL
WILLIAM LESLIE GRAHAM	TREVOR BOWEN PEARD
VIRGINIA LEE HANNER HART	*ARTHUR LADD PERRY
WILLIAM HART	ROBIN ANNE REID
STEVEN HARVEY	*BLANCHE MOORE RISTEEN
MICHAEL DANIEL HAYES	*DANIEL THOMAS ROACH, Jr.
HAROLD EDWARD HENDERSHOT	*WILLIAM SAVAGE SPEERS
LU' ELLEN HUNTLEY	*PETER REYNOLDS STILLMAN
*POLLY MERRITT INGRAHAM	NELSON CAMPBELL SUDDERTH
GAIL RUDDER KENT	DIANNE BALL SUTTON
DEBORAH ELIZABETH KEYES	DAVID JOHN THADEN
ANN MARY KOPPEIS	KATHERINE KELLOGG TOWLER
JoANN REDDICK LANE, <i>in absentia</i>	*MARIAN BRETT UNGER
KATHLEEN JOY LaSHOTO	WILLIAM MICHAEL VARGAS
*PATRICK JOSEPH LEE	TERRI RENEE VEST
*SUSAN JOY LITWACK	*SUSAN WISE WALKER
JAMES EDWARD LOBDELL	REV. DENNIS MICHAEL ZALECKI

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

- *JOHN PAUL CASERTA
- JOHN H. KENNEDY
- *WILLIAM JOSEPH TADLER

**Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English
at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 11, 1984*

BREAD LOAF COMMENCEMENT - 1984

1. At 6:15 the graduates meet in the Blue Parlor, where they are joined by the faculty and are escorted into the dining room.
2. Immediately after the banquet, the President robes in the Secretary's Office; faculty in Treman or the Theatre office if it is raining; graduates in the Blue Parlor. (Graduates: tassels on the left side.)
3. The procession forms on the porch outside the Blue Parlor; Doug Woodsum will assist in establishing the line of march. Faculty form behind President Robison and Mr. Cubeta. Graduates form in alphabetical order behind the marshals, with the M.Litt. graduate bringing up the rear.

Marshal
Andrew
through
Koppeis

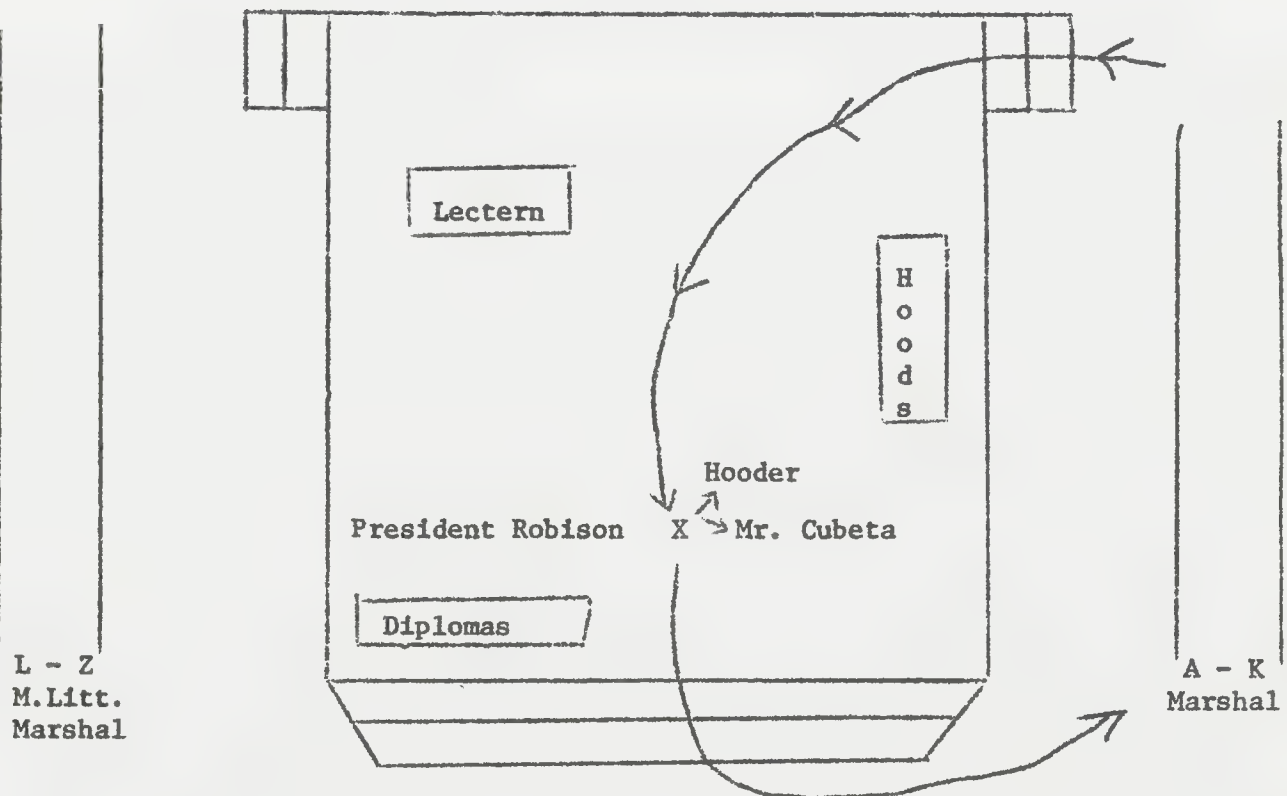
Marshal
LaShoto
through
Zalecki
M.Litt. - Kennedy

4. As the graduates approach the seats, the marshals will stand by each row of chairs until it is filled, except for one seat at the end for the marshal. Both faculty and students remain standing until everyone has reached his seat. At Mr. Cubeta's signal, everyone uncaps and is seated.
5. After the ceremony, graduates should return their regalia unboxed to the Bookstore and indicate to Doug Kincade that they have done so. Faculty may return their regalia to Treman.

The Program

1. Introduction of the Commencement Speaker.
2. The Commencement Address.
3. Introduction of the person who will hood the graduates.
4. Presentation of the graduates to President Robison.
The candidates for the M.A. degree rise at the request of Mr. Cubeta.
All candidates cap.
5. President Robison bestows the degree of Master of Arts upon the candidates, who are then seated at a nod from Mr. Cubeta. Men and women uncap for the rest of the ceremony.
6. As Mr. Cubeta calls the name of each graduate, he stands and goes to the side back stairs onto the thrust stage to face Mr. Robison, who presents him his diploma and congratulates him. During this time, he is hooded. It is important to stand still until the hood is properly in place. Next he turns toward the person who has hooded him and then to Mr. Cubeta for their congratulations. He leaves the thrust stage by the down-center stairs, and returns to his seat. (In every case read she for women in this paragraph.)

Faculty



Commencement Program - 2

7. The procedure is then repeated for the conferral of the M.Litt. degree.
8. Mr. Cubeta and Hooder return to their seats.
9. The President's remarks.
10. After Mr. Robison has returned to his seat, Mary Johnston and Natalie Huesmann will come forward to the thrust stage and invite the Madrigalists to join them.
11. Concluding remarks by the Director.
12. With the playing of the recessional, all members of the academic procession rise and cap. President Robison and Mr. Cubeta lead the faculty and graduates out of the Little Theatre onto the West Lawn, where the ceremonies conclude with congratulations.

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Marshal
Andrew
through
Koppeis

Marshal
LaShoto
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Zalecki
M.Litt. - Kennedy

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BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Commencement Address

Light Streaming Into the Head

Paul Mariani

August 11, 1984

Honored graduates of the Class of 1984, President Robison, Director Cubeta, my dear colleagues, parents and guests: it is good, as someone once said on another mountain, for us to be assembled here on this night of nights for one brief moment before we join the other members of the Bread Loaf community already scattered across the ends of this earth as they prepare for the onslaught of another year of teaching. For now, however, let us call this the moment of transfiguration here in this highland meadow, each flickering firefly revealing its ghostly spark flashing off the anvil of a sixty-year-old tradition, before we too make our descent by van and truck and car, by plane and train, into the world which waits to demand of us our knowledge and our patience and, yes, in the final counting the very substance of our lives.

What shall I tell you that you could not already have guessed? How in three years' time a man fell in love with a family that took the place of a mountain? How shall I thank you for this chance to address you? On the very afternoon that your class president, Katie Towler, walked the dusty road down to the Schoolhouse in the time-honored style of cabalistic silence to tell me of your decision, I lay sleeping the sleep of the dead with four fresh stitches in my shaved scalp, my wife, Eileen, forbidding that I be wakened even for so singular an honor. A strange day, filled with the weird, comic, lovely energy that fills this place, the very day I insisted to the world that could hear me at the Schoolhouse that I could serve as a

viaible nuntius and man/mediator for the poems of Adrienne Rich, though my wife, with the wisdom of grey-eyed Athene, wondered at my temerity until I sought a sign from the heavens and was answered at once by the toolshed behind the house suddenly rearing up to attack me as I passed under it. Like that other Paul on the road to Damascus I found myself at once upon the ground, rolling in an agon, trying to stop myself from passing out even as I tried, like so many part-time prophets before me, to read this latest sign in something like a positive light.

In spite of which, with all her second and third thoughts on the wisdom of her offer (after all, what kind of a talk are you going to get from someone who thinks walls attack him?), Katie next day did present me, with all the circumspection of a scene out of a grade B spy movie, with the chance to address you on this occasion, at which I managed to hobble a surreptitious little mazurka across the Vermont granite tablua rasa headstones that serve as cheery mementi mori on the stretch of walk which extends from Cherry to Maple. If you can picture a wounded gooney bird trying to flap off from a stormy shore preparatory to his ascent into the blue empyrean beyond, you will understand something of the poetry in motion which at that juncture transpired.

Which brings to mind another former teacher here at Bread Loaf, Harold Bloom, who speaks so forcefully of the anxiety of influence, by which he means the overwhelming sense of the burden of the past as it weighs upon the neophyte. As I look upon my distinguished colleagues, I am reminded that I have personally heard two of them speak eloquently and with moral passion over the past two summers, and I am aware from having read the file of past addresses -- incomplete as the file was -- that several others here have addressed

your predecessors in this same Theatre of the Mind on this august occasion with humor, empathy, wit and eloquence. And then there are the presences of so many others you can't help but feel flickering here in the Little Theatre: presences, for example, like Robert Frost and Sacvan Bercovitch and A. Bartlett Giamatti, to name only a few whose knowledge and power with words, once having read, must serve as a complex system of linguistic checks and balances to anything I might have to say.

But while there is the shadow of the angel over this talk, the pressure of sixty years of devoted teaching and of learning in a collective range of subjects which would dwarf any of us individually, there is also the consolation of the tradition that is Bread Loaf. You see it in the linguistic and spiritual assumptions of the words hovering about us in the brilliant darkness of this place, in John Fleming's complex and masterful metaphor last year of the panis, of the Bread Loaf, the hidden bread, his exhortation to avoid those elitist Gnostic assumptions we are sometimes in our arrogance prone to. You see it again in Alan Mokler's warnings that, like Moses, we cannot stay forever on the Mountain while there are those who need us in the valleys. I have read it in Lucy Maddox's talk on the efficacy of the words which bind us in some sort of spiritual and electric currency as a community. I have seen it too in Jim Maddox's original if rather Crashavian image of the Magic Mountain as a monstrous breast at which for six weeks the sounds of nearly three hundred students, hungry for the milk of learning and engaged in what he calls intellectual lactation, collectively rise "to an almost embarrassing pitch." I saw it again in Sacvan Bercovitch's talk on the light shining from the city on the mountain. In all of these cases it is a language gathered from the sacred text which, secularists though we may be to one degree or another, still informs us and binds us as a

community. The words, the words, the words: like kindling, sparks struck off the burning wood itself. Let me, then, give you an example of what makes this place so special for me.

One night several weeks ago (it was the evening of what is called here the Suppressed Desires Party, Bread Loaf's coven aspect), many of us in this room tonight were seated then in the Barn to view again The Rocky Mountain Horror Show, ostensibly as an example of an indigenous late Twentieth-Century American gothic high camp form. And also, I suppose, because Billy Aronson, who really runs Bread Loaf, likes the picture. Newspapers were being passed around before the film as protection against the indoor storm which would provide a kind of dramatic mimesis of what would shortly occur upon the screen itself. Then, as we waited for the lights to dim in this makeshift Plato's Cave, Paul Cubeta (sitting behind me in the titular chair once reserved for Frost himself), called my attention to a phenomenon which will act as a metaphor for what happens on this mountain. People all over the Barn had taken old newspapers, unfolded them, and were scrutinizing them for news, literature, and perhaps even linguistic models for their writing courses.

It is that sort of unconscious, natural gesture which makes you fall in love with this mountain. Suggest a book in passing to a student and chances are that woman or man will be carrying it under his or her arms within seventy-two hours. And chances are very good that three months later that person will be sharing that book with someone else back home, wherever in this vast country that home is. I know that the light you have caught in the eyes of your teachers or in the eyes of one another you will try to light in the eyes of your own students, often against the odds, often against tragic and overwhelming odds.

I'd like to share a poem with you which I wrote last year. It

is a poem about such a light, a light my teachers once passed on to me and which, in time -- as with my cherished colleagues sitting in rainbow fashion behind me on this stage in an emblem of covenant -- we have tried to pass on to you and to the others who form this community. The poem is called, appropriately enough, Light Streaming Into the Head:

When the light trickles through the cracked
panel of my son's closed door at 5:00 a.m.
I know he's busy at his books again,
the night watchman waiting for his dawn.
Last week, once he'd gulped his oatmeal down
and driven off to school, I waded through
the clutter of his room, searching for a razor.
Among the thumbled stack of Spanish words,
the strange quadratic symbols, the postcard
pictures of the Last Judgment at Autun
and the Parthenon against the pink dawn eastering,
I found his dog-eared paper Bible beside
a bloodstiff crumpled handkerchief, old signs
I too well know of hours spent searching
in a cell-like room for light to come or come
again while I waited for the niggling words
to kindle into flame....

I was his age now the first time
I think it struck, though I can see how long
it was in coming, the way my high school physics
textbook showed the motes swarming in the heated air
until at last they coalesced and flamed, charged
as jagged sheets of lightning to leave
the dark forever altered on the stunned mind's eye.
But who at first could have told the difference?
Another day of classes at Manhattan,
the long drive in in traffic and then the long
drive back through twilight autumn drizzle
in my buddy's hearsegray '57 Ford.
Night after night I would take my dinner
on the rebound then race to make the nightshift
at the Garden City A&P, stacking Krispies,
corn and apricots along the gaping, hungry rows.
Near midnight I'd be home again, my parents
and the younger six asleep, ready
for another round of wrestling with my books.

But this once things were different.
By 3:00 a.m., the tepid instant coffee sloshing
at the bottom of my cup, the radiator wheezing
in the corner like my old asthmatic dog
and the nosebleeds for the moment stanchd,
all at once my head went light when Jowett's Plato
gave way to the unexpected music of Ovid's
Metamorphoses, the passage where the boyish
husband turns in dark to find his dear wife

gone and calls out into the indifferent shadows after her: Eurydice. Eurydice. The cry of the bereft. And then, whether it was the giddy hour or because I felt my heart leap at once across some barrier of tongues which no hell I knew could keep me from, my hand reached up and touched the tears forming in the bleary pockets of my eyes and I felt a light so warm, so very warm and gentle, like nothing I had ever felt before, like a golden river flooding through my head.

You know of course how all such rivers sink. And soon you are looking for the answer in a bloodstreaked handkerchief, and then too many cups of coffee and then the metal ticking clock. Time then to hit the sack. I staggered to the slanting bathroom sink and looked into the surface of the giddy cabinet mirror and splashed my face and looked again to see the same gaunt pimply face, the same large nose and lips and stubbled chin, the untamed hair still charged and bristling. Only in the eyes had something changed....

And then the still-fresh memory of Beacon dying on the sewer-bloated still majestic Hudson: the sickly river town where I'd tried to make myself into a priest and failed. And yet once I'd felt a light like this -- not in myself, of course, not then -- but in the puffy, frog-like eyes of the little German priest whose name I have forgotten, a gentle, self-effacing presence whose tiny, liver-mottled hands had once brushed light across the dusty shelves which housed he said his Virgil and his Ovid and that Bunsen flame Catullus until his eyes had flared, brightening the dusty room and I had stared, wondering where all the light was streaming from.

You wait and then you learn to wait some more. All you can do is turn each empty page, hungry for whatever light there is, as you try to blink back the time when something brilliant flickered blooming in the head. In the meantime this: that quickening in my own son's eyes, a river, light, a hope, a something, as when Plato's dizzy prisoner, as I once heard, neck bent and groping backwards from his cell for air, aware of shadows trailing at his feet, at last looked up to catch full on his face the staggering honied brilliance of the sun.

"A beacon to mankind," Sacvan Bercovitch recalls in his address from this spot five years ago, a beacon "of increasing knowledge, power, goodness and truth," adding in his own words: "It sounds pretentious, but really it stands for a basic, recurrent human drive": the priority of spirit, the life of the mind, the belief in the ultimate importance of what we do in spite of the skeptics and the naysayers. I find that this place tends to exhaust one and, in spite of what I feel myself about maintaining a calculus of energies, I find myself giving and giving again, day in and day out in ways that no other school has ever made me give. And why? Because the six or nine-hour contract week does not exist here, not even the forty-hour week. There is something about this place, about the absence of video cassette recorders and televisions and even radios, the often overworked telephone system which says to us, don't even try to reach the world beyond, the warm greetings you get all over this campus: in the Inn, the newly-enlarged, Skinnerian world of the Library, the Barn, the Infirmary, walking these roads; the manner in which your time is considered so important that meals are served you, books procured, xeroxes prepared, individual conferences provided, all of which say that what we are doing is important, our time here precious. There are three distinct schools here on the mountain: the Writing Program, the Theatre Program, and the Literature Program, and in each of them you see colleagues completely devoted to their work. You know they believe in what they are doing, you can see it as a flickering brightness in their eyes. Somehow or other each year a first-rate performance of a classic or modern play rises out of thin air right here where I am addressing you. The amount of work that alone takes is staggering, really, and that Alan and Carol and all the others actually pull it off each year tells me that Prospero's wand is alive and well. And so with the Writing Program, the benefits

of which we in the Literature Program are the recipients, for it proves to me that good, imaginative writing can be taught, since by early August of each year, I have the evidence there before me in the papers my students turn in. Again and again, I have been staggered by your performances.

What a weird, wonderful, anachronistic place this tiny city on a mountain after all is. And what an extraordinary act of faith we participate in beginning late each June. This teacher tells you that you can understand Joseph Conrad or Ford Madox Ford or Dante or Parsifal or Chaucer or Virginia Woolf, that one tells you you will enter into the world of a Pound or Eliot or Frost or even the sphere of Wallace Stevens' necessary angel and, by the close of six weeks, in spite of weariness and anger and the weeping and occasional gnashing of teeth, you have come through, understanding these texts because you believed you could, and so did. Speaking at least for myself, I can teach you because you make me believe in myself in a very special way. No one makes me rise each morning here at 5:30 to begin preparing again for the new day's lectures, but there is something in you, in your eagerness to learn, whether or not you personally have been my students, and I would rather whack my head a dozen times against monster sheds than disappoint any of you. For it is a human cry between us, spirit reaching out to spirit, that haunts this place, that says, feed me with your knowledge and we will feed you with ourselves. In short (since this is what I have been leading up to in any event) your greatest gift to me has been to make me more fully human. We have touched each other and that has sacralized the very trees and hills and rocks of this place. You are the people -- students, faculty, Croutons, staff, all of you -- who piece by piece took the place of a mountain.

For the past three years a small group of us quietly ascend the steps to one of the classrooms on the second floor of the Barn for daily Mass. It is a most precious time for me because, like all of you, I need to escape from time to time into the quiet of the desert to be replenished. And though it is only half past noon, I feel as if I had already put in a full day, what with two and a half hours of early preparation, two lectures, and two hours of often intense conferences already finished. What have my words said, I ask myself then, so many of them dark, obfuscatory, challenging and secular -- linguistic metaphors for our own uncertain time. But in the words of the celebrant, the priest who took the place of the I, that vatic, Emersonian eye who had earlier in the day uttered his own dark knowledge, as well as in the words of people like yourselves that remind me so eloquently that each of us has other things to think of even here on the Mountain -- problems at home, economic worries, health problems, even problems with your loved ones, including even, sicknesses and deaths in the family -- in all these words I am reminded of another order of reality. It is that reality which enters by way of metaphor into the stanza, the space, of that little room, caught in the disks of light shimmering on the scuffed oak boards, or in the sound of a bird coming as if from outside and whose name I have never been able to learn. It is a reality glimpsed in the alinguistic solitude of humans breathing in that room which for once warms and comforts me. At such moments I remind myself of my own version of the Supreme Fiction: the mythos that all words in our abcedarium are as so many magnetic filings radiating out from a pre-logical energy field, a light source, an order as of a grand order giving us comfort. It is the light of the interior paramour which gathers in the gloom, something for once coalescing out of air, out of thin air.

So you see, I come to you not merely as a secular humanist, but with a belief in words which is somewhat older and surely out of fashion at the moment. I began teaching at the college level twenty-one years ago this September. One year out of college, then, I was given four sections of Freshman writing composition to teach at Colgate University. I have always been a good chameleon, an actor who could assume the part necessary for the occasion. For then I believed my job as a teacher was to present as fairly as I could the position of the novelist, essayist or poet I was engaged in teaching. I suppose I still believe that that is my function, at least to a large degree. But I also find myself wanting to warn my students of some of the questionable assumptions of the figures we are discussing: for example, about Pound's anti-semitism, Frost's ironic masks which became a face locked in cement in the later poems, some of Yeats' cabalistic absurdities, Williams' failure to reconcile himself to the woman in himself, Adrienne Rich's ambivalent attacks on her own lyric gifts, the insurance policy character of some of Stevens' lyrics. But poetry, I tell myself, can do more than this, and Milton seems to have been right when he demanded of the poet that he also make himself into a perfect poem.

Consider the great wheel of things. These days at Harvard and elsewhere there is much talk among educators about teaching as a vocation, as a calling. That kind of thinking I can understand. When I left the seminary back in 1957 I made a promise to make of my teaching my vocation: to spend myself for others as others had earlier spent themselves on me. What has happened in the intervening years, however, is that my sense of a calling has also become my very love, as it has for so many of you whom I am addressing. Frost, who haunts these hills now, and who moves in this very Theatre where we are assembled, expressed it as well as anyone I can think of when he

said:

My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done
For Heaven and the future's sakes.

Let the poem stand as metaphor for the act of teaching, or let good teaching stand as a metaphor for the poem, what matter? Let what we do, what we are engaged in, this act of teaching, let Chaucer's epithet, "Gladly woulde he learne, and gladly teache" tell us that it is in teaching that we come to understand. Perhaps what we are about, those assembled on this stage, those of you out there in the audience, is after all what Stevens meant by his Supreme Fiction, that sense of rest and of completion that we feel tonight before we return each of us like salt to salt our worlds, lights flickering on this mountain made sacred by your dedication and example. Here especially such distinctions as teacher and student give way for once to something like a grander unity, as the figure of the teacher becomes the figure of the ephebe questioning both the mystery of the universe and the mystery that is consciousness itself aroused and brilliant.

"And for what, except for you, do I feel love?" Stevens has it, as he addresses the august imagination at the very start of the poem he spent a lifetime preparing for. The text, the text made sacred as much by desire as by desperate need:

And for what, except for you, do I feel love?
Do I press the extremest book of the wisest man
Close to me, hidden in me day and night?
In the uncertain light of single, certain truth,
Equal in living changingness to the light
In which I meet you, in which we sit at rest,
For a moment in the central of our being,
The vivid transparence that you bring is peace.

I have seen that light in the eyes of you before me, uncertain at its first flickering as those first essays finally fell due, and have seen it grow as you came to peace with whatever separate worlds you each explored. I have seen, first in the one and then in the other, for once then something, a look of comprehension laced at times with gratitude, laced at other times with what some of the old philosophers once called hilaritas, and which I take to mean the joy of seeing where before there was only darkness, as the lectures and the conferences fell finally into place. It is as if we had collected the pieces of a well-wrought poem, and for a moment each of us were "in the central of our being" alive in a living, shimmering, vivid "transparence." As if, again, in that momentary stay against confusion we were for once at peace.

We know we cannot stay here, that a great part of the pleasure of this moment is that we must savor it even as it disappears, dissolving in its own green going, like a piece of ice on a hot stove dancing in its own melting. The transfiguration on the mountain can last only for the moment, before all of its resplendent light fades to common day and we find ourselves among the hungry and the needy once again. They will not understand where we have been, but all the same they will be hungry for your words, your love, whatever you can feed them. And by the time they understand what it was you had to give them, and what it cost to give them what you did, you yourselves will probably be gone. You know of what I speak, because someone, some teacher, whether in one of the so-called privileged schools or in one of the ghettos or in one of the isolated rural areas, once set an example for us to follow. Woman or man, what does it matter? Let us call that figure for once, as Williams once called Lincoln, the bearded mother who fed us: the pelican feeding her young at her open, lacerated breast. We give because others gave as they could to us,

gave of their time, their energy, their substance. If we are to escape the death of Narcissus, we too will have to throw our substance away on the faces assembled at the schoolroom desks before us, spending so that we may come to realize ourselves. For it is in dying to the self, that wonderful poet, St. Francis, tells us, that we are step by step born to something greater.

Here on this mothwarm August night atop this Mountain, in this darkness visible, there is a bond that holds us all together in an uncommon, honorable pursuit, a light, yes, but one the optic nerve by itself can never see. And yet the heart sees, and that is what we have come to understand about this Mountain and the people who make this Mountain up. That common caring which makes itself manifest day after day in a hundred tiny gestures is the bread which nurtures us, the gift we can share each with the other and with so many others across the country. As we leave Bread Loaf, which will be three hundred broken fragments of itself by this time tomorrow, let us rejoice that we can feed our brothers and our sisters with the substance of ourselves, making of ourselves that better self we once saw we could be while we still dwelt atop this special Mountain.

SOMEWHERE

Yeah, it does seem to appear out of nowhere. O, you saw those old postcards with the white buildings, too? Yeah, I remember, I was scared to get out of the car until I saw Bread Loaf on that sign. Then I knew I was in the right place, but I was still scared.

When I came, the temperature had dropped that day with the rain, and I showed up in a sleeveless shirt, and I came inside and everyone was wearing sweaters and building fires. I said to myself, "This is not the place for you. Everyone already thinks you're a hot-blooded idiot and you haven't even registered yet."

Then I started unpacking my car. When I went up that third flight for the sixth time (I left two loads in the car), I was in trouble. But I wasn't. I found help with the luggage. I found friends. I found learning. I found more of me. It was worth the trip.

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LEFT AT LOAF BY LOVER

"Look at the sign. Nice--huh? It's got a loaf of bread on it. Maybe it's a bakery school after all. Not a public inn. I wonder if people stop here thinking it is? They probably wouldn't be able to see it at night. I mean we almost cruised by and here it is broad daylight. I'm glad I told you to back up and check it out just to make sure. We could've driven right by and who knows when we would've realized. What? Oh yah, I'm going to go in. I was just looking at the sign for a minute. Are you trying to get rid of me? Who knows when I'm going to be able to see you again? I mean I might have too much work. Just be nice to me these last couple minutes. You're probably glad you're going to get rid of me. No. . . I know. It just seems like you're in a hurry to dump me off. Look at the license plates. I haven't seen two the same color yet. God, some people had a really long drive. I wonder if they almost drove by the place, too. I really should have gotten my car washed before I came. It looks terrible. But look at the view over the stone wall and that field. I wonder if there are any snakes. What? Yah, yah, I'm going in!"

oo

STEP INTO IT

After you've driven up the mountain expecting the Bread Loaf campus to reveal itself slowly, building by building, after each sharp turn, you finally round the right one and see the Inn on your left. It's the Inn, all right. I know you expected it to be white, like the black and white photo in the bulletin. Step into it and introduce yourself to the first person you see. Don't get involved in a lengthy conver-



Y'EAST

On the last day of classes in summer '83, writers in the Prose Non-Fiction and Connections--Writing and Literature classes were asked to give instructions for newcomers to Bread Loaf this summer. Here are some of their responses.

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sation--there'll be time for that later. Now, in the first week is the time to accumulate acquaintances with as many people as possible to give yourself the needed security of a new place and new people. The people here are everything. Get to know as many as possible and you'll finish the summer having taken a trip around the whole country.

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THE BELL

You'll find that your first two or three days here will be as weeks. Dazed with jet lag or white-line fever, you'll be spinning faster remembering faces, names, states. Don't feel bad about the hugging screams of recognition by returning Loafers. You'll understand soon.

There are a few things you need to know. No matter how often you check your mailbox, letters from home only appear once a week. At home they don't know your first day was like seven.

You may not realize for some time why your mouth waters every time you hear a bell.

And, yes, you'll really read all the books you just bought. You won't have time for them, but you'll do it. And if you didn't bring at least five pens with you, stock up. Your wastebasket will catch them regularly.

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PINNED

"What if I'm in the bottom ten?
What if tomorrow I'm called into Paul
Cubeta's office, and he hands me an en-
velope with my pin in it and says,
'Shirley, take this back to Nampa with
you when you go.'"

TARGET

I had been looking at a map of Vermont for three days, each day trying to chart the best course to Bread Loaf. From Concord, N.H. it isn't all that hard. North on interstate 89 for sixty miles, west on 107 for fifteen, another fifteen on route 100, and then I guess about ten miles on 125. I knew my course well before I began the trip, but I unfolded the big bulky map on my small desk at home each day and went over it again. After I had gone through this routine for three days I began to ask myself why I was doing this. I think I understood. It was nervousness. I was anxious about those immediate pressures of a new environment. I had the feeling in the back of my mind that I would enjoy Bread Loaf, but the anxiety was unavoidable.

I had the mileage and later the estimated time of arrival down pat for Tuesday, June 26. I wanted to arrive early enough to get all the good furniture and arrange it to my liking in the room, but not too early that I'd be hanging around my room after I unpacked. From my experience as a college freshman I knew that I'd be somewhat lonely and self-conscious that first day. I targeted 11:00 a.m. early, but not too early. I'd be safe.

The ride itself was as quick as I thought it would be. Before long, I was off of interstate 89 and onto the back roads of Vermont. It was a beautiful day and I soon began to notice that there were rarely any cars in my lane, either behind me or in front of me. I took my time and began to appreciate the scenery. I started to think of the Bread Loaf reputation, Robert Frost, the scrutinizing of fellow English teachers, and even the possibilities of my novel that would originate from my Bread Loaf experiences. I began to write some lines in my head, but they weren't exactly fluid or any good. Well, just have a great time at Bread Loaf, I told myself. My odometer soon showed me that the School would be near. Before I knew it, the light blue Bread Loaf sign was in front of me, and then the campus with lots of cars, people unpacking, and hugging.

I slowed down, but kept going. A few miles down the road I turned around in a driveway and headed back to Bread Loaf.

Matt Soule

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HOW I GOT HERE

In three years I took six courses that Fr. McMahon taught. There were some things about him that I don't like or didn't even like at the time, but I used to float out of his classes. It may have been the first time in my life I felt naturally relaxed, relaxed on my own steam and consistently too. I'm sure I was relaxed a few times before that, but I could depend on this every day.

While I was in those classes, I felt like my whole life was changing. For an hour the adrenalin would run through my



Y'EAST

A small Y'EAST this time because afternoon writing classes have met only once. Here are a few 15-minute in-class writings from first day.

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Middlebury, Vermont 05753

arms. I'd get that weak limp feeling you get when you have a huge crush on someone and he walks into the room just as you are about to shove a huge bite of mashed potato into your mouth because you feel regular and you instantly lose your appetite - dusty moths in your stomach. By the end of the class I'd feel so drained and lovely that I wouldn't want to move for awhile.

Ever since then, I've been trying to figure out how the hell he got to me so much and how I could get to myself that way.

I did get to myself with traveling. I looked at paintings for a year or two to see them all. After that I just felt like I could sit for two or four hours, stare at them and not think of anything at all.

This year that seemed too aimless. I decided it wouldn't get me anywhere and I should get serious about life and my career. I couldn't imagine a school that would be worth missing a summer of traveling and paying two hundred dollars a credit for at the same time. One night as I was complaining to my fiftieth listener about how impossible it is to find a school with decent literature courses and any writing courses, Joann told me that her friend had spent several summers at Bread Loaf. I asked her to repeat the name as though I had been distracted by something and hadn't heard her. There was something in the way she said it, that made me lie and mumble, "Oh yeah, I hadn't thought of that." The next day I found the address and mailed for the information.

So far it doesn't look like I'm going to have to get serious about life or my career - I may be even able to relax again.

Nancy Dillon

[illegible]

EDGY

The closest I can get to the truth about why I came to Bread Loaf is so I could sit in one of those wooden chairs in the meadow. I always picture them as green in the black and white brochure photograph.

I began to think of why those chairs meant something, and I thought of Audubon, New Jersey, and Mr. Fistler. He was particular about his lawn. He edged his sidewalk. He even edged his driveway. Now in 1950 driveways weren't big solid slabs, but two lines of skinny concrete running from the street way to the separate garage in the back yard. The center strip of grass was presumably reserved for oil and gas leaks from the car--I don't know for sure; I just made that up. But it was always fun to mow that part of the lawn, because you were all finished with a single swipe.

With his edger, Mr. Fistler trimmed all four of his driveway's concrete sides. I never knew it was called an edger--maybe it isn't, but when I bought one of those for my first house, I called my sister to tell her I bought a Mr. Fistler and she knew what I meant. I've used it about three times in twelve years. I still have it in the garage.

I think Mr. Fistler had a couple of those wooden chairs in his backyard. If he did, they were green.

Kitty Austin

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SAFE

Last year I was terrified about coming to Bread Loaf. People would ask me why I wanted to drive from Georgia by myself for three days instead of flying. I didn't tell them I felt safe in my car because it was mine and a plane meant getting lost in the airport and losing luggage and having to figure out how to get to the bus station.

I had decided to drive up 95 because I could get all the way to Hartford on one road. I also wanted to drive through the major cities to say I had been there. (This year I went around them.) Anyway, 95 had stop lights in Philadelphia and New Jersey. I thought about changing routes, but I was afraid I would get lost.

At 5:00 the second day, I slowly moved across the George Washington Bridge in New York. I had rolled down my window because I didn't want to use the air conditioner and make the car overheat. Suddenly, I heard a yell.

"Hey, Lowndes County!"

I turned knowing I was in trouble for something. Some guy in a yellow car leaned towards me.

"You from Valdosta?"

"Yes."

"My mother lives on Forest Street!"

I wanted to talk, but traffic changed and he moved on. This was a good sign at least. Running into this stranger meant

that Vermont wasn't so far away after all.

The next morning in my motel room, I turned on the television for one last dose. A reporter was talking about a bridge collapsing in Connecticut. Oh, God, I went over that the night before. Another sign, but not good. My family and friends were on one side, and I was trapped on the other. I wanted to call home to tell my mother I was still alive, but I was allowed only three collect phone calls in three days and I had one left.

When I arrived at Bread Loaf that afternoon, I was miserable. My car had decided it didn't like Vermont mountains. Classes had not even started, but there were people on the Inn porch talking about Shakespeare. At the front desk, Bob Handy pointed me to my green ribbon greeter. She too was from Georgia, Albany, in fact. Yes, she said, she even knew my parents. Everything would be okay.

Glenda Clay

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OUR CHOICES

This year I began winding up for Bread Loaf before I arrived in Ripton. The last few days home found me packed, at least the basics, by the weekend. Sunday and Monday I still had texts to read, but couldn't get through or even to them. I watched TV and plowed through the news-weeklies we'd brought home from the school library.

Tuesday morning I got up before our daughters Katie and Megan. The oldest, Katie, gave me a look of apprehension as I went by her door to go downstairs and let the dogs out, and shower. "I'm not going yet," I told her to calm the fears Janet and I had discussed easing this year.

Two hours later I was in the car and mentally reviewing lists of what I'd brought and this year wouldn't forget. I had planned on five hours for the drive, with a stop in New Hampshire to eat and buy booze. I knew construction on Route 2 would slow me down, but I ran into more than I'd expected. Perhaps that explains the glare I gave the man in line behind me in the liquor store.

The husband in front was making the typical out-of-state New Hampshire alcohol purchase--large bottles of all varieties and many of them. Also his credit card number had to be phoned in and verified.

This rainy morning two men stood in a perplexing mishmosh of drab labor and natty dress clothes, holding pints of whiskey. The two were wet, wetter than I, who had jogged in from my car. Their baseball caps dripped water down over dark and smudged faces. Cigarettes dangled from puffy lips.

They cradled cans of sod in free hands and held the pints clandestinely down by their sides. A look passed between us. At first a common sharing of mankind, but I fear this reduced to the uncommunication of different types, different lives, no understanding for our choices.

George Dunn

THE ROAD TO BREAD LOAF

I'd never before attempted such a long trip by myself. Sure, I'd driven maybe a hundred or two hundred miles to see my family or friends, but driving alone from Kentucky to Bread Loaf was a journey I dreaded. I didn't want to get in the car and drive the 833 miles. I wanted to be at Bread Loaf, not on the road to the School. I'm not certain what I feared--making a wrong turn, having a flat, falling asleep at the wheel. I don't know. I just had a feeling something would go wrong. Maybe I was just afraid of being alone for so long in the car with no one to talk to. I wanted to pass the time with someone, to ask, "Is this next exit the one we want?" Yet I had to travel by myself.

As I drove, I followed my progress on the map, still uneasy, wondering if something would go wrong. Murphy's law drifted through my mind. I kept turning the radio down to listen to the engine to be sure it was running smoothly. Every so often I saw cars abandoned along the interstate with not a human in sight. I wondered what happened to the cars and the people. The muscles in my neck began to tighten as I drove. Each time I stopped at a rest area or a gas station, I walked around the car, checking for a low tire or for fluid leaking from beneath the engine. I discovered no problems.

As I neared Bread Loaf, I began to relax. When I turned on to Route 125, I knew I had it made. Even if I had car trouble, I would get to the School now. Finally I arrived, and all my fears seemed silly. Nothing had gone wrong. I had made good time. My worrying, as usual, had done no good. And yet, in the back of my mind, I thought that in six weeks I'd have to pack up and head back to Kentucky. Already I'd begun to dread the return trip.

Ken Spurlock

STICKY BUNS

"So where is this Breadbasket place?" my brother-in-law asked over coffee. Everyone laughed.

"Is Vermont next to Maryland?"

"Oh, New England--will you get to London?"

I remembered a student who had wondered, "Why would you go way out there just

to learn English? Don't they teach it at Black Hills State?"

I knew I wouldn't be making sticky buns by September, but even I didn't know what I would be doing differently by August 11 or why it would all be worth it.

There in my sister's Wyoming living room I recalled the catalogue's centerfold of distant hills. It would be a great place to be. No question.

I listed those names that had no faces: Moffett, Elbow, Graves...English Journal wouldn't promote anyone but the best, would they?

What made me think I could do it, though? Why was I really going? Maybe it was the mystique. Or it might be the teacher who had once pumped my arm and screamed, "You'll never be the same after Bread Loaf!" Who knows why I wanted it? I'll be asked again in August. I might answer--or I might just make everyone coffee cake and not try to explain.

Ruth Birrell

STAFFER TO STUDENT

I didn't feel as though I was really going to Bread Loaf until I got dropped off at the Inn. As the assistant to the assistant director of Bread Loaf I had cut cheese and poured drinks for the grown-ups over at Treman for several years. All that time I kept wondering what it must be like to study here. I remember thinking that I probably wouldn't want to be a student, that being part of the staff was a better position to be in at Bread Loaf.

So now I'm a student. I haven't had a roommate in seven years. Everything is still sinking in, and probably will be for a while. Just think how my roommate feels. She's completely new to Bread Loaf and asks me a lot of questions. I hope there are some I can't answer so she won't be overwhelmed. I think I'm a little bit overwhelmed myself.

Meg Stevens

OFF-CAMPUS

I decided to live off campus this summer for several reasons. First, I had a lousy teaching year--the worst yet. I thought I deserved some time to figure out where I go now that I've resigned. Second, since I got so damn fat after six weeks of eating at the Inn last summer. It was only a month ago I said to Billy, "If I ever get any fatter than I am now, shoot me." And finally, I wanted to live off campus so that I could light a fire early in the morning, listen to Bob Dylan's "Infidels" on #9 at 1:00 in the morning, and use my hair dryer without guilt.

[illegible]

But when I moved into the cabin on Thursday, I had plenty of doubts. I wondered if even Bob Dylan or blow dryers would make the joint inhabitable for six weeks. The floors are cement, cracked, and sloping. I have only a two-burner gas range—no oven, a puny refrig, and a creepy shower in the kitchen. The mattress is one inch thick on a giant piece of plywood (I may as well be sleeping on the floor). And if I roll out of bed some night, I could end up with my head in the toilet.

It wasn't until yesterday that I finally started feeling better about the place--a good cleaning, some fresh field flowers, and candles help. Then in an unreasonable fit of optimism I said to Kenny, "You know, I'm beginning to like it here. It reminds me of some of the places I stayed in when I was in Germany."

His response: "What, concentration camps?"

Mary Ludwig

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BREAD LOAF AT SEVENTEEN

First knowledge of Bread Loaf connected with feelings of admiration, wonder, mystery and pain. I was seventeen years old, just graduated from high school, and was coming up here to visit my friend and teacher Charles High, who was in his last summer here. He was about to get his Master's Degree, yes. I had no notion of what type of place this was, of what might possibly go on at an institution called Bread Loaf. But I really liked Chick High and I wanted to see what he did with himself during the summers. I usually hung out on the beach summers, worked at slave jobs, went to parties, got drunk and high and listened to the Dead, and was sometimes bored.

I drove up in my Toyota Land Cruiser. I was pretty irresponsible about driving-- used my car as a sort of party room on wheels--and as I remember it the truck stalled just as I pulled up in front of the Inn. Out of gas. My father hated that kind of thing and was always after me about it.

Chick lived in a cabin in the woods a couple of miles from here. He was working on a Shakespeare paper. I sat next to him in class and was thrilled when he, who had asked me so many questions in his class, was called upon. He answered pretty intelligently. He sat there in short pants with his legs crossed in the embarrassing way we mocked in men--crossed at the knees, as girls did--but he made it acceptable.

The pain? I had stepped on a nail in Connecticut and had to have an incision made in my foot to cut out the infection. Then a tetanus shot. The doctor at the hospital was an Amherst graduate--that's where I was enrolling in the fall--and he disappointed me by saying he hadn't liked Amherst, all he liked in life was "cutting

and hacking." He was dead serious--or else had a marvelous deadpan wit that went way over my head. Anyway, I hated him. The bandage he put on my foot wedged itself into the wound--I didn't feel it as I walked on it all afternoon, because I was novacaineized. The whole thing scabbed over that way. I couldn't get the bandage out of the wound. To get it out I had to soak my foot in a tin pail of very hot water; I sat there in Chick's cabin complaining as he wrote his Shakespeare paper. He stopped to look at my foot and yank the bandage out with a quick, brutal pull. I was relieved and happy. Outside, a storm was bashing away at the woods. A hurricane--Hurricane Bell?--and down at Ripton a huge chunk of the road was washed away, over a bridge. There was a place where the road took tight, serpentine turns and if you took a straight line instead of staying on your side, on the right, you could shoot straight through without turning the wheel. It was dangerous, though. It seemed dangerous. The brook, or creek, or river, was terrifically loud on your right and below. I liked it up here--the funny name and the friendly people, the teacher I admired, and everything green. Green was my favorite color then.

Rand Cooper

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HUMILITY

Driving to Bread Loaf I spent a good bit of the time scared. The night before the trip I didn't get much sleep because I was scared, and lack of sleep always intensifies my fears. Partially I was scared about my old wreck, the Blue Bomb. It developed an exhaust leak just before I left. I would have given all my traveler's checks to anyone who could guarantee that the car would make it here on time. That was the next fear--what would happen if it didn't? I could imagine the looks of polite condescension as I presented my excuse, and at the times when the exhaust noise was worst, like going up hills I couldn't see the tops of, I could hear the lady at the desk saying, "I'm sorry, it's too late to register. Maybe next year."

But all those fears were camouflage for the real thing. Would I fit in? What about my writing, especially for this class? Serves me right. I'm looking back with lots of humility on the dozens of times I asked my students to do free writes and then trade papers. Relax, I said. Ha! When I came in and saw the circle of chairs I was going to ask if it was OK to sit in the back, but I was too nervous even to joke.

Ike Coleman

[illegible]

But what's to be expected from a kid with no visible insecurities for a teacher to exploit? There wasn't even any peer pressure for improvement, as the other students uniformly, politely, resisted my attempts to get them to thoroughly read and criticize each other's papers. Theron didn't even have a birth certificate, and there were no hospital records to prove that he was born. He'd done fine without such trappings of white culture, and he could probably get along without me, too. "No need!"

Maybe I should learn Cree, get adopted into the tribe, and hunt with Theron year-round, with "no need" for licenses or game regulations or landowners' permission. Maybe I should burn my birth certificate.

He says he wants to be a teacher, and already, when I try some clumsy fragment of Cree on him, he's quick to tell me, with a puckish look and tone, "Don, ah, that's non-standard Cree."

Don Burgess

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Y'EST was instituted in 1982 to give students in Teaching Writing courses an audience beyond their classrooms. A few submissions from people not enrolled in those classes are published each summer when they seem especially apt for the Bread Loaf community.

Ken Macrorie

I WAS AN EAGLE

In kindergarten we all had to be tested so we could be placed in appropriate reading groups. I didn't want to go and I did not like the lady who took me away. I must have performed very poorly for her because she told my teacher later that I was a non-reader and would always have a great deal of trouble learning to read. My teacher responded by laughing "Funny - she already knows how to read." I loved Mrs. Coggeshall.

In first grade I was in the Eagles group and we read Sally, Dick, Jane, Puff, Spot, Mother, and Father books. God, I hated them. The covers were mustard yellow and the pictures inside looked odd to me even then (you know the way early sixties pictures look to us now?). I hated those stories. I thought they were dull, some of the dumbest stuff I'd ever read. At home we heard Charlotte's Web and Peter Pan, and Pinocchio, and almost anything else we asked for.

One day I decided that no one should be forced to sit through any more of Puff's crises, so I decided to steal the book. I thought if I took home all the books, one by one, we wouldn't have to read them; then I could bring in some of our wonderful stories from home, and no one would be punished any more.

I got one book home. There was a replacement for it the next day.

Meg Stevens

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TWIN TREASURES

I fell in love with the Bobbsey twins the summer between my fourth and fifth grade years in school. Till then, I had done well in language arts--I was always in the Blue Reading Group--but books were relegated to school hours. I hadn't yet been charmed by the mystique of the written word.

That happened with the Bobbsey twins.

Kay Krupp, an older girl down the street, one day bequeathed to me a box full of personal discards. The box didn't contain books only; there were poodle brooches, and circle pins, which immediately thrilled me more.

One drizzly afternoon I sat myself down on the rug beside my bed. It was too chilly and damp to go to the pool, which would have been the natural order of the day. I cannot remember starting to read, but I can recall my shock when, an hour or two later, I hardly knew what world I was in.

I had been absorbed, for the first time, by the written word, a spell which I still crave.

Diana Westbrook

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SUNDAY VIEW

One summer after my next oldest brother and I moved our cartons of comics to the summer house, our two older brothers



Most of the pieces in this issue are memories of early moments in reading and writing--data for teachers who want to understand those acts and learn ways of helping people perform them.

Number 3, Summer 1984
Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

burned them. Gone were Sgt. Rock of Easy Company, Donald and the rest of the ducks, Superman, Batman, and Richie Rich, all up the chimney. Even the Classic comics used to plagiarize their school book reports went into the fire.

Left only were books. On the yucky days when no mothers would allow us to invade their houses, I had only hard cover books, with a few pictures. After the fights had broken out and been settled, I would plow through Hardy Boys mysteries and into Tom Swift. I enjoyed reading, but still wanted to be outside; or I read until it was time to get up or was tired enough to go to sleep.

One Sunday morning after Mass I picked up a Landmark Series book about the Battle of Britain. I nestled into the big, overstuffed, easy chair upstairs in the front foyer and began to read. I followed exciting tales of aerial dog fights with valiant young RAF pilots fending off the German Luftwaffe, and a fat politician, one of the book's heroes, although I didn't know exactly why.

Suddenly I found I had read halfway through the book. I was tempted to go out and search for my buddies. The sun had been shining all day and reflected brightly off the roofs of Temple Beth-El and St. Martin's Episcopal church across the street. My homework for Monday was all done and nothing kept me inside. Yet I stayed.

As I neared the end an electric excitement shivered through me. I was going to read a whole book! But I didn't know whether to tell my friends. Margo Sullivan read books and she had kinky hair. We didn't play with her.

George Dunn

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[illegible]

THE MOMENT

Words, stories, books, reading aloud. I don't remember when...Like Thomas Wolfe's speaking of "a stone, a leaf, a forgotten door," who can remember the entrance into language? Who can remember the moment they crossed the threshold to the world of symbols, of words printed on a page?

There was one night, one of those soft, cosy, summer Sunday nights when my mom served breakfast for dinner and my sister Elizabeth and I enjoyed another fantasy, Walt Disney. I remember after the show sitting with my mom on the screened-in porch in that strangely pleasing time at twilight when the leaf and the movement settled and eyelids and wings of night began to flutter. We looked at the comics from the paper--I could read a few words! She helped with others, we began to make sentences. The feeling was one of surprise, pleasure--words going with the pictures. I wanted to continue.

Charlie Orr

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A BIG FAT BOOK

I recall, as a child, those bed-time moments when mom would tuck us in and ask what story we wanted to hear. I didn't know many stories so there was not a large range of options from which to choose. One big fat book contained pictures sketched out and colored. I found a man with his eyes evidently poked out, chained to two pillars and almost naked. I wanted to know about that man, so Mom read the story of Samson from the Children's Bible Story Book. That book held many other pictures which I wanted to know about, so I spent many nights listening to the stories of Daniel in the lions' den, David and Goliath, Moses in the basket and Mary and Joseph.

When my sister went to school and started to read I must have envied her. She would come home and read out of a book with big-print words and lots of pictures of girls and boys and dogs. I wanted to know what those stories said. She would sometimes neglect to read to me, so I pretended to read the stories.

Then I went to school, and I learned to read. I don't recall the exact process, but I was finally able to discover what the pictures were all about on my own. That first big book that Mom had read from became a favorite. Then, as I grew older, I found other books in the house with fascinating pictures. We were given a children's set of encyclopedia which contained pictures of snakes and birds and lizards and spiders. The spider page was turned quickly, but the snake page became well worn.

I continued opening the books in our house, longing to learn about new and different pictures. I learned about houses built on stilts and koala bears and

the assassination of President Kennedy. As the years progressed I suddenly realized there were fewer pictures in the books and many more words. It then occurred to me that I had crossed a very important and precious bridge. I was no longer reading to find explanations for the pictures, but to create the pictures. Every now and then, when I go home to visit my parents, I dig out that big fat book and open it to the picture of the chained blind man. I smile, and wish I could thank him.

Cheryl Nelson

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SAFE AM I

Building blocks, sand boxes, tinker toys and finger paints--kindergarten is a dreamy smear of smocks, goldfish, milk cartons, pretzel rods, and story circles. That first day in K-2B, though, drew my eyes not to the huge aquarium on the windowsill but to the wonderful brown eyes and pleasing face of Mrs. Barris--I knew it was love. She was the first girl I proposed to. That came after my opening attempt at courting her. I asked Mrs. Barris if she would go to a movie with me and she said, "No, Ken. You see I'm already married." Tragic.

I knew how to impress women--grandmas, moms, little old ladies--I could always charm them with my singing. When Mrs. Barris started asking each of us questions about ourselves, I sensed that the right moment had come for me to melt her heart. I stood up and started singing loud and confident:

I was sinking deep in sin,
far from the peaceful shore.
Very deeply stained within,
seeking to rise no more.
But the Master of the sea,
heard my despairing cry.
From the water lifted me,
now safe am I!

I never wavered in my delivery and sang peacock-sure till the end. Mrs. Barris was impressed and even led the class in a little applause. She wouldn't let one off too easily, though, and asked me to explain my little tune. I told her that it was a song about a brave life-guard at Jones Beach. She laughed and, at the time, confused me a bit. The song seemed serious enough to me. Anyhow, I had melted her heart.

It wasn't until years later, when Mom told the story of that day (Mrs. Barris had shared the pearl with her), that I understood the humor of it.

So the blush came eons after the performance. By then, I had already learned to write and read and tell stories because Mrs. Barris had finally let me take her to the movies.

Ken Holvig

My father's spontaneous verses were my introduction to poetry: "O my luvve is like a red, red rose..." or, "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men/Gang aft a-gley..." He would read with an accent whose source I couldn't trace and a depth of feeling I couldn't sound, though I wanted to because I thought it would be fun. When I reached middle school, he offered to help me with a poem recital for school. I eagerly agreed. Alone together at night we worked, Dad marching to and fro like a marine drill instructor, I at attention, and I remember, "No! Not that way! Do it again." Not till after the emotional end of his marriage and our family as a unit, not in fact until after his death did I begin to remember, "That's better. Good. Once more and

we'll go to bed." I even forgot the hug so tight and lingering that complete solitude was a relief. I remember now, though, and I want to tell him my love--of the beauty and anguish of poetry--and of him.

Ike Coleman

NANCY DREW AND ME

When I was young, the only books I read consistently were the Nancy Drew novels. I wanted to be Nancy and live her life, but since I was nine and she was eighteen, I had to live vicariously through reading.

Nancy had a perfect set up. Whenever she had to take off for some quaint inn in New England to solve a case, all her father ever did was smile and say, "Be careful, dear." I was never so lucky. If I didn't make it inside by 8:00, my mother yelled and found a new chore for me. I never once read that Nancy had to do ordinary jobs like clean the table. She had a housekeeper.

Besides having a maid, Nancy was rich, evident by her convertible roadster. I had to share a bike with my sister. It wasn't even a nice looking bike but it got us up and down the alley behind the house.

Nancy also had the perfect friends, blonde and plump Bess and tomboyish George. Like my heroine, they never had trouble convincing their parents of the necessity to solve a mystery of a hidden staircase. Because Nancy was the prettiest and the smartest, she made the decisions with Bess and George contributing moral support. I admired that control. Although she never acted for selfish reasons, I wanted to have that manipulative power. Since I was almost the oldest and definitely the loudest kid on the block, I usually managed to convince the others to play my way. Nancy went on journeys, and we did too, but not as exciting. My favorite was the wagon train that travelled from the top of the alley to the street below with campsites every third house.

Once I got spanked for breaking my mother's German urn. Afterwards, I went to my room, changed clothes, grabbed my book and change purse, and set out to find where Nancy lived. Maybe her father would let me live with them, and Nancy and I could be best friends. On the corner two blocks away, I didn't know which way to turn so I sat down and counted my money. After a while when no one came looking for me, I worried that my mother hadn't noticed my leaving. I trudged home and sneaked to my room to finish the book. I had to settle for being best friends without Nancy ever knowing me.

Glenda Clay

ABSOLUTELY

Eloise was my favorite character, my favorite book. She wore clothes just like some of mine, one of those black pleated skirts with suspenders, a white blouse with puffy sleeves and black patent leather shoes, "Mary Janes," I think they're called. Her hair was a little wild and stick straight. On the go, she usually had a suspender flopping at her side, blouse untucked barely covering a round tummy, hair flying.

Eloise lived in the Plaza Hotel with Nanny, who looked like the librarian downtown. Eloise "absolutely" loved Nanny. The governess lost only an occasional hairpin from her neat, gray bun whether Eloise was parading with a Kleenex box hat or having battleship maneuvers in the bathtub.

Trips to Paris or Moscow and adventures in the hotel were chronicled in the Eloise books. The pictures were an important part of the stories. Black and white illustrations highlighted with pink brought to life the fantastic deeds of Eloise. Even my brother appreciated her cleverness, and we both remember the picture, a two-pager, of her room showing clothes and toys strewn about, crayon drawings on the wall.

As a doctor, Eloise might saw a doll in half and then hold her together with band-aids for stitches. She would "absolutely" have to call up room service for three raisins and a strawberry leaf, and "Charge it, please. Thank you very much." These treats were ceremoniously fed to her turtle, Skipperdee, and Weenie, her dog.

Her best adventures took Eloise down the halls of the hotel and up and down the elevators. She checked in with everyone from the manager to the chef. She was a force to be reckoned with.

Reading about Eloise was fun because she had imagination, and she wasn't proper or prim. She got dirty, asked questions of adults and rollerskated down hallways. Someday I'd like to visit the Plaza Hotel and bring my rollerskates.

Linda Henry

ALWAYS

When I think about learning to read, I think of my mother. She didn't teach me to read or urge me to read--she inspired me. My earliest remembrances are of nightly bedtime stories, and the kiddie phonograph playing recording of fairy tales and nursery rhymes. My brother and I would be knights and witches and dragons--princes and princesses.

We knew the librarians by name, and they knew us. Our weekly trips to the library were as important as going to school or to church.

We saw Marian Anderson and Paul Robeson in concert, and became interested in

[illegible]

trips with more visits to the baseball diamonds, the pool, and Super Value, where we could browse "in air-conditioned comfort." Left to our own devices, we also discovered that Mom and Dad had reading material around the house, stuff like Peyton Place, Return to Peyton Place, Slave of Love, and (in a plain brown wrapper) The Church and Family Planning, complete with rhythm charts. We didn't get feathers or flowers for reading them, but they did introduce us to the topic for my next Chapter, "My First Awareness of Sex in Literature."

Marsha Looyzen

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BECOMING A READER

Actually, I don't recall many details from my childhood, at least not in a continuous way. Shortly after my father died, my mother remarried and transplanted her four daughters to join another family. At thirteen, I found myself the eldest of seven children with a new name, a new school, and a new manner of living. To dwell on only memories might have seemed dangerous, or perhaps unheroic. The point was to get on with the living at hand. I regret now my ability to adapt quickly. Attempting to uncover the source of my becoming is a bit like searching through old snapshots. The characters and a few of their stories are readily familiar, but I scarcely recognize the features as my own.

A few icons, however, persist in keeping themselves known. Novela Moore, for instance, my first grade teacher. Without a moment's reflection, I can tell you that Mrs. Moore was "good," and the reason she was good was that she taught me how to read. I commemorated her class by making her a loop potholder every Christmas for the next five years....

I feel a tremor of defiant autonomy as I recreate a scene in which I, legs swinging from the top bunk, patiently explained to my mother that it didn't matter whether I had already finished a particular volume of Doctor Doolittle, I would read it over four times if I liked it. "I guess that's what makes you a reader," she said.

I can not account for the overwhelming warmth and melting wonder that still engulfs me when I recall Aslan from Lewis' Chronicles of Narnia. God pity us both if I ever encounter an individual who reminds me of Aslan....Finally, I admit that I was a superstitious child, and that reading fueled my fascination with the world unknown. I'm told that I used to terrify my younger sister by reading passages filled with fire and brimstone from the Children's Bible. Before she fell asleep I advised her to keep her head off of her pillow. If God were everywhere, and the words reported that he was, didn't He deserve one's pillow?

Alas, I am still reading, and in a certain sense, still preaching. Let's hope that my students have the common sense my sister did when she pointed out that because God was all powerful, he could get his own pillow.

Lauren Muller

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TURN THE PAGE

There was one book about trains. It was a "pop-up" book. Turn the page and a tremendous locomotive (made of an extra piece of paper folded into the book) stood up roaring. There were trains of all eras, from the old wood stokers to the new express diesels. This was the late 50s, early 60s. America was trying to make everything sleek then. I remember that word, "diesel." I have a visual and tactile memory of the word. Diesel. Diesel. The express engine had eyes like slits, a grinning mouth, and you could hardly see the wheels under the low iron skirting. Turning the pages, I waited with joy for the diesel to pop up. The older trains were folksy and comical; the eyes of their headlights laughing: they didn't take themselves seriously. The diesel got closer and closer; each train in the series looked a bit more like it. That book, with its pictures, was like history itself.

The text was incidental. I guess there was a family, probably on vacation. But they faded to nothingness against the background of those pop-up trains. Fair enough.

The act of reading was a place, a world which existed under the halo of light at my bedside. Beyond it, all was dark, but reading helped me forget that. In the next room my older sister was reading, too--terrible mushy books about horses and deer. She got to read later than I did, and I was jealous. Reading was a privilege the world had concocted; when I complained that it was unfair for my sister to be allowed to read longer than I, my parents said, "Well then. Go to bed earlier." And guess what? I took their advice.

Although I was philosophically opposed to taking advice from them, I loved that world of night reading. The covers of my bed coming over me to the shoulder, cocooning me, the warmth inside that cocoon vs. the cold of my room, the light vs. the dark beyond me, pages piling up on the left and diminishing on the right, the ache in my wrist from supporting my head, the sense of a world defined in time and space and by parental permission --my fondness for breaking, sometimes by hours, their lights-out deadline: turning out the light as they walked by, turning it on again and resuming. That world was mine.

Maybe my parents knew all the time.
Maybe they were laughing because they'd

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"I'd spell it, then say it, then forget how to spell it and ask again. What an effort! I don't think I've worked so hard since. I must have really wanted to do well, to be smart, to earn the approval of my teachers and the other kids. I also really liked spelling my name.

But why do I love language (or music or spaghetti)? I think I love language because my mother made it fun, made it a way for us to be close. Words were the way we played together.

Also our whole family (all seven of us) came to the dinner table every night with opinions, jokes, anger, and ideas; we would hug each other or hit each other much more often with our words than with our bodies. Besides, the one time I punched Martha in the eye, it felt awful. I think that clinched my preference for touching with language.

Bob Broad

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SWIRLS

When I was perhaps five my friend Freddy Ballou and I decided to have a contest to see who could write his name in the fanciest style. Freddy got two pencils and some lined paper from his mother, and we began. Since Freddy was two years older and already in school, he had the edge, but my mother had taught me the alphabet, and I could write my name. We worked on opposite sides of the dining room table, not wanting each other to see the work until it was finished. I struggled to be as inventive as possible. I began with a block K and then added all kinds of swirls and curves to make it really different. I decided that only the first letters should be super fancy. Somehow the little letters didn't look right when I fancied them up. After several minutes of concentration to be sure every letter was just right, we finished.

"Let me see yours," Freddy said.

"You show me first," I responded.

We agreed to hand our papers to each other at the same time. Freddy's name was very fancy, but I liked mine better. Of course, he felt his was far superior.

We asked his mother to judge our efforts. She praised us both and wisely called the contest a tie. "I'll put these up for you," she said, "and someday when you've forgotten, I'll get them out and let you look at what you did."

I never saw the papers again. I wonder if Mrs. Ballou really did put them up or if she just threw them away. If she didn't, maybe someplace in a Bible or a dictionary is a little piece of me when I was five just waiting to be discovered.

Ken Spurlock

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CONTENTMENT

For me, writing has always been a form of power, a magician's skill that on occasion left my audience saying "oooh," like a pretty pyrotechnic display on a warm July fourth night. As a sixth grader, I remember that I liked the sounds of words that I put together side by side. Along with the sounds, I tried to conjure up images that my readers could share. I remember one writing assignment for sixth grade; we were to write a poem. The paper was due the next day, but I had been waiting for a topic which interested me to present itself. At about ten o'clock at night, I heard the horn of a freight train. Its sound and the whoosh of an occasional car at the corner were the only sounds, except for the crickets that I've never seen. I recall getting out of bed and trying to capture the feeling of silence, night, and freight trains.

I went back to bed feeling that I had earned the contentment that I felt. I thought of the caboose's wheels as they passed over where the rails were joined, ba bumh ba bumh...ba bumh ba bumh...ba bumh ba bumh, getting fainter...fainter. My couplets didn't rhyme perfectly, and I called the freight train's "cry" "sad," but I recognize this poem as my first attempt to capture one specific moment and to share it. The feeling was there.


Conrad Phillips

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FEAR AND LOATHING IN GRADE THREE

The two chins of Miss Houchens, my third grade teacher, quivered when she told us stories about Bluebeard who chopped off heads and hung them on meathooks. After these stories we'd go out for recess a long way from school, so we wouldn't disturb the teachers who used the time for a break. Danny Eades who had been in third grade when Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I am," did not take breaks during recess; he would see how many of us he could beat up--about three on a good day. After recess we'd file back in and write sentences with spelling words. Most kids wrote sentences like, "They anticipate," but I didn't know this at the time; I figured the reason I spent half an hour longer than anyone else was my stupidity. The next year though, Miss Houchens told me she had not only loved reading my sentences, she also liked me--hard to believe because once she had spent several moments of our lives discovering that I was the unintentional author of a fart during reading group. To find Miss Houchens liked both me and my writing released me from the burden of fear I had carried through school and changed my relationship to the world.

Ike Coleman



YEAST

Number 4, Summer 1984
Bread Loaf School of English
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Middlebury VT 05753

in the class. I was sinking quickly, questioning my existence--not just its value, but the fact--and Smith strode into the class one day from his job counseling juvenile delinquents in a wilderness camp, with four days' stubble, tattered jeans and broken eyeglasses, introduced himself to the students and sat down in the back. I don't know whether his presence or his suggestions to me after class each day made the difference, but I survived and continue teaching.

Smith never has any money to speak of, but he's always had enough to lend some, for a beer or a semester in college. Lack of money doesn't bother him because he only needs food--he loves to eat but can abstain for long periods--and clothes. He has unconsciously developed a marvelous method for obtaining clothes while simultaneously weeding out less than desirable friends. When he wakes up in the morning, wherever he is, he puts on the first ones he feels--he doesn't see very well and can rarely find his glasses. If he's visiting, and he does often, the garments will often as not belong to his host, and unless he's reminded, he'll wear them home. He doesn't mean to steal, he just doesn't know one pair of pants from another. Once he wore somebody's new cashmere sweater to paint a house. This habit bothers some folks, but I figure anyone who lets clothes get in the way of friendship with Smith isn't worthy of him.

In the best of all possible worlds Smith would be king, but in this one he doesn't receive much adulation. After Dad's cremation, Peyton, Smith and I stood in lieu of a minister at the memorial service. Peyton and I eulogized on the divine and that stuff, but Smith talked about walking in the woods with Dad, looking for tadpoles and hearing the whippoorwills. He was crying, so maybe people didn't hear him very well, but after the service everybody came up and told Peyton and me how our father would have loved our speeches, and then said to Smith, "And yours was very nice, too." That night I sat up in bed and thought you have to wonder about a planet where a man like Smith is going to die some day.

Ike Coleman

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But somewhere he learned a lot. He has written a couple of the best short stories I've ever read. I guess he is able to do that because he knows so much about people. During my first teaching assignment my gifted class began to savor the taste of my flesh, and all the administrators got scared and backed off from me since the daughter of a school board member was

NEWS

The vacuum cleaner whined in the next room and I could hear the end of the extension nozzle whack against an occasional table leg or floor moulding. As I turned the corner into the kitchen the high, hollow wail grew sharper. Above the countertop I watched for a moment our cleaning lady's gray head bob methodically with each of her arm stretches of the vacuum. In the corner, the T.V. was on; its volume squealing, vibrating. As I walked into the room farther I could see my mother sitting her back slightly toward me, watching television and folding the laundry. She had on her familiar "cleaning" clothes--a light blue smock, her worn terricloth brown slippers, and a floral-patterned scarf on her head. About arm's length away from her I stopped abruptly. She was crying. I had never seen my mother cry before. She didn't bother to wipe the tears from her swollen eyes; they just rolled off her cheeks into the laundry basket on her lap. Occasionally, between the different levels of loudness that collided in the room, I could hear her soft whimpers, but the tears and the distorted face of a crying woman, my mother, told me mostly of her pain. I stood rigidly watching and was scared. On the television was a newsman I had seen before. His voice, mannerisms, and charcoal gray suit were always the same. But now his voice blared at me and my mother, causing the plastic to rattle in the volume box of the black and white Motorola. When I glanced back to my mother, she saw me, dropped the yellow laundry basket, spilling out my sister's pink sheets and several of my father's handkerchiefs. Her warm, wet hands found my face and then she grabbed me tighter than ever before. I could feel the rhythmic shakes and twitches of her crying body. "Someone shot the President. They killed him." Her voice cracked unevenly, but her hug was warm and sure. I remember crying together, unable to fully understand why, but certain of the truth of my mother's immediate pain and her love for me. I did not want to see my mother this way again, but I wanted to feel my mother this way always.

Matt Soule

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WAS THAT A PUN?

The crunch, crunch of our noisy vegetarian meal was interrupted as Mike poured more wine and asked, "Have I ever told you the story about Sammy Lepenis?" "No," I was dumb enough to answer. "Well, Sammy Lepenis ran this tailoring shop..."

A witty story or good pun always makes me think of Mike. I first knew him in elementary school in Virginia; he was in the first grade when I was in second. Later, we played Little League Baseball together, but we were not yet close friends. He was silly; I was sensitive.

He was boisterous; I was...probably boring. But there was something in his cleverness that fascinated me.

Throughout most of high school, Mike and I would chat, share a ride or an obscene joke, but we never hung out together. But in my senior year I heard that Mike and some of his friends had been arrested for arson. The scorching judgments from the community were followed by each boy involved being isolated from the others. Not only was Mike sitting on a societal hot-seat, his support from close friends was snuffed out as well. Since I had no connection with conspirators, his friendship with me was allowed. The next time I saw him, he was noticeably subdued, but we were together much more after that time. Being timid did not last long. When he drove an automobile, Mike raced with every car on the highway. He liked to cruise at 80 m.p.h. on good roads and 60 m.p.h. on the bad ones. I was not always in my seat when we arrived at school, but I was never late.

Right after Mike graduated, we found summer jobs with a construction crew. We had worked two weeks when Mike stepped out on some roofing-paper that was not supported and came crashing to the ground not more than three feet from me. I remember now my frustration for being so helpless to comfort him as he lay on his side, knees drawn to his forehead, rocking in pain. I went to the hospital after work to see him the next day. As I walked in the door, he greeted me with, "Well, I fell for that one!" I knew then he was okay. A broken pelvis kept him from starting college, but a year later found us again students at the same school. We were in plays together, played tricks, held secrets, and ate pizza and banana splits at midnight.

After college, Mike went to D.C., and I went to Richmond. We both married college sweethearts, and the four of us were together often. We were having dinner one evening when we heard a scream and saw his landlady running from the swimming pool. We dove in too late for the neighbor's boys, already floating on top, and pushed water from their lungs. For a long time after that, we talked of seeing faces in water.

The years following have rendered both geographical and matrimonial changes for each of us. Several years ago when I remarried, Mike was there. At the reception my new mother-in-law caught him trying to carry off two bottles of champagne.

I stopped by his house on the way to Bread Loaf. We drove his sports car in the rain with the top down, had dinner in a Thai restaurant, and then went to Georgetown for ice cream and pastries. He still drives 80 m.p.h. on the good roads and 60 m.p.h. on the bad.

Danny Boone

000

Hands gnarled by arthritis laid the cards out in a Solitaire line. Tapping the pack on the table top, long fingers, clawlike, but with a beauty, a dignity, flicked over a spade or a diamond. When I think of my Grandmother, I always see her hands first. Then I stretch my hands out to see how they're changing.

Grandmom B., that's how she signed her name in birthday or Christmas cards. She always wrote "God Bless you" before she signed her name. Eva was her given name and she named my mother Eva too, but Mom always went by Eve. Once I asked Grandmom how she could name her daughter Eve, because nuns at school made Eve sound like she caused a lot of trouble. She answered, "I named her Eva, not Eve."

When we visited her house, Grandmom would say, "Have to go milk the cow out back" when we wanted a glass of milk. For years I thought there was a cow out there. If you asked what she might want for a present, Grandmom clasped her hands in her lap and said, "I'd like a horse and wagon." She got that horse and wagon one day, a toy one in which Grand Dad had tucked a diamond ring, an engagement token too expensive years ago.

Grandmom talked to the T.V. or the radio. She told everyone what she thought. The Phillies heard what a lousy job they did. The President learned of his failings. Her stern, bird-like face shot lightning bolts on unwary subjects. When she laughed, though, her open smile lifted up her features and floated around her wispy gray hair. A nearly invisible hair net kept her curls in place. She wore wire-rimmed spectacles and dresses made of tiny floral prints. Her shoes were black, laced and sturdy, with small heels and pointed toes, until my mother and aunt forced her into more fashionable footwear.

At my cousin's wedding Grandmom danced and drank beer, an eighty-four year old matriarch reigning over the festivities. Once tall and stout, now frail and thin, she controlled with a sharp tongue and a sense of humor. Later when others were dancing, Grandmom dabbed a hanky at moist eyes, thinking of her husband gone so many years before.

About a year before she died, I visited my Grandmother. We talked and laughed. She disappeared upstairs and returned with a pair of antique opal earrings that screw together, not the straight spike kind you find today. "For you to remember me by," she said. Next she had my aunt bring out some old silverware that would be mine only if I would use the set instead of storing it away. Finally Grandmom pulled out a drawer full of photographs--layers of the past. I sat and listened to stories about each picture, some of the relatives I'd never seen--her father, a butcher from Germany, her aunts and sisters. In one photograph three teenage girls in swimming dresses crowded together on a beach. Grandmom chuckled as she recalled her eighteenth summer. "See if you can tell which is me," she direct-

ed. I looked closely at each girl's nose and mouth for a clue. "Not quite the outfits they wear today, but that was risqué in those days," she added, tapping the skirts and dark stockinged legs with a long finger. Her mouth formed a small down-turned smile. "This is you in the middle," I said. Grandmom nodded. The smile was the clue. Sometimes at family gatherings I see on my cousin's face or on my brother's, that small down-turned smile.

Linda Henry

oo

DOESN'T EVERYBODY?

I don't remember learning to read. I don't remember learning how to breathe, either, but the two were about of equal value to me. I liked everything. I even liked "Dick and Jane," but I liked "Alice and Jerry" better. The first book I remember reading was Little Women. My favorite aunt sent it one Christmas, and I sat down and read it straight through.

That spring we had measles, mumps, chicken pox, and the house was quarantined for two months. I couldn't have cared less, for we had been loaned the complete set of the Oz books by a sympathetic friend. When we were well, we went for a walk in the afternoons. My mother believed in exercise, our babysitter did not. The public library was seventeen blocks away, so we came to an agreement. If we got to go where we wanted, then afterwards she got to go where she wanted. I read the "Lad" stories in the back room of the grocery store on the floor next to the slot machines. She also liked to go to confession at St. Gabriel's Catholic Church where I read Nancy Drew by the holy water font while she vanished into the flickering recesses of the side aisle. We moved, and climbed up the back steps of the St. Charles Ave. streetcar to take myself to the Latter Memorial Library, an ex-mansion where I curled up in the window seat and worked my way through the fiction in the children's room, starting with "A". The main branch of the New Orleans Public Library at Lee Circle is gone, torn down to make way for an insurance company, but for years the librarians there endured a group of us who descended on them once a week after school to roam the stacks, our feet and whispers echoing on the green glass floors. Left to ourselves we chose Georgette Heyer and Margaret Campbell Barnes; our school wisely handed out a prescribed reading list: one a month and eight books over the summer. Thanks to them I discovered Jane Eyre.

We read on the streetcar, at each other's houses, in cars, on the beach, on floors, in bed and hanging out of trees. We didn't care what we read. We opened a book and sank down into the story, away from little brothers and sisters, chores, and homework. We came up for meals, the telephone, slumber parties,

and an occasional dance. Considering what life can be from fourteen to eighteen, we were very happy.

I loved and love to read. I ought to be finishing an assignment, but there's a mystery by Edmund Crispin on my desk, so if you'll excuse me....

Laura Lewis

oo

VOTING

The teacher always praised Melinda's writing in front of everyone. She was my friend; I didn't have to tell her I was envious; she knew I wanted to write as well as she did.

We used to collect all the pillows in the house and sit in the bay window in her room and make up stories. At my house we wrote in the tree fort, or in my room playing school. Sometimes we voted on the better story, but it was usually a tie because I voted for her story, and she, for mine. There was no competition, we were just two friends writing.

Meg Stevens

oo

BOOK BUSINESS

Last Christmas I took Little Women off my mother's shelf. Out fell a slip of paper, wider at top than bottom, and a brittle chunk of Scotch tape. A dark square inside the back cover marked where the yellow tape had held that paper so many years. I was suddenly eight again, flourishing in the book business.

I had read Ginny Gordon's tale of her lending library and wanted some similar adventure. I got permission to catalogue many of the books in our home and offer them for checkout.

Cardboard boxes made dandy shelves in a corner of the garage. I cut hundreds of pieces of paper. The one taped in the back of each book was for the date due. On another slip I wrote the title and author of a book. With a ruler I then drew neat columns for the due date and borrower's name. For these records I bought a 3x5 file box, my only investment.

My library was popular. Family members and neighborhood friends all visited several times a day. Even Jeff Cooley, who was eleven, borrowed two Hardy Boys books. I wondered if that meant he would ever choose me for his kickball team.

After a week or two, I needed variety. Loaning books had been such a success that I began selling them. Without mentioning it to my parents, I went through the shelves and marked each book inside the front cover: 5¢, 10¢, or 15¢. The Trixie Beldon ones were the most expensive; their covers had color pictures.

I was rich for two hours. Free money trickled into a jelly glass. Then my dad stopped in for a visit. He sat on a pile of tires. "I just got a call from Mrs.

Huff, and do you know what she told me?"

"No, what?" His tone made me glance at my nickels and dimes.

"She says--I guess Peggy just went home with our copy of Tom Sawyer and--Ruthie, did you sell that book to her?"

"I don't remember," I lied.

Dad got up and leaned against the workbench. "Those are family books, not yours to sell or give away. There's only one solution. You'll have to go around and buy back any you sold. How many are there?"

I was crying by now and couldn't answer. Dad left, and I waited until I heard the back screen door slam. "I hate books anyway!" I yelled.

Ruth Birrell

oo

MR. D, A PENCIL, AND ME

I guess it was in the seventh grade when I really began to like writing. My teacher's name was Mr. Doherty. "Mr. D" we called him. He had steely blue eyes that twinkled and bounced when he was in a good mood. He would tell us stories about what he did in the war and about trout fishing. When he was angry his eyes would turn slate gray. Then no one talked.

He used to write on the board "W.W.V." for weak, watery verbs. (He meant don't use "is" or "was" if you could find an active verb.) After that he would pound on the board and bellow, "What's a 'went'?" Only dogs went." I worried over the verbs in my compositions because I didn't want him to thunder at me in front of everybody.

My favorite classes were on Monday mornings when he would assign the topic for that week's compositions. "Why Mother's Hair Grows Gray." He would give us ideas for starting our papers. Sometimes he'd get so involved telling stories that he would forget about the time, and we would wiggle and nudge each other. Usually though, he'd stop maddeningly, just fifteen minutes before class ended. Then we would write and he'd saunter around the room humming and whistling to himself. Once in a while he would look over our shoulders and read what we wrote. If he liked it, he hummed louder. Sometimes he'd sing bits of a song. "I've told every little star...how wonderful you really are...Why haven't I told you?"

He showed us how to use the Thesaurus. We only had the numbered kind, not the alphabetical kind. Now and then I would get lost in the numbers. And I didn't know how to say "thesaurus." Should you say "The Saurus" like some of the kids did, or should you say "Thisaurus?" I didn't want to ask.

Once I understood those numbers, it was like trying out a new cookbook. My friend Wendy Linquist and I especially liked adjectives. She always had three adjectives layering every noun like fudge icing. I usually had two. (I could never decide which to choose, so just to be

safe I would write both.)

Mr. D didn't seem to mind. He wanted us to concentrate carefully on what we saw. One of my earliest memories is writing during the first week of September, writing on that yellow paper with the green lines and the red margins--the kind which smears if you erase wrong. First period composition class. I was new. School was new. Writing was new. Mr. D passed out the paper and said jot down what you notice around you. And he made us watch the shafts of young sunlight flickering through the tired venetian blinds onto the earnest pencils. That first week we spent a long time looking, and I began to learn what my pencil could see.

Cathy Challenger

oo

CRITICISM

The first day of school when I discovered Yvette Fauntleroy wouldn't talk to teachers in class, I decided to draw her out. I began directing questions to her, but always manipulating them for a yes or no answer. By the end of the week Yvette would nod or shake her head, and within the month she'd answer verbally, but only with yes or no. I hoped to pull her out further with encouragement, but maybe my praise was so obvious she realized I was condescending. I made no progress and by March she answered, (though I didn't call on her quite so often) but the answer was always one word.

She wrote, but terribly--commas, periods and capitalization randomly and frequently placed, no notion of the relationship of ideas, and worst, she wouldn't write about herself or anything she cared about. When I was faced with a stack of papers to grade, hers always found its way to the bottom.

One night after hours of grading student poetry booklets, I forced myself to confront Yvette's and found, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments..." Unfortunately, "Love is not love..." did not follow. She had copied five lines of the sonnet at random. I seethed as I wrote, "If you're going to copy Shakespeare, copy him right."

I did not reach Yvette that year.

Ike Coleman

oo

ANTE-BELLUM

Growing up, I used to sneer at the beauty contests on television. Anyone who had the least bit of association with them lacked human intelligence. Then one day I was put in charge of the school beauty pageant. Actually, four pageants because we have four divisions. I know where to buy the cheapest flowers, who can turn glitter and ribbon into beautiful sashes, and how to con friends into being judges.

The only formidable foe I still must face each year is the kindergarten class making up the Tiny Miss group. At least high school students can usually tell their right hands from the left. When I ask for this information from seventeen five-year olds, I get a collective blank stare.

The week of rehearsals I now handle quite well. I no longer walk the halls asking for valium, but I still face the night of the contest with terror. After two stiff gin and tonics, I brush my teeth, gargle mouth wash, and gag with perfume on my tonsils. Inevitably, George Wert meets me at the auditorium door to say, "Miss Blay, what have you been drinking?" There is a frantic rush as I search for car keys to send him off for mints.

I usually have five minutes before the army of little Scarletts in full regalia of hoops and petticoats comes marching in. They're cute; their mothers are not. These generals come armed with combs, curlers, hair spray, lip stick and rouge to do battle. They smile at each other through gritted teeth and icy stares because tonight they would kill to have the one-shot two hundred dollar, ante-bellum dress pay off.

Always there is the mother who wants to know why she and Grandma and Aunt Bessie-who-drove-all-the-way-from-Largo can't get in free. They never understand that the entire audience consists of Aunt Bessies from Largo. For this difficult situation, I muster what diplomacy I have left. "Nobody gets in free." Only in my heart do I admit to being a mercenary out for money instead of glory.

Finally, mothers leave the troops, and the pageant begins with three categories of five-year-old marchers. The one I pray over is the "Where's my mommy?" group. This girl meets the lights with terror and can barely find her way off stage. A little more self-assured are the girls who have spent hours drilling the routine at home. Step, two, three, four. Turn, two, three, four. Right (no, left!) two, three, four. Last, there are the select few who have learned the giggle and the wiggle. Invariably, the winner will come from their ranks. A sub-group can appear from any category. These girls turn to me as they are being pushed on stage to say, "I have to go to the bathroom."

After the parade, I face one more obstacle. When semifinalists are announced, there is an onslaught of four or five mothers who rush backstage to whisk their daughters away from public humiliation because they didn't place. I stand back and hold the door open. Then winners are announced, tears are shed, hugs are given.

As the last people leave, I sit down for a moment of solitude and relief knowing that it's over. All things considered, I'd rather coach football.

Brenda Blay

oo

STORYTELLER

When my ninth grade class had completed the short story, "Peter Two," we all wrote of our first recognition that the grown up world can often be hypocritical and painful.

I wrote about Christmas, 1959, when I discovered my parents, in their childish excitement, arranging packages under the brilliant tree. I knew then that my precocious neighbor, Ginny Knight, was right. There was no Santa Claus. My parents had lied to me. Everything was a lie.

As I read my story to the kids, I recognized compassion in their eyes. They knew the experience. And I realized that through the voice, they understood my pain.

Sensing a safety in the environment, everyone wanted to tell his story.

Jeff Shingledecker read first. His story went something like this:

"When I was twelve, my mom took me to the doctor because she was worried I wasn't gonna' grow anymore. He said I'd probably get taller one of these days, but he gave me a bunch of pills just in case. But nothing happened. Nothing grew. I'm still short. The only thing that ever grew was this:"

And as he read this line, Jeff put his hand to his forehead and gently stretched out one eyebrow hair to its full length--approximately four inches. The class howled.

Someone asked, "How come you don't just cut it off?"

I said, "Yes, I'm surprised some unsteady barber, at least, hasn't clipped it by now."

Jeff looked at us in horror. "Are you kidding?" he said. "I'm not gonna let anything happen to this."

With that, he softly swirled the strand back into its safe lodging.

In "The Literary Use of Language," (from A Study of Literature, 1948, Cornell University Press) David Daiches tells us that the meanings of life are "too casual" and "too full of possible implication." The skilled storyteller makes the casual "more significant" and the implications "less confused." I guess by "casual" he means the simplest events of life - discovering there is no Santa Claus, or that one might be destined to be short forever. The implications must be the "effects" of these moments. To make them less confused, the skilled storyteller touches something in us which we recognize as part of our own experience, or our own ultimate fate.

Jeff Shingledecker, at fourteen, was a skilled storyteller. It doesn't matter that I was never consumed with worries about my height. It doesn't matter that I cannot boast a four inch eyebrow hair. The significance of Jeff's experience, its profound effects on his life, I do recognize. They are not much different from the experience or the effects of my Christmas, 1959.

Jeff's voice, his style, is that of a storyteller's too. The "bunch of pills" that did nothing--"But nothing happened. Nothing grew"--give us a sense of what Daiches calls "authenticity of his picture." Perhaps during that creative moment Jeff's style was an unconscious accomplishment. It doesn't matter. His words were chosen and ordered "...in such a way that what is described becomes not merely something existing,...but something that is linked with man's wider fate...."

Actually, come to think of it, I'd label Jeff a storyteller even without imputing these conscious or unconscious talents to him. He has a great sense of life's comedies. He loves to entertain and make people laugh. When I called on him to share his story, he leapt boldly out of his seat, jumped on his chair, and with a wave of his arm overhead, he began, "When I was twelve...."

Mary Ludwig

oo

BOTTOMS UP!

James G. McBride,
Big, fat and wide,
Ran to his closet,
But he still couldn't hide.

We used to sing-song those words about him, but never where he could hear. He was a former college football player and drove a Mercury with a faded top. I knew him best as my seventh grade teacher and principal of my elementary school. He often carried a large paddle. The damn thing was nearly the size of a tennis racket. I suppose he kept it close for the same reasons Wyatt Earp toted his Buntline Special. The paddle appeared to grow right out of his hand.

Every few days Wyatt, or...McBride would pick out a couple of "rowdies" and parade them before the class as examples of wrong doing. He then put the racket to "proper use." With each swing he gritted his teeth and curled his lips, baring the fronts of his dentures. His face turned red. His thick neck bulged around and spilled over his already too tight collar, until I thought that the top of his head would be launched into the baseball field.

I managed to stay clear of McBride's paddle--until one day. God forgive me, but I got out of my seat without permission to borrow an eraser. He made it clear that I had committed a terrible offense, and that the paddle would once again appear in his hand like an oversized magician's coin. And it did. My dignity shattered, my ass burned, and I vowed revenge.

I let McBride exercise a few more rumps before I made my move. Opportunity soon presented itself with an evening gathering at the school. McBride was engaged in mauling his dinner when I took my most trusted friend into confidence

and sold him on the idea of getting involved in a dangerous but exciting mission. I was too scared to go alone.

I knew the paddle would be stored in the lower right-hand drawer of the desk inside our classroom. While McBride stuffed his bulging neck with sliced turkey and Virginia ham, Rodney and I scuttled toward our destination. The room was not locked. We entered and squintingly stumbled toward the desk. I carefully opened the drawer and felt inside. My fingers touched it! Slowly and ceremoniously I removed it. There in the light of the moon, I held that bloody, wicked paddle.

We made our way quickly from that room and from that school. We ran past the baseball field and over a small hill. There with two sticks we dug a hole, filled it with McBride's racket and buried the thing in earth. No longer would that paddle be used as an implement of terror and tears.

The Monday following that weekend, Rodney and I were smiling but full of anticipation. The day passed. No paddle. No mention. Two days passed. Three. We were home free.

The next day as we came to class, McBride was smiling. He took roll, opened his bottom right hand desk drawer, and began a lecture on world geography while keeping time to the rhythm of his speech by smacking the palm of his hand with a brand new paddle--only this one was drilled with holes to allow less friction on the down swing.

Danny Boone

oo

I WANTED TO AMUSE

Just as we were young, and had uncontrollably tapping feet and drumming hands, Mrs. Hart was old, Avon-powdered, and tedious to listen to. Her mouth positively dripped out her correct, monotonous speech, like so much Gerbers in the mouth of a child. She sounded like a tape recording of a baby's voice played at too slow a speed.

Mrs. Hart preferred form to substance. I wanted liveliness in my writing. I wanted to amuse and to be amused. I wanted a reaction to what I wrote; I received a reaction to how I wrote. I used to run the letters of my words into each other so that people found it difficult to determine what I had written. One day I wanted a reaction to my story..."Did you like it, Mrs. Hart?" What I got was a terse note about how atrocious my handwriting was. She read many other student writings that day, but not mine. I still have the paper in my parents' attic. I earned a good grade, but the paper has never been let out of the trunk. At least my feeling about it has.

Conrad Phillips

oo

MARSHALL

Marshall Lonbit swaggered into my room in mid-October. He didn't ask where to sit; he captured the last desk by the windows, and Howard Snyder didn't mention that it was his.

Marshall wore jeans torn beneath both knees and a shirt open three buttons down. His hair, the shade of burned toast, fell just under his collar. He had on sunglasses and a baseball cap that read "Black Demons." (Hats are strictly forbidden in our school.)

I could see no sign of schedule card, notebook, pencil, or interest in English. Law 862 flashed before me: "Never admit a new student to class without a card."

I approached and smiled. "Hello, do you have a schedule card?" No answer. Marshall dug into both back pockets and left his hands there so long that I was sure a switchblade would emerge. It didn't. A yellow square smeared with sweat turned out to be Marshall's schedule, folded six times. Yes, he did have Remedial English I fourth period. I copied his name onto my seating chart and mumbled about the reading test I'd give him that day.

"Do you have a pencil?" I asked. Marshall reached out, grabbed Howard's brand-new #2, and broke it in half. He handed Howard back the top part and sauntered up to the pencil sharpener with his own.

Marshall was in class two or three days a week, usually not on time. On good behavior, he was merely uncooperative. As soon as he heard the rule against it, he tilted his library chair so far back that I imagined a chance to use that \$100,000 liability policy NEA carries for me. When we were reading Shane, Marshall was reading Spirit of the Outer Limits. When we were reading plays, he was reading Shane. I knew this was my challenge for the year, maybe for life. I would "reach" Marshall.

Faculty room talk discouraged me:

"Do you get any work out of this guy?"

"Is he stoned in your class too?"

"Do you think he's the arsonist?"

"Why did he get kicked out of his last school?"

I was not, however, easily daunted. I talked to the guidance counselor and to the principal. I requested a conference with Marshall's guardian. I studied records. There were few answers, just more questions. In third grade, Marshall had spit at his teacher. In seventh grade, vodka had been found in his locker. He had been expelled as often as admitted. "Don't worry; he'll be gone by Thanksgiving," I was told.

Marshall himself expected to be leaving and quit working altogether by mid-November. He told me he was waiting for some papers to be signed. I questioned how realistic my goal was; I certainly hadn't accomplished anything yet.

The week after New Year's Marshall did leave. As I signed his clearance slip, I wished him luck at his new school. "Ain't goin' to school," he said. "Goin' to the crazy house in Yankton." I glanced at the F I'd written down and then looked for the first time into his blue eyes.

Ruth Birrell

"They are really starting to enjoy writing," Itule said, "and because of that they are becoming better writers. After all, that's what it's all about."

Ken Leupold

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DISCIPLINE

One student continued typing after the timer rang so the professor reached over and jerked the paper out of his typewriter.

"But I'm not finished," the young man protested.

"That doesn't matter. It's deadline time and that does matter," replied New Mexico State University assistant professor Bruce Itule.

Itule, former senior editor on the Phoenix Gazette, said he tries to run his classes like the newsroom of a newspaper.

He was already busy handing out notes for the next story to the ten students in his advanced newswriting lab.

"I want a five-graph feature story on this one. It's due in ten minutes," Itule told the students.

There was a brief moment of silence and then the typewriters sitting in front of each student started up.

"We write from ten to fifteen stories during a two-hour lab," Itule said. "I put deadline pressure on them and this causes the thinking processes to speed up. They don't have time for a rough draft as they might in other types of writing--they have to type the final the first time."

As he talks, Itule's hands move swiftly over the set of papers just completed, sometimes making funny-looking copy editing marks and comments on them.

"Immediate feedback lets students see how they are doing and helps them improve," he said, "and these are improving rapidly."

The students agree.

"We just thought we were advanced news-writers when we came into this class," said Ken Leupold. "We couldn't meet deadline pressure and our stories were just a series of unrelated paragraphs."

"He's really improved our writing," echoed Terri Anderson. "All of us are learning to make our writing flow through the story so it seems one paragraph falls in place after the other."

"That's the essence of newswriting." Itule said. "The writing has to be precise and easy for the readers to understand."

The class was over and the students picked up their graded papers and filed out, excitement built up by the session still evident on their faces.

"We'll be here Thursday, boss, one student told Itule as he left. "I hope you're ready for us."

Dear Kelly--

You've come into my thoughts the last few days. I'm here at a summer school in Vermont learning to read and write and teach. One thing we've talked about has been people we've helped learn to write. I'm not sure how much I helped you last fall, my first semester as a teacher, but it was good to watch you learn to write.

I think about a lot of things when we discuss teaching. I think about apologies, for one thing. For the times I was too critical of your writing--or the writing of others. For being too busy sometimes. But mostly for just being inexperienced, for not knowing what to do. You came to class and wanted to learn to write and I didn't know how to help you. I would say, "Be more direct," and you tried it. Or, "Kelly, try these sentence combining exercises," and you had them done the next day. But it took me a long time to know what you really needed.

I remember the writing about your father that you'd tucked into the back of your folder and the way you couldn't believe that I'd pay any attention to your opinions about something you thought. You'd just written it like a diary or something, you'd said--it wasn't anything for school. The way you described the difficulties he had and you had--about being a preacher and divorced, about not dealing with you the way he should have, not sending cards or visiting. I remember getting choked up when I read that, Kelly. Choked up about a lot of things--about your relationship with your father and all--but mostly about you. About a woman who could say things like you did. The tenderness, the refusal to be fully bitter. The subtlety of writing that let me know how much it hurt you, that you wanted to be bitter but knew you shouldn't be, that it wasn't all his fault. That he felt guilty and that that was part of why he didn't see you. The mixture of anger and sympathy you felt for him. Then I felt sadness, and anger at a school system that could train you to lock all that up--to consider the exploration of your relationship with your father as something trivial, while a paper on rote learning or Malcolm X from William Coles' book was important.

Quite honestly, you came in with a lot of problems--you know that. A lot of trouble with mechanics and "all that rot." But your problems were only symptoms, really--of something much worse. You were terrified of writing, as were most of my students. Terrified that you'd do something wrong--split an infinitive, dangle a modifier--all those horrors that

neither you nor I know the definitions of. Convinced by thirteen years of public school that writing well was like doing chemistry experiments well--add all the ingredients and follow the formula--and that it was something too hard for you to do, you acquiesced and were unable to do it. But you didn't let the schools kill you completely, as they have so many people. And you brought a desire to learn to write and think with you to class.

And once you believed that your writing about your dad was what writing should be, you changed. You became eager to say something, to try something new. Your mechanics still need to be cleaned up because it's easier to communicate when you use the language well. But what matters is that you've moved from being just a student sitting in a writing class, to being a person who writes.

And each piece of writing you did after that was filled with your own ideas, ideas you cared about, that affected your life. You were not only eager to say something, but you became able to convey that eagerness to your audience.

I remember the paper about your vacation in Arkansas. Draft after draft because it wasn't just right, you thought--and each draft was different, more loaded with description, more concerned with showing your uncle and your cousins and what they did, how they were different from you. You showed us their backwoods ways so that we thought, as you wanted us to, that they were weird--bathing in the stream and using an outhouse because they didn't have indoor plumbing, living with monstrous insects and huge bats in the rafters of their home--but we also saw that these people were beautiful for being so unpretentious and so weird. I never gave you enough praise for that, Kelly.

And I'm concerned that out there in the nasty world of academia they'll begin to convince you, again, that what you have to say isn't worth it. That only the opinions of books count, that you need to be boring and stilted and proper to do well. And I guess that's why I wrote this, to remind you of how well you did as a writer and as a thinker and to encourage you to keep writing, Kelly. Please do.

Sincerely,

Daved Driscoll

oo

I collected Bread Loaf brochures for the three years I taught at Calhoun High School in West Virginia. I kept them in a file folder in the lower right-hand drawer of my desk. Once when my ninth-grade students were reading Agatha Christie's "Sanctuary" in Mystery and Suspense class, I took one out. On the cover the maple tree in the foreground and the blue-gray hill behind the white double-porched villa reminded me of Lewisburg or White Sulphur

Springs in West Virginia, where the genteel leisure class from the chambers and marble halls of Washington, D.C., spend portions of their summers, secure in their thoughts of the tunnels and provisions beneath the stately inns as they golf, play tennis and drink mint juleps on the verandas. Not exactly my idea of fun, but I was contemplating the same sort of leisure to read books and converse and write eloquent descriptions with Jamesian complexity beside Robert Frost's farm, and absterge them of such superfluous drivel as this.

I mentioned Bread Loaf to a friend one day as we sat on the tattered blue rug of the alternative school he directs. The afternoon sun reflecting off the sixth inch of snow brought a feeble light into the room.

"How much would you give to go to Bread Loaf?"

I stared at him blankly and he followed with "A dollar?"

I suppressed a laugh. "Ten dollars? A hundred dollars?"

"Of course."

"Two hundred dollars? Four hundred dollars?"

"Well, it'd wipe out my savings account, but sure, I'd go for it."

"Five hundred dollars?"

"Yeah, but how would I buy gas to get there?"

"Never mind about that. Six hundred dollars?"

I was getting uneasy. "I guess I could get a loan, but the bank only gives them to natives." His eyebrows lifted. "O.K."

"Seven hundred dollars?"

At the sound of the impossible, the flash came: I was going to Bread Loaf. I deserve it.

Laura Shaffer

oo

GOTTA WIN BY TWO

We both knew what needed saying. We just couldn't find the space. So we walked, the usual way--out the cottage, past the chow hall, toward the barn. Eventually, we'd make it to the pond.

"Have you heard from your aunt yet?" Donald looked at me, stiff, straight, to let me know he knew the question was bogus. He saw his aunt twice a month, on weekends, no more. And he knew I knew it. Maybe that was why he let it go, and simply said, "No."

We made our way to the barn and stopped to look for the horses. Instead, there stood Millie, a Toggenberg doe, with her eight-week-old kid Elmer suckling, content. But then Millie left and Elmer started bleating.

"Listen," I tried. "How's about a game of bound-ball tonight after supper?" Donald wasn't interested.

Most times the mere suggestion of a basketball game was enough to turn things around. Not this time.

This time, all Donald said was, "Nah."

I remembered the first time we'd played. Donald was good. And he was tall for fifteen, nearly as tall as me. We'd had a close game, one-on-one, to ten points, one point per basket.

When I'd scored the tenth point, I'd yelled, "That's it!"

"No way," Donald had said. "You gotta win by two."

He waited for an argument, maybe something like, "You should have said that before we started." Instead, I said, "Sure. Yeah. Sounds good to me."

I think Donald had been astounded.

"C'mon," I tried again. "One last game." I waited. Nothing. "What's the matter?" I teased. "'fraid you're gonna lose?"

"No way!" Donald said. (We both knew the game was on.) "What time?" he asked.

"Seven-thirty?"

"You're on," he said, almost managing a smile.

I'd met Donald nearly a year before. I was new on the job and he was new to "the farm." And except for his aunt, he had no family about--at least none that I knew of, and no one his aunt had ever mentioned.

Donald had been on another farm before this one, out in Pennsylvania somewhere, where his aunt couldn't reach him. So he was reckoned "lucky" to be here, back in New Jersey, twenty-five miles from his aunt, who lived in East Orange. But it might as well have been twenty-five hundred, since she didn't drive, and there were no buses.

The only reason she saw him now was because I was living in East Orange, too. So I could pick her up on visitors' days, and drop her off again on my way back home. I'm not sure she enjoyed the convenience, though.

Donald's aunt had been "stuck with him when his mother ran off." As she'd put it, "What was I supposed to do? What could I do?" And so, when the evaluation team at Donald's school informed her that "it would be in Donald's best interests," she was, at first, reluctant, but then, I think, relieved.

At fifteen, Donald was among the older boys on the farm. He'd arrived two weeks before I did, but was living in the cottage with the eleven-to-thirteen year olds. He towered over them.

The cottage for the older boys, a half-way house of sorts, had been closed for nearly seven months, ever since "the riot" that had resulted in six "transfers" to Texas, and two to Jamesburg, the state juvenile correctional facility. Part of my new job was to help organize the reopening of the cottage. Number four.

The idea of Number Four was simple. The older kids would be given more and more passes, tests of their ability to function out in the larger world. At first in groups and under supervision--at the movies, or out to eat--then later, alone. The idea was good in the abstract, but there were some practical flaws.

For one thing, most of the kids on the farm were from low-income, inner-city families, and the "community" they were to function in was...

Well. There wasn't a home out there that wasn't worth six-figures. And there were barely any sidewalks in the village, much less a playground, or a corner candy store. And finally, many of our kids, including Donald, were the only black children in town.

I won't say the people in (let's call it) Millford were prejudiced. In fact, I'd wager that most of them weren't, not in any malevolent way. The main difficulty was the difference, the fundamental difference between the kids on the farm, and the kids in the town. The town kids could call Millford "home."

Despite the difficulties, though, Donald did well. Damn'd well.

Oh, when we first met I thought he was a little stand-offish. Mistrustful maybe. But that had evaporated pretty quick, somewhere between the tenth and twelfth point of that first basketball game.

But even after that, Donald was shy. Somewhere inside him, something was still alive, sensitive, close to the surface. (Many of the other children were not so fortunate, nor so resilient.)

And so, over the course of the year, we walked, talked, played basketball, or just sat, staring at the pond above the barn. And sometimes we'd argue, and sometimes sit up--"after hours"--reading, or telling tall tales 'til after midnight.

"You know, once I scored forty-six points...No, no. Eighty-six points in one game."

"Go on," I dared. Donald smiled and did just that.

"No, really. It was the last quarter, see. And we were down by twenty points, so I had to hustle." The farther he went, the less Donald could keep from laughing. "Well, I only had sixty points when the coach sent me back in. But I knew what I had to do."

Donald paused, purposefully leaving me an opening. "Yeah?" I said.

"Well I got the ball, see. And I scored. Then again...then again, and again, and again...I was smokin'."

"I'm sure your coach was pleased," I teased.

"Oh, yeah. He told me after the game that he never saw anything like it."

"Now that I believe," I told him. He laughed. "So what happened? Did they give you a trophy? The keys to the city? What?"

Donald said nothing. I looked over to him and noticed that his head was turned down, and away. I reached out my hand and let my fingers come to rest on his shoulder, but he shrugged me off, then turned away from the gym and started walking toward the pond.

For a while I just stood there. I knew what was going on.

When he got to the pond, Donald stopped. He'd never looked back once to see if I'd followed him.

I walked up to the pond. Donald was still standing there, quiet, unmoving. At first I said nothing. I just stood there with him. He still hadn't acknowledged my presence.

"Prob'ly be a mess of fire-flies to-night," I said. Donald said nothing. But then...

"Why ya have to go?"

I knew it would come out. It had to. What I didn't know was whether I should have brought it up first, or whether there was any use talking, or, if there was, what I should say. But now it was out, around us, like the mist that was beginning to rise from the pond. Donald was waiting.

"I don't know," I began. It felt feeble. I knew I couldn't stop there.

"Listen," I added, even though I knew Donald would be listening to every last syllable I uttered. "I don't know what to say. I wanted the job, they offered it to me, and now they've taken it back." I thought to tell him that I'd still visit, which I would, but somehow it didn't seem worth mentioning. It wouldn't be the same, and we both knew it.

"It's bullshit! That's all it is. Bullshit!" Donald turned away again.

"Look," I said. "I could tell you I'll stop by to visit, but we both know that's not the same." I waited for Donald to respond. He didn't. He just stood still, looking down into the pond.

"Donald?" I waited, then said it again.
"Donald?"

Slowly, he turned around, his head still down. Then, after a moment more, he looked up. His cheeks were glistening. He was waiting for me to turn it around. I couldn't.

I stood there, saying nothing; but inside I was cursing. I cursed the board for offering me the full-time job, then changing their minds. ("We don't believe we'll be needing a replacement for Mrs. Issacs after all," a board member told me. He was the first one I'd ever met, when he came through Number Four one early Sunday afternoon, before visiting hours, and threatened to keep the kids indoors because they flunked his white-glove inspection.) I cursed my need for a job at all.

I began to plot out wild scenarios. I'd take Donald with me, to East Orange... or out of state if I had to. But I couldn't sustain it. Something wet was filling up my eyes. I was crying.

We'd stayed by the pond a while longer. The fire-flies filled the dark. Neither of us uttered a word.

Donald looked up at me and shrugged, letting his shoulders linger up around his ears. His eyes opened wider, wondering, no longer if I'd turn it around, just what we might do next.

"How about that game?" I said.

Donald looked at me a moment longer, then, letting his shoulders fall slowly back, he said, "Sure...."

I tossed him the ball and we began to walk toward the gym when Donald stopped and turned and added, "But remember, you gotta win by two."

Louis M. Colasanti

000

NOTE: Some of the names in this issue have been changed to protect against injury.

000

MILK AND HONEY

I can well remember the day I first heard of Bread Loaf. I was living at my sister's house and teaching an hour's drive away. Noticing one morning as I was getting ready for work that I was out of a few things, I quickly jotted them down and determined to stop by the store on the way home.

My mailbox in the office at school was filled with the usual assortment of memos and forms, but a bright green pamphlet stood out. I stared at it a moment, caught by the serendipitous verdure and the name: Bread Loaf. I stashed the brochure in my pocketbook, apart from schoolwork.

During my planning period at noon, in my room alone, I remembered the brochure and took it out. With it inadvertently came my grocery list.

"Milk and honey," it said.

Diana Westbrook

oo

NOT SORRY

I am dead. Chuck Hicks put arsenic in my sprout sandwich. Jim Parsons stabbed me to death after burning my house down. (For the record, my son was at his dad's at the time.) Todd Erlewine had Martians land on the football field (before practice) and shoot nuclear death rays at the school. My room was the first one targeted.

I am dead but not sorry. I deserved to die. I was straddling a fence between teaching English and reaching students when Dewayne Drake knocked me off with his Winchester 30.06.

The funeral dirge went like this, intoned by a mud-covered choir in solemn harmony (after practice):

No more grammar drilling;
No more lifeless prose;
Deadly dross, and chilling,
Nevermore imposed;
(Never mind the killing--
Every text book's closed.)

May I rest in pieces.

Laura Shaffer

oo

JEFFERSON

As I sat across from the assistant principal, he talked about my problems with discipline. He admitted I had inherited four of the five worst classes to control as a new teacher in January, but I must be stern and punish immediately. No second chances. I vowed to improve and to start assigning the expected five pages for punishment.

The bell rang a minute before Jefferson strolled into the classroom. Five pages. He glared as he sauntered to his desk, but I wasn't going to let his attitude bother me and began the lecture. Before I was aware of what was happening, Jefferson walked to the front of the room



Number 5, Summer 1984
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to spit orange seeds into the trash.

"Jefferson, sit down."

"I got seeds in my mouth. You don't want me to spit them on the floor, do you?"

"You're going to get more pages."

"I ain't writin' no pages. I got to get rid of these seeds."

"Jefferson, go to the office."

He mumbled "bitch" under his breath as he strutted out. Frustrated, I tried to put him out of my mind but knew the tension would still be there when he came back.

Two days later Jefferson returned to class. Pretending nothing had happened, I explained the assignment to him and allowed him to make up his paragraph. As he worked diligently for the hour, I thought I had worried unnecessarily. Near the end of the period when he turned in his work, I glanced at his title, "To Hell with Teachers." I skimmed the paper and wanted to laugh at some of his language, but I had to play the role of teacher. Another decision to make.

"Jefferson, I can't accept this. You have to redo it and change some words."

"What words?"

"You know which ones."

"Hell no, I won't! Hell's in the Bible. Damn's in the Bible. I ain't changing nothin'."

"Jefferson, go to the office."

As I watched the fist draw back to sock me, several other boys grabbed his arms and pulled him back. I wanted to hit him as much as he wanted to hit me. Rigid with anger, I forced him to follow me to the office. I would not tolerate his insolence and violence again.

After school, Jefferson sulked into my room to pick up his books. The principal had expelled him unless he apologized to me. I had screwed up again.

"Jefferson, don't apologize right now. You don't mean it. Here's my phone number. You call me tonight to talk this out when we're both calm."

Smart move, Glenda. You just gave this kid who hates your guts a way to drive

rectangle of rubble where the trailer had been and had our pictures taken. As if to rid ourselves of ghosts, we drove to the dump and viewed the black, twisted remains of our home.

The School had no insurance and we had no insurance. We lost everything. The fire marshall listed the cause of fire as faulty lamp wiring. Through my own detective work, I discovered that some kids from out of town had broken in to have a party. One guy lit a match and torched the curtains just for fun. My informant would not step forward because a member of her husband's family was involved. I could have accepted destruction by a tornado or flood, but not a loss at the whim of a stranger.

Anne and I felt like refugees, as if we didn't belong. Bitterness built up inside us, although we tried to keep it to ourselves. Being heroic martyrs was hard work, and no one else could really empathize with us. In those first weeks of January, bewilderment hardened into anger as we focused on the injustice of the fire. "Where's my shirt, or book, or sweater?" we'd think, and then the realization of loss would stab us. One other fact complicated our feelings. Many people in the community possessed as little as we did now, after the fire, and that was the constant state of their material wealth. How could we expect compensation? Still, money wasn't the main problem, it was the feeling that we had lost our place in the school and in the community, a place we had struggled to reach.

Weeks passed before the school hauled in another trailer for us. This home was newer and bigger than the old one, but we had little to put in it. That week a small feed was held for us in the community hall. After the meal staff and community members gave us dishes and sheets and blankets. The old woman who ran the town rummage gave us a bag of clothing. A parent spoke to us, "We are happy that you returned to the school and to the community." Anne and I could not hide our tears. This was what we had needed, a sign that we belonged, that we mattered. Staff and community members shook our hands as they left the hall.

People always make a place what it is, and people is why Anne and I stayed in St. Francis.

Linda Henry

oo

The Duke's Class

For a week after I finished my first papers in Dr. Charles Duke's class, I avoided discussing them with him. I kept revising and editing, trying to get everything just right before he read my work. The assignment he had given involved choosing an event and telling about it from as many different viewpoints and in as many modes of writing as time permitted. I could write an essay, a letter, a play, an editorial or whatever I wanted as long as it tied in to my topic. Most class

members signed up for a conference as soon as they had even one rough draft finished, but not me. I kept reworking the pieces I had done until I grew tired of looking at them. Finally, I signed up for an afternoon meeting.

When the time came, I approached the Duke at his table with my papers in hand. I remember his eyes, kind and understanding, made me feel at ease before I spoke.

"These are the three modes I've done so far," I said, placing them in front of him as I sat down. "I want to see what you think about them."

"What do you think about them?" he asked, his eyes holding mine.

"I think the editorial and the student's journal entry are good," I replied, "but I'm not so sure about the short story."

"Well, let's look at the story then," he suggested.

He found it and read through the pages quickly. Then he looked at me and smiled.

"What aren't you sure about?" he asked.

"I'm not sure the beginning grabs the reader's interest," I said, "and I used a lot of dialogue. I don't know if the conversation really sounds like an old man talking to a young boy."

"I see," he said.

"I suppose I could rework the opening by putting the reader in the middle of the action. That might be better," I offered. "Maybe I've got the boy saying too much. The old man should do most of the talking. I could try it that way."

"You could," said Dr. Duke, his eyes playful and wise.

"I think I'll try revising the story again."

"Fine," he said. "Is there anything else you want to discuss?"

"No, the other two pieces are OK. I'll work on the story and then see what else I can create," I said, feeling good, as I got up from the chair. "Thanks for your time."

Dr. Duke just grinned and waved me away with a flick of his fingers.

Ken Spurlock

oo

FIFTH GRADE

Mr. Weeks was one of two male teachers in the school. His smile broke out slowly, spread widely, and shone down from miles above. His immense strides were slow and easy. I've always pictured him as a brave and beloved sheriff, with his thumbs hitched in his belt loops, and wearing a white ten gallon hat. He was a cool dude.

He had a small, yellowish monkey who lived in a big cage in the back of the room. Lemon ran loose in the room sometimes, and liked to lie in Mr. Weeks' arms and drink from a baby bottle. I held him once. It was an honor (for some to be able to clean out Lem's cage. We all took turns, and Mr. Weeks didn't mind if we did it during class, as long as we continued to follow the rules. I

remember cleaning out the cage one day with a friend during math. We listened as we cleaned, and I raised my hand to answer a question just to show him I was with him. He appreciated my effort, and actually called on me way in the back of the room. (He noticed!) I didn't know anyone that didn't respect Mr. Weeks. He loved us and knew how to make us feel important.

We made paper in that room. Pounding and pounding with hammers, mallets, and rocks until the wood pulp was fine enough to write on in the end. Mr. Weeks let us be as messy as we wanted in the room; we always cleaned up.

We covered the floor with brown butcher paper to paint murals. I remember a winter scene.

We covered a wall with sheets so we could draw, and write graffiti as much as we wanted; none of it was mean.

Mr. Weeks brought in long bamboo poles and we watched a television program in which children in a foreign country used them in play. He taught us their dance, showing us how two people hold the poles at the ends and clap them together in different rhythms while someone else dances, jumping carefully in and out between the sticks. Sometimes it became a game to try to catch the dancer, and other times we just danced. Even some of the boys joined in.

Mr. Weeks pitched in our softball games at recess when he was on duty. We watched some of the World Series that year. He was a White Sox fan.

I was playing basketball in the gym one day in sixth grade when Mr. Weeks came in. (We'd all been feeling sorry for him that year because we knew his students were disrespectful and unruly. They fed paste and paint to Lemon when Mr. Weeks wasn't looking.) He carried a brown paper bag. He headed for a door on the opposite side of the room. I stopped to ask him what was in the bag. He was silent as he held it close to him. I felt his serious look and he turned away quickly. "It's Lem," he said quietly, and opened the door to the incinerator room.

Meg Stevens

oo

RIGHT HEADED

Last summer in one of my courses, many of the students were perpetually trying to get "it," whatever the hell it was. The content was giving students nose bleeds because of the rarefied air surrounding the instructor's abstract thoughts. Somehow I stumbled onto a right path to take; I refused to take the instructor seriously and I began to treat her "as if," an abstraction of my own.

Her Puritanical stare, glasses, white hair and sensible shoes reminded me of my Aunt Linda Leigh, and she had the same self-righteousness about her. Aunt Linda in the final evaluation, is a good person. She's just affected and she takes

herself too seriously. I thought, "Well, I'll try imagining (stressing the im, as the instructor did) that this poor, driving soul is dear old Linda." I found that I could deal with her much better in this artificial context. I listened politely to what she had to say (remembering a slapping incident between my aunt and me when I was eight), and I did my best to be the kind of well-mannered boy who got twenty dollars from his loving aunt on his birthday.

Linda would always hold out on any point for which she had formed an opinion. Much of what she had to say was common sense; for example, gifts received necessitated writing thank you notes. Letters received necessitated writing return letters (although she often broke her own rule). Children should always respect adult authority. Education is the key to success; good efforts are always rewarded. She saw everything in terms of her own experiences, as if those experiences were universals. When my mother recently told her that my brother (a Protestant) was very serious with a Catholic girl, Linda warned about the potential hardships of a "mixed marriage." She had experienced some of these hardships and had assumed that society still frowned on such a marriage. My mother can now laugh at Linda's well-intentioned remarks, but when I was a kid it must have galled her to hear Linda (who has no children) playing surrogate parent for two weeks each summer, as though parenting was some sort of parlor game. Linda left out the human element, the day to day existence in which people are sometimes in bad moods, or make mistakes, or question the givens in order to learn.

I felt that to be honest to myself I should treat the instructor in the same manner that I now treated Linda. This meant that I didn't accept everything that I heard. Through my innocent questions I used to give Linda a chance to hang herself, and I enjoyed watching her get tangled in rope. Politeness always led me back to being an attentive, head-nodding child, but I felt my teeth developing. The same situation existed with this instructor. She had plenty of opinions and no aversion to sharing them. But God forbid I got some "wrongheaded" notion. If I did, I was treated like a sick child, who needed a bitter tasting spoonful of common sense. I became good at holding the elixir in my mouth without swallowing.

As the semester continued, I became very comfortable in the company of this instructor. I knew what to expect and I wasn't disappointed. After a while I was able to follow the instructor's common sense thinking patterns, not noticing that the path was getting steeper. The instructor's roughness bruised some student toes, but I wasn't even getting blisters (although I did get a shortness of breath).

At the end of the course I learned that sensible shoes are helpful after all. I'm glad that I was forced to wear mine.

George Cranbrook

oo

ON METRICAL FEET

B.A. from Brown University (Phi Beta Kappa) and Ph.D. from the University of Colorado, Dr. Merchant handed out sheets that summarized "Little Red Riding Hood." Our assignment was to comment on the story. As a college freshman, I had to submit this writing sample (like so much blood), so that he could determine whether I could be placed in freshman composition or in remedial composition class. I felt that Merchant was being condescending, thinking us little more than literate. I defended the wolf in my essay, drawing analogies between it and Harry Haller, the main character in Hermann Hesse's Steppenwolf. I wrote my paper in a "scholarly" way, with mock profundity. We would find out at the next class meeting which group we belonged in.

Art Sampson was Merchant's student assistant, a senior English major. He lived in my dorm, and later the same day he stopped by to tell me how I'd done: "The old man loved your piece!" I didn't attend the next class meeting, but I assumed that I was to be in the "regular" freshman composition class.

At the next class meeting, I was disappointed that no mention of our writings was made. Merchant's lecture rambled back and forth over background information on writers from Cotton Mather to Herman Melville. Merchant also rambled around the classroom as he spoke. He acknowledged this by putting the word peripatetic on the board, and then by talking about Aristotle. Merchant's lectures were always disjointed, but so informative and rich that I wanted to form the connections for myself. He would quote lines from our text and mention other works and passages that those lines brought to his mind. I took down the titles and started my education.

Merchant's class hour went by too fast. I used to go early to get a good seat, and I savored the chance to see him enter the room. He didn't give a rat's ass about the way he looked; once he came to class in a three piece suit and a Cincinnati Reds hat. He kept his false teeth in a jar that he carried in an inside pocket of his suit, and some mornings I got to watch as he unceremoniously unscrewed the jar, removed the teeth, and placed them in his mouth. I remember getting a letter from him after I had left college; he went on at length about my atrocious spelling (I had written to him). He ended his comments by saying, "This is to let you know that I still have my teeth." Merchant had a Hitler moustache shot with grey, and his grayish brown hair shot upward like a brushcut out of control. His brown eyes had an honest to God twinkle in them, and were

often rimmed with black circles (rumor had it that he read a book each night). His stomach was a bell curve placed sideways, and sometimes his boxer shorts could be seen on the outside of his shirt. Merchant wore black jackboots, which sometimes sheathed the bottom of one half of his pants. His Phi Beta Kappa key always hung from his watch pocket.

Some of Merchant's first writing assignments were for us to do descriptive pieces. I wrote one on a cop. My first sentence read "He was fat, fat from head to toe..." As a first assignment I thought that I had done a pretty good job. I looked forward to his comments. My paper came back covered with lots of nearly undecipherable remarks, the first of which read, "Don't babble repetitions." My grade was a C+. I was furious. I wrote like a monomaniac on the next topics; the papers came back with similar remarks, and enough red ink to suggest a blood-letting. Once I asked him about one comment that I couldn't read; he replied, "Oh. My pen wouldn't write and I was getting it going." My grades improved, slowly. B-, C, B+, B. Merchant was being ruthless, and I started to become ruthless in reading my own writing. I began to learn how to write in plain English, without sounding affected. I took his advice and bought a good dictionary, which I still have and use. He was the ultimate editor.

Merchant's walk was absolutely unique. Left foot pointed straight in front of him and right foot at a ninety degree angle, he would move forward in a short series of steps by bending his left knee. His right arm would be cocked at a ninety degree angle, as if he was about to draw a pistol. As he moved forward, this arm would swing in time with his small steps, like the pendulum of a grandfather clock. Once he was walking around the room, lecturing on metrical feet, and he ended up at the back of the room, with his back to the class. His last words had been "unrhymed iambic pentameter." Without turning his head around he continued, "And what do we call unrhymed iambic pentameter...Mr. Lawhon?"

"Uh. Free verse?"

His bull neck tilted to one side, as when a dog hears a piercing sound. Arm still cocked, Merchant slowly began to turn around. "What in the hell have I been teaching you for the last three weeks? Blank verse, BLANK VERSE!" His last two words he emphasized by beating on a desk with his hand.

Another time Merchant was telling the class about a black girl whom he had seen reacting to the news that Spiro Agnew had resigned as Vice President. Merchant's eyes twinkled as he put each index finger in the air, cakewalk fashion: "And she was trucking down the street saying 'One mother down, one mother to go.'"

I signed up for his junior composition class. Attendance was not mandatory, and about a third of the class began to disappear on nice days. Merchant asked me to tell those class members whom I knew that his next class would be an important one.

I remember one summer particularly well. I was living in a sixteen-dollars-a-week, third floor room, finishing my master's thesis. The August days dragged. Another chapter had come back from my first reader with graffiti all over it. "Delete, delete," the professor had written. Sometimes I believed he was reprogramming his beloved computers, instead of suggesting revisions. I sat looking beyond the corrections and the cramped desk.

and into the summer green. I wished my thesis was done and I wished for a fan.

Escape the suffocation of August and writing for a while, I thought. So one morning I left Northampton and hopped a Continental Trailways to New Jersey. Late that afternoon, I found him hard at work, as usual, in his garden at Locust Lane, pulling deadheads, watering roses, spreading fertilizer. He was berry-brown, almost darker than the khaki work clothes he was wearing. We hugged and he looked me up and down, the way he always did, as if he were inspecting for Japanese beetles. Then he kissed me carefully on top of the head. "Hi, Honey."

I was happy. No one could whine around Boppa. As a kid, I never wanted him to take a splinter out, because he'd dig at it, and then pour Zonite into the wound. If I yelped, he'd frown, "What's all that noise? It's supposed to hurt - then you know the medicine is working."

We spent a long time that evening, rocking in the white chairs on the terrace, watching the fireflies glitter over the rosebeds, as we sipped ice tea and talked about school. I relaxed. As we rocked, Boppa gazed at me, as though I were a returning bird visiting his feeder after a long absence. His blackbrown eyes appraised me. I knew he must be thinking, have you got what it takes?

He approached his own life as if it were an unruly vegetable garden. He worked at it, uncomplainingly, day after day, digging and weeding and watering, but always expecting that one tomato that would justify a season of waiting. When the Dayton bank failed during the Depression and Boppa lost his vice president's job, he took on two other jobs. In the daytime he managed a lumber yard. Then, after his dinner, he would go back and keep the books for a water company.

The next day, as he put me on the bus back to Northampton, he said, "Keep working on that thesis. I know you'll get it done." And then he handed me a bag of ripe, ripe, red Jersey tomatoes.

I had tomato and mayonnaise sandwiches for nearly ten days after that and never got tired of them. Whenever I ate the tomatoes they reminded me of Boppa. I'd remember all of those frenzied Aprils when I had gone down to his office and he'd be figuring clients' income taxes. I thought a lot about him working indoors on his tax forms while flowers grew outdoors. As I looked out at the vanishing summer, munching those sandwiches and revising my thesis, I knew Boppa was right. I would get it done.

Cathy Challenger

oo
IT'S CATCHING

Help! I can't find my handkerchief. I can't find the one object that would serve as an emblem for an experience, the way the green light does in Great Gatsby, or the ducks in Catcher in the Rye, or the raft in Huckleberry Finn, or that handkerchief in Othello. I could give you a list, the way Charles

Schulz did when he wrote Happiness Is a Warm Puppy. It would begin something like this: Bread Loaf is Green Mountains and Robert Frost, J. Maddox and L. Maddox, the Crumb and Y'EAST, corn muffins and black coffee, Litz and Joyce, telling writing and searching reading, mosquitoes and Cutter's, talking and listening. Interesting, but that wouldn't explain why I cut out the picture of Bread Loaf and taped it over my desk last November.

Bread Loaf isn't an emblem, or a list, or an epiphany. It's a way of relating. It's a way of listening--a way of receiving the ideas of authors, teachers, and students--a way of looking through other people's lenses as well as our own. Perhaps it's most like Peter Elbow's Believing Game, only on a larger scale.

The Bread Loaf Believing Game has taught us that everyone's ideas are worth reading and hearing. The real yeast of Bread Loaf is people. Each of us counts here. We don't have to write prose like Thoreau or criticism like Fiedler (although that would be an asset!).

There is a premium on sensitivity and honesty here. We can say what we think, and write what we think. We may not be "right." We may have misread or misrepresented something, but we are always given that all-important first time to try our own critical wings. Here, we have an audience that usually listens, not just hears, an audience of Bread Loaf Believers, devotees of Elbow's Game.

On the mountain, even the fictional characters "live" as we believe in their authors and texts. I'll never forget my second weekend at Bread Loaf last year. My roommate and five people on the hall were writing their FIRST PAPER for Carol Christ's Victorian Novel class. "Why didn't Jane Eyre marry Rochester?" At the same time, I was stumbling through a Conrad fog. "Why did Lord Jim jump?" Any visitor would have thought he'd discovered a clutch of gossips. In and out, people wandered into our room, venturing their opinions, talking behind Jane's back. A visitor might have thought Jane was a student, not a character. Why didn't she marry Rochester? By Sunday night, my Conrad fog hadn't lifted, but I had at least six theories about Jane and Rochester. After all, they lived on my hall for three days.

Certainly some of the characters who "live" here would be especially happy as Bread Loafers. Fiction's two more sensitive characters, Huckleberry Finn and Holden Caulfield, come to mind. If Huck were a Bread Loafer, I imagine he'd shuffle in and out of the barn, barefooted. Here, he'd find that he wouldn't need to "pray a lie" or "head out for the territory." If Holden were a Bread Loafer, he might stay at this school. He'd find fewer phonies. He wouldn't have to hide his suitcase under the bed--if you know what I mean.

One thing though, he'd still be the catcher. I know he'd want to wait in East Middlebury on August 10th, to keep us from getting hurt when we come down from our mountain and reenter that other

world. He'd want to prevent our Bread Loaf Believing Game from becoming Trivial Pursuit. He'd want to preserve our Bread Loaf way of relating. And, of course, he'd worry about where the Bread Loafers, and his ducks, go for the winter.

Cathy Challener

oo

IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE!

"He told me to call back at seven to-night," I grumbled to my summer school roommate, as I shuffled into our room and flopped on my bed. "At least," I thought out loud as I sat up straight, "if he wants an interview, it's an easy drive." I had spent much of the spring in a depressing job hunt for a teaching position; most schools just weren't so interested in me that they were willing to transport me from my New Mexico boarding school for an interview. My summer school, named--of all things--Bread Loaf, in the mountains of Vermont, was proving to be more fertile searching ground than the desert had been.

Dinner in the dining room that night, as usual, was a pleasant affair, although I mentally rehearsed what I needed to say to this headmaster when the job hunt resumed. Dinner drew to a close, and a few minutes before seven I left my table where some of my fellow Bread Loavian students and teachers sipped, chatted, and chuckled.

I went to the pay phone, took a deep breath, and dialed. I wanted this job. It was on a mountain in New Hampshire. I wanted it. The acting headmaster answered.

Seeming to feel it appropriate to have our preliminary interview on my long distance dime, he questioned and questioned, stalking his prey.

"How many years have you taught?"

He had my resume.

"Two."

"Where?"

Why didn't he read it?

"The Ash Creek School."

"Where's that?"

"It's a small boarding school in central New Mexico."

He continued to ask me everything that was on my resume before he decided we should have a nice chat.

"Since it is my position in the classroom that you would fill," he began, "I hope you don't mind if I ask you a few questions to see if, indeed, you are a suitable candidate. Tell me, Miss Morton," he continued (I could visualize him leaning back and stretching out in his overstuffed armchair, and letting out a breath to ease his satiated stomach), "who is your favorite writing theorist?"

WRITING THEORIST? WHAT? I had no idea what he was talking about.

Obviously.

"Ooh," I managed to stammer in a pathetic attempt to sound casual, "off the top of my head, uh, I don't really have--just one."

I was cornered. And he knew it. I imagined him sitting up straight suddenly more interested in his game, eyes gleaming. In for the kill, sharpening his claws, as he rubbed his hands against each other.

"Tell me," he said, slowly, "what do you think of, oh, James Britton, or, say, Peter Elbow?" Leisurely, he played with me, like a cat with a wounded mouse.

Suddenly even more confusion raced around inside my head. How did he know that I'd just left Jimmy Britton entertaining my friends at the dinner table? Or that I had asked Peter Elbow not two weeks before if he was a new student at Bread Loaf too?

"Jimmy Britton? Peter Elbow?" I managed to repeat. "Well," I stammered, still figuring that he knew they were at Bread Loaf, "Jimmy--Jimmy--is eating dessert right now. He's--he's still at the table. And I haven't seen Peter around all day."

"Jimmy? Eating dessert?" he repeated.

"Uh--uh--yes. Uh, may I give him a message?" I said, not too eloquently.

"You--you mean--that--that--that James Britton--and Peter Elbow are there? In Vermont? At Bread Loaf? With you? You ate dinner with James Britton?"

Ha! When he, the acting headmaster, began to stutter and stammer just as I had, I knew I was the cat and he the mouse!

"Yes," I oozed, as I let the mouse go, just a bit, and I sharpened my claws. "But he's still eating dinner. He can't come to the phone just now."

Well, within two minutes he invited me over to his school for an interview--for the very next day.

I paused, and kindly, I retracted my claws. I thanked him very much and told him I thought it was just a bit too far to drive. I let him get away.

Ticie Morton

oo

PLAYING WITH WORDS

It was raining the morning I read the textbook chapter "Playing with Words." A fifth-grade child supplied one example: "A tree in spring is a double-barreled shot gut exploding." The fact that some ten-year old was more creative than I was bothered me. Playing with words is hard work.

I got wet walking to Barry Press's Improvisation Workshop for Writers in Earthworm Barn where the visual creations of free children mocked me from the walls. Fabric balloons personalized with names flew on the right; brightly colored finger paintings swirled on the left.

When I left Earthworm I was physically awakened by Barry's improvs. The rain had stopped. The gravel road to Gilmore was packed down, not dusty as it is when I run. Water, dripping off ferns and leaves, created a fresh, wet smell. My newly freed ears heard the sound of the brook, obscured by my gasping breathe when I jog.

"Babbling brook," I thought.

I laughed right out loud because my teacher would have a stroke if I put that in a paper.

"All right, Kitty, play."

I tried to come up with an image to match the afternoon, how free I felt, and how that running brook rattling over the stones was a metaphor for my feeling. But the only thing I could think of was the downstairs toilet at home which runs if you don't jiggle the handle to stop the float from catching. And I knew, back in Iowa, that toilet's running all the time, because my husband never bothers to jiggle the handle after he's through. Then I laughed again, because here I was in a beautiful Vermont woods, after a fresh rain, getting mad at my husband for not jiggling the john.

The word-play problem stayed with me the rest of the day. I couldn't come up with an image to capture that moment. My Iowa reality had intruded on the brook experience to force it into something ordinary. Lying in bed that night, I got increasingly frustrated for only being able to think in clichés.

"Babbling brook, babbling brook..."

"Gurgling brook, gurgling brook..."

"Gargling brook!"

The sudden image united an Iowa bathroom and a Vermont woods. I smiled at the ceiling.

All that work for a single phrase.

Kitty C. Austin

oo

RESURRECTION

"I lit a candle for you at church. One of the long burning kind," my mother told me over the phone.

"Thanks Mom, I really need it. Some heavy-duty prayer might be helpful, too," I said.

I walked from the phone booth back to the Inn, swatting mosquitoes in the dark. I was worried. My insides felt like they'd been sucked out by a vacuum cleaner. What was I doing here at Bread Loaf? Me, from Hickville, USA. Certainly I was no scholar. Now I had a paper due July 6 for Shirley Brice Heath. I kept hoping the date on the syllabus was a typographical error. Most of the other students in the class seemed to have latched onto an idea for their papers, but I was lost in a swirl of linguistic terms and theories of interpretation.

I'd already heard several "If Paul Cubeta didn't think you could do it, you wouldn't be here" stories, but I figured the man could make a mistake. One classmate encouraged me and said, "Last year was my first at Bread Loaf. When I handed in my first paper, I didn't get a grade on it. Instead the instructor went over it with me and I got a chance to rewrite the paper." Knowing I might get a second chance was like having a safety net underneath me. The thought of falling off the tightrope though, was still unsettling.

I overheard students talking about playing volleyball or soccer or taking

hikes. How did they do it? What was wrong with me? My time was spent reading or writing or rewriting. My major social interactions were conversations over meals or over the sink in the bathroom. I struggled to keep up in class, but felt like the pack had left me plodding miles behind. Panic set in when several days before the due date, I had still not discovered the purpose of my paper. How could I escape? I played out some unsatisfactory scenes in my mind and remembered hearing about the woman who had packed up and left. The thought of actually leaving, giving up, was disturbing.

In a final frenzy I put together a confusion of a paper and handed it in that Friday, July 6. I put it at the bottom of the pile, just as some of my students might. Over the weekend I tried to prepare myself for the worst, because I knew the work was poorly done. On Monday, Shirley handed the papers back. Yes, I had bombed out and would have to do another paper.

I died at approximately 12:45 p.m. that day. I did it quietly in my room while lunch was being served downstairs. I dragged my remains out of the crypt to attend my afternoon class. Early that evening I joined friends from down the hall for a talk. We shared our confusion about this roller coaster ride we were on. Story grew upon story and we told about home and work and how we got here. Eyes wet with frustration soon leaked tears of laughter. Surely this session was no panacea, but I felt resurrected.

I still haven't played volleyball or soccer and my hikes are short after-meal walks. My turtle pace continues, but now I share my writing, share the process. Classmates' responses and laughter help me get through the assignments and teach me about more than just the process of writing.

When I called home for the weekly report I was told, "I lit two candles for you this week."

"Thanks, Mom."

Linda Henry

oo

FIRST PAPER BLUES

"Anyone who wishes may turn in rough drafts of papers up to the middle of next week, and I will go over them." When Paul Mariani said this I knew I would be one of those who took him up on it. I was already befuddled by William Carlos Williams. I did not look forward to composing coherent thoughts on his abstruse prose and poetry.

I took a break from the paper I was preparing in Bryan Wolf's American romanticism class. I had been reading Professor Mariani's critical biography of Williams for the class. I was intrigued with the man as a love poet. Williams perplexed me in his proposing to the sister of the girl who had refused him the day before. She accepted. How could a person

enter marriage so haphazardly? And, while he remained married for the rest of his life, he was a known philanderer. This and the man's love poems intrigued me.

I was able to write several pages of rough copy and handed them in. We met two days later. I will always remember the first remarks. "George, we have a problem here. You're not writing in sentences."

Oh God! I thought, I should go pack my bags right now. Not waste his time. I wondered how much of the tuition money was still refundable. Instead, "What do you mean, sir?"

We went through the pages and he pointed out places where he saw trouble. "What are you attempting, George, when you write, 'The moment of transcendence is present to resolve this stasis'?"

Oh, oh, this is worse. The meeting went on as I learned he wasn't so much talking about grammatical structure, as my ideas and their explanation. I was still panicky, "Well, I have been working on a paper for Bryan Wolf's class. It is due Friday. I wanted to sketch out some thoughts for this piece, so we could at least conference over it."

I thought it might help. He treated me as an equal and I was awed by this presence. His lectures resonated with thought. Professor Mariani balanced this with a genuine concern for students. He makes himself available, participates in many Bread Loaf activities, and smiles freely when he talks with people. This year when my family visited, he made sure he met and talked with them.

Paul Mariani offered, "Put a copy of the other paper in my mail box. I will look it over. We will go from there. You have an interesting topic. I am concerned with its presentation, though."

I turned in the papers Friday and on Sunday evening furtively walked into the dining room. Bryan Wolf and Paul Mariani were sitting next to each other. God, they were laughing with a group of other professors, probably over my paper. Dammit, I tried my best on that piece. I agonized over it. I dejectedly meandered to the salad bar line. Paul saw me and gestured at me. He raised his hand and flashed, an out signal? no, it was an OK sign. He smiled and resumed speaking. Bryan Wolf turned toward me and smiled, nodding his head, then returned to the conversation.

I think I ate dinner that night, but I'm not sure. I rarely miss meals anywhere.

George Dunn

oo

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Applause. Margie Ferguson up front, small and young and all that pressure. Warm pressure. To be so cute and young and stand there and smile graciously while John Fleming and Walt Litz applaud. Even she must be nervous. And I'm happy to see one foot sticking out to the side of the podium, like a little girl giving her book report in third grade. She probably

curls her legs under when she sits on chairs.

The feel of the applause is different--like the laugh that people have toward an inside joke they get and others don't. The metaphor for Bread Loaf, perhaps. Applause at a six-week inside joke that all of us are in on. After Margie tells us of Milton and Susan Gilbert, the applause is again, not just for her lecture, or even necessarily, but for her, for scholarship and dedication.

Applause at the beginning of the summer. Paul Cubeta in the front of the Little Theatre, his wit bantering; and after he introduced the faculty, the applause was exciting. Women and men of literature and writing who are not just great in reputation, though there's that but in the applause is admiration for what they know and understand and gratitude that they're here, like us, to make us know or understand or be more in August than June. When the new students stood up the ovation, too, was genial. "Welcome, hope you feel at home and do good work," the feeling says, "Glad you're at Bread Loaf."

Or when Meryl stands at lunch and sets up the literary Noah's Ark or I try an announcement in Middle English or John Ferguson announces dancing lessons for Rocky Horror. The applause when it's finished is together. The slow build is not just that of an audience like we study in theatre, slowly deciding it's okay to laugh, overcoming inhibitions. This build is a warming up, personally, to the strange sort of impersonal plodding with the palms together to say, "I get it, I'm a part of it."

Even after we study Freud we can laugh while at Bread Loaf. The butt is different, the attack is on every one else--they're the society we seek to displace.

Yet so much of Bread Loaf is turned in on itself, like the way we're infatuated with the name. No other school I've been at has used its name so relentlessly. Puns in the Crumb, Croutons, Y'EAST, the "Bread Loaf tradition," the "Bread Loaf life." The name comes to a conversation here almost necessarily, perhaps it's just so nice to not have someone ask, "Bread Loaf, what kind of name is that?" And we speak of it in the third person, like Bread Loaf is a they. Even though most of us feel pretty at home here, in 1984 or 1983, we feel presumptuous, perhaps, being part of Bread Loaf forever, of what it is always.

We turn the jokes in, too, the applause. They are the ones we attack with them, but there's the inescapable awareness that we're all a part of the they. That when we come down off the Mountain we go back to the they we were that yell at students for handing in papers with ruffled edges or for being late to class, or honk impatiently at whoever sits at a green light too long. That we forget what we read, that we "applaud," as Buchner puts it (sic), "the iambic roar of marionettes fretting the stage, joint-jolted by manipulating visible strings, yet are pained by the pitiful reality of

God's commonplace creations." We're uncomfortably aware, as we are that by benefiting from the knowledge gained there we are implicitly involved in the worst kind of vivisection, that we are that which we seek to better and we are that which is obstructing our advancement.

Yet with that discomfort we are made comfortable. We applaud in ritual acceptance of the hypocrisy, however slight, that makes us both Pastor Manders and Mrs. Alving. Though we may sacrifice no virgins, even at Hayhenge, we come to Bread Loaf for the ritual of purging, the pat on the back, the applause that says we're something different, maybe something better, if only for the six weeks we spend in love at Brigadoon.

Daved Driscoll

oo

Bread Loaf Interview HitchIKE

"I was in prison for 15 years," a truck driver told Ike Coleman, "for murder." Ike has had all kinds of rides in 11 years of hitchhiking, and he loves the adventure.

"Jack Kerouac got me started. I read his book On the Road, and three weeks later I was hitching across the country. I like a goal. I was headed for Oregon to the brother of a friend."

Ike admits some mistakes that first trip. "I took off with an old Boy Scout pack, a light sleeping bag, and a sheet of plastic. I had to roll up in the plastic to get out of the rain in the middle of Salt Lake City. Now I'd have a tent and wouldn't get caught in a city. If a driver isn't going through to the other side, I ask to get out before we're in town.

"I don't turn down rides or cut them short. Sometimes it's uncomfortable if no one's talking or if a guy's obviously drunk, but I make the best of it. I've never had to jump out of a car."

Ike accepts everyone. He explains, "The ex-con made me a little nervous when he talked about running drugs and about his two vicious dogs, but he was actually pretty nice. He bought me a meal, and I went quite a ways with him. He even invited me to look him up in South Carolina, but I never have.

"I've really learned patience. Once between Fairbanks and Seattle, I spent two days without a ride. That's part of the fun, not knowing what's going to happen. It was a good chance to read Gravity's Rainbow. Have you ever read Pynchon? I try to let the rides control my route. I'll just head west from Virginia, and if a guy's going to Tennessee, I'll go that way. If he's going to Ohio, that's OK too."

Drivers who stop for Ike are lucky. "I try to reward the people who give me rides," he says. "Lots of them just want company, so I talk. I've gotten more outgoing and have learned to get along with

all kinds of people. Some want a hitchhiker to drive, so I'll do that too. I offer to split the gas if I'm not broke. Sometimes I buy the guy's meal. I want people to be glad they picked me up.

"I hitch the back roads for variety. It's slower, of course, but the people are ten times more friendly. I was a celebrity in Iowa when I was from Virginia headed for California. There it's not good to use a sign for Miami or Portland. I'd miss the two-mile rides and the local flavor. People have invited me to stay overnight in their homes. One guy even left me alone in his house when he had to get up early and go to work. Incredible."

Things don't always go as Ike plans, but he finds the fun anyway. "I got arrested once. I knew it was illegal to hitch on the interstate, but it was cold and I just had a light coat. I'd been on the ramp about five hours and had seen one car. I finally went up onto the highway, and the first guy to stop was a state trooper. It was good I had the \$14.25 fine, or I'd have spent two weeks in jail instead of one night. Even that was great, though. Really. The jailer talked about UFO's all night.

"When I started hitching, I was taken by the freedom of it. I'd just finished two years of college and wasn't real happy about that whole scene. For a bunch of reasons, my self-esteem was low. I guess I wanted to escape the niche for awhile, and I did. I made it out to Oregon and back, and I didn't cheat. It was a big success, and I needed one. At the beginning, my goals were different. I thought about survival a lot. "If I make the Rockies before I die, OK," I'd tell myself. When I got that far, I said, 'Hey, I made that. Let's go for the Pacific.'"

Ike looks off at the mountains, thinking. "There was a special enthusiasm on that first trip that maybe isn't still there for me. Things happened that might not today. I was backpacking in Big Sur when I ran across this Indian that invited me to his camp for the night. He'd been living a couple months in the woods there, in a spot he'd set up off a side trail. He talked a lot about his religion and trying to break away from white society. He'd had a construction job where he felt lost and drank a lot. I can remember so well his catching trout and cooking them for our supper. It was just a magical time. If you look for those people, they're out there."

Ruth Birrell

oo

Bread Loaf Interview CATHY CHALLENGER

Curly-headed Cathy Challenger and I were sitting in the afternoon sun, talking about bugs and welts, until I began to interview her about what she really likes to do. Cathy's eyebrows pushed in on themselves; her head came up from the sneaker tip that she had been scanning

and she said, "I like to run." She explained that she is a runner in a Walter Mittyish way. Each loop she runs is a running course of either three, six, or eight miles, and she reaches them by car. "Each of the loops has a different flavor ...running on a route works out a problem ...I think about problems, short stories that I'm writing, books, making up essay questions for tests." Cathy told me that different routes triggered different memories, in a Proustian sort of way. These memories were always good ones, a blend of happiness and tiredness.

I asked Cathy to think about bad memories of running, and she mentioned two. One was of when she had to walk back to her car because of a foot injury: "It always seems to rain, or I get hurt, the farthest distance from my car." The other bad memory was of the time a man followed her as she ran in the dark, one summer evening. She was forced to cross the street and then run in the other direction. "I never ran there again...I thought about buying some mace, but the equipment is added weight...this was the first time I felt vulnerable." About kooks in cars who have it in for runners, Cathy said, "I'm not resentful about people in cars who try to scare me, because that goes with the territory, like knowing which dogs come to the edge of the yard, and which ones charge into the street."

Cathy wears a black running watch, for timing how long she has been running and also for determining her speed in a race. She sometimes wears a waist strap FM radio, for when her only running thoughts are of the pain that she is in, the music soothes, and as for the running. "You have to keep doing it." Cathy's new Balance sneakers look tattered and too big for her. She scratched her leg, pulled a blade of grass, and explained that two years ago the stress of running forty miles per week led to stress fractures in her foot (breaks so small that they can't be seen in an x-ray). A person with stress fractures could swim or stationary bicycle (in moderation) until the injury healed, but in her case the "bicycling hurt and the fractures didn't heal." (Pushing her eyebrows forward and crouching in a way that made her seem even smaller, she imitated a frantic bicycling pace.)

After twelve years of running, Cathy has finished the New York City Marathon and the Green Mountain Island race. Her goal is to qualify for the Boston Marathon. She would need to run forty miles weekly to prepare for the race. Cathy has an "inbetween or above-average pain threshold...but not like Salazar," who went from finishing the Falmouth Road Race right into a hospital, with heat stroke. She admitted that a total commitment to running would infringe on other activities, like reading. She mentioned Joan Benoit as a kind of hero figure, but said that for Benoit, running is "her life." Cathy called this dedication "all-consuming," and said that she didn't want the "tunnel vision of a Captain Ahab," although she gets "psyched up" watching the Olympic track and field trials.

According to Cathy, "Runners don't have the answer; any participant in endurance sports is equal." She's literally ahead of most of her students where she teaches, since she can keep up with the front line of the lacrosse team, which she coaches. As an aid for life inside the classroom, running is a "good way to reduce stress." Having seen how laid back Cathy is, I'll admit that enduring stress fractures is a fair price for finding out how to pace yourself.

Conrad Phillips

oo

Bread Loaf Interview LINDA HENRY

A few days ago, I walked on the Robert Frost trail. Two strange thoughts flashed through my mind. Something scurried across my path, a rat? No, a chipmunk. A little later I saw a clearing and felt very disappointed to have come upon the parking lot so quickly. I had never seen a clearing in the middle of a forest before. When I interviewed Linda, who is originally from South Jersey, not so far from the New York which bred in me such peculiar reactions to nature, I was in awe to find that she had backpacked by herself several times and had come out alive. She gave me some practical information on how to survive in the wilds from the "bear facts" of grizzly-proofing a tent to the best way to pack crackers so they don't crumble; and although I'd like to pretend these hints may prove useful to me some day, I tend to doubt it. She told me about her first solo expedition.

"My trip started after I went across the border into Canada. An elderly couple had given me a ride and I guess the border patrol person didn't believe that I was part of the family. I felt like a criminal as I took everything out of my pack for inspection. I was dropped off on the Canadian side of Glacier National Park. It was starting to look overcast by the time I got to the Ranger Station to look over the maps. I was in a hurry to camp, looking for a route that wouldn't be too arduous. I listened to what people were saying to the rangers to try to pick up some tips. I heard them talk about tour boats around the lake where they give details of the area during the ride and then drop you off at a hiking point on an island. The hike once you got there sounded pretty short. I got a permit to camp and a ticket for the boat. There was a Japanese couple on the tour taking pictures of everything in sight; Mr. and Mrs. New York, the man had on shorts, black socks, and his legs were all white. I was the only backpacker on the boat and the only person who got off at the island. Except for the five people who were taking the boat back to shore, I didn't see anyone around.

"I started to hike the trail. There were all these switchbacks. That kind

of trail tires you out and you feel like you're not making any progress. It wasn't a trail that would be recommended for beginners. I passed three or four people who said things like: 'You've got a long ways to go.' Or 'You'll be the only one up there tonight.' I was excited by the idea. When I camp or hike I get this feeling of being an explorer. I think how no one has been there before. I don't really care whether or not people have been there before.

"There were lots of flowers on the trail and some bird activity. I kept trying to figure out how far I had to go because I was getting pretty tired. I leaned back to rest on a rock and all these flies descended on my head. I couldn't really move so I threw my poncho over me. Sometimes when I'm hiking I don't realize how chilly it is until I stop. I hadn't intended to fall asleep at all but I dozed off for twenty minutes, so the poncho helped me not to cool down too fast. When I started out again, I could see that the terrain was leveling off.

"A wood shelter and picnic area were just ahead. The first think I did was to take off my pack. I felt such a lightness--like it'd be to rise a few feet off the ground. Exhaustion, relief, fear or panic all came together. I thought, 'What am I doing here? I'm so tired. I'm completely alone. If anything happens to me no one would know.' It overwhelmed me--a few tears welled up. That passed. I shook it off when I looked around and it was so beautiful.

"I wanted to see Crypt Lake, so I was kind of annoyed that it wasn't right there at the site. A few times on the way up I had wondered where the name had come from. By the time I got there I was so tired I felt like it was going to be my crypt. To get there I had to follow a pathway, then crawl through a tunnel in the rock. The mountain rose right from the edges of the lake and made it look like a huge puddle of melted ice. The sheer drop of the canyon just to the side of the lake showed me how hard I had worked to get up there. I did a few 'yodelaheos' just to test the echo effect. I saw a robbin bobbin' around. It didn't seem to fit into the terrain. Something more exotic than a bird I could have seen in my back yard in Jersey would have been more appropriate.

At night I could hear little critters touching the outside of my tent. I had to calm myself down about that. I had left my pack and a straw hat under a little wooden shelter cook area. The next morning I saw that the hat had been nibbled at. I just kept it that way--it gave the hat character.

"I felt a satisfaction about that trip but it wasn't until later that I really appreciated what I had done. It kind of grew in importance. After that, I felt like I could endure anything. Maybe that's a little strong."

I don't know, it didn't sound too strong to me.

Nancy Dillon

Bread Loaf Interview CONRAD PHILLIPS

"I have three hobbies," Conrad Phillips had said when asked to discuss a favorite pastime, "photography, furniture refinishing, and stained glass." I tried to limit him. "If you were on a desert island, and you could only take along one, which would it be?" "O.K. I guess photography - some people say I take good pictures," he admitted.

Early Friday morning we sat in the lawn chairs out on the fields beyond Bread Loaf, swatting black flies and talking about photography. "I like this angle," Conrad observed, stretching his long legs and surveying the scene. "It gives a whole new perspective--kind of pastoral"

"I have a Minolta XG1, a zoom lens, a wide angle lens, a cable, a flash unit, and a darkroom. I like the zoom lens best." He nodded his head excitedly, explaining it to me, an Instamatic one-finger specialist. "See that tree over there?" He pointed to a tree 150 yards away. "You could be standing right by the tree and I could zoom in with the lens and you wouldn't even know I was looking at you. It's great for candid."

Conrad "jumped into photography with both feet" when he became year book advisor for Moriah Central High School. "I figured I'd learn the yearbook, do the pictures, and use the pay to buy equipment." In less than three years, he has mastered aspects of his hobby which take others longer. "There's so much to learn at first," he explained, "apertures, film speed, critical developing temperatures. You waste a lot of film starting out; but once you know the process--three steps from developer, to stop, to fix; it's like tying your shoes."

He smiled quietly and elaborated on his favorite shooting subject. "I'm told I'm really good at people. I guess they don't know I'm there. For the yearbook, I took a lot of candid. The kids would say 'Who took that? We don't remember that one' And I would just grin to myself."

Conrad's retiring nature hides his artistic temperament like an out-of-focus lens. As he described photography's relationship to art, he reminded me of a younger version of Sherwood Anderson's Wing Biddlebaum. His hands moved constantly, as if adjusting a lens or setting a light meter for the next picture. "You get kind of an idea for a photo, and then you wait for the conditions to be right. You decide what kind of affect you want to give. The photographer, like the artist, is always making an image--a representation of what he sees. With a camera he can choose which affect he wants to create."

"But I don't like abstracts," he declared, "superimposing three negatives for example. And I don't like embellishment." His blue eyes measured me. "I would not put a fog filter on my camera to simulate a picture of the early

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morning fog rising over Bread Loaf. I'd get up at five and snap the picture. I like to be honest with my photography." He described a photo taken near his home of Port Henry, in the Adirondacks of New York, thirty miles from Bread Loaf. "I wanted to get this affect of tree and fall, so I laid on the ground and shot the tree, (a red oak), with a wide angle lens. Now, of course, that particular lens pulls all of the branches on the edge of the frame together. But it's an honest picture. That's how an oak really looks if you lie on the ground and shoot it from the trunk up."

Of his beginning with a camera, Conrad acknowledged, "I thought photography was stupid. You had to pose the picture--and people would always make faces or turn their heads." Even so, the Can Am 24 Hour Endurance Race did interest him as a subject, capturing racing cars at speed. "I used to buy Road and Track Magazine and I appreciated their work--the neat affects of catching cars in perfect focus--so that you could actually read the 'STP' labels on their doors, although the background was a green blur."

We talked about the future for Conrad and his Minolta. "I'd like to submit some photos to Adirondack Life. I also hope to make a pictorial essay of Port Henry. It was a mining town before the mines closed. I'd like to talk with the old timers who remember those days and illustrate the interviews with my own snapshots."

Another of Conrad's many projects is a family history. As the "unofficial chronicler" of the Phillips, Conrad has spent afternoons rummaging through shoeboxes of old photos and developing the best ones. He also takes "before" and "after" pictures of his refinished furniture, as well as pictures of the stained glass window inserts that he makes.

I asked him if he had ever considered a full-time career as a photographer. "No." His voice clicked like a camera shutter. "I don't want to be expected to take good pictures. I want to keep it as a hobby--be a little selfish." His voice trailed off. "Whenever I do something, it's because I really want to...I want the freedom to express an idea that I choose."

We looked at the rolling green of the Bread Loaf mountains, listening to the morning. He was still, a man whose blue eyes viewed mountains and life from many perspectives. I felt the limitations of my own brown-eyed, one-fingered approach to an Instamatic life. Certainly Conrad and his Minolta would never be bored on their desert island.

Cathy Challenger

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Bread Loaf Interview JOANIE

In class my partner to interview was Ken Macrorie. He recently put the finishing touches to a book of twenty interviews with teachers of students of all ages and in various disciplines. What is on his

mind as he faces yet another interview? Will he discuss newly discovered facets in the composing process? Will he expound on using the computer to write?

No! He wants to talk about his dog Joanie, a three-year-old wire haired fox terrier. At this point the interviewer becomes perplexed and slightly disconcerted. Surely, Ken Macrorie will dismiss this topic; choose another, more appropriate, but no, we plunge on.

"This breed of dog may be more familiar to many Americans than it at first seems. For years it has been the choice of animal acts. This is the dog that used to jump through flaming hoops in the circus," Macrorie explained. "The reason they have been used in vaudeville and circuses so much is that you do not have to train them; it is bred in them to jump straight up in the air, which most dogs do not do."

"At two months old, my dog was standing on its hind feet circling under a biscuit. Even now at three years, she acts like a puppy, very joyful, spirited."

"She hobby horses through the house, up and down, back and forth. Joanie is very much like a lamb gamboling, jumps right straight up in the air. She'll work herself up like a salmon going upstream. That dog will fishtail to get up in the air."

"Every once in a while I come upon her in the yard, and she is running around in circles, as fast as she can go, but she can be brought to a higher pitch. Once she gets going you can chase her and she dodges and runs in great big circles. You can't be depressed when your dog is so full of joy."

"I am getting more interested in dogs, and why I am so hooked on them. I have had such different breeds, a black Labrador, a Basenji hound from Africa, and (chuckling) a standard poodle--a lot different from this dog. A standard poodle is a very dignified people dog. But it was big and couldn't jump around. A standard poodle is apt to get the dictionary out and help you with your work. They can be fun too, but they're nothing like the scalawag I have now."

"I suppose I am excited about these dogs because this particular breed has so much joy, and they express it. You talk to them and they cock their head as if they understand every word."

"The bounding, jumping quality is what we wish we all had, a bouncy enthusiasm for life. A black lab is phlegmatic compared to this type of dog."

I asked Ken Macrorie how he plays with his dog.

"It has something to do with you don't go at the dog real hard and fast right away. You try to get the dog moving and then you make a play at the dog, and it has fun evading you. But if you go right at the dog, most dogs, including this one, will maybe nip you on the ankles or shy away. Instead clap your hands and start running when you're a little ways from her, so she can't nip you in the ankle."

"It's like teaching. You've got to do this right or they're not going to get it. You have to get in synchronization with the dog. Then you can run and chase, and the dog will do all sorts of things to escape you.

"This little terrier is just about impossible to catch. I can touch her on her hind end as she runs by real fast, but very seldom does she let me catch her. She does all the maneuvering a running back in football does. She gives all the fakes. I know this dog is right there. No, the dog is not there. She's gone this way, stopped, and gone over that way.

"I don't know why I am so fascinated by this dog, I just am. Most people who come over to the house can't get her going in this way."

The tone of the interview changed as Ken proceeded to tell me about a family friend, Ron Keinig, the only visitor who can get Joanie running and playing--into her thing.

"Ron and the dog were complete strangers, but he had her outside running around. She was going so fast. If she had run into the house, she would have knocked it over! She was leaning around the corners. That shows he had her complete confidence."

How did Ron react to this triumph?

"I don't think he knew other people weren't able to do that, but he was ecstatic. He was laughing and falling over. Ron and I can put Joanie through her paces, but others can't."

Does Ron have any special or unusual characteristics giving him an advantage in playing with Joanie?

"Ron is an un-bossy guy, funny, bright, sophisticated. Yet he has qualities like a little child I find very attractive. He can assert himself, yet he doesn't come on strong and try to lord it over."

Ken spoke how ill people or the elderly recovering from a lingering sickness mend much more rapidly when they have a pet.

"When se see a dog go like that--pshew!--it makes us feel so good. You can't believe. I don't know how to describe it. It sounds so corny. It is watching pure joy; we should bottle that up and pass it around. I feel if we petted all the people we know well, as much as we pet animals, we'd be in better shape."

Ken Macrorie is intrigued with Joanie's behavior and reaction to, or lack of it, with humans. In discussing Joanie's response to Ron's playfulness, it was not Ron's power that piqued Ken's interest, but why his free-spirited pet, who refuses to react to others, behaved so spiritedly with this friend. Ron's willingness to get down to Joanie's level and give her "space" appears to Ken Macrorie as an attribute missing all too much in the rest of us. We get down to others' levels too infrequently. We don't let them run circles around us for the fun of it, for both of us. If we did, we'd all go through life more happily.

George Dunn

oo

WHAT TO DO BEFORE DOING A SHIRLEY HEATH TYPE ETHNOGRAPHIC STUDY IN WILLSALL EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN'T DO IT ANYWAY BECAUSE IT'S NOT ROADVILLE OR TRACKTOWN, RIGHT?

First connect,
Become a part,
Stop and hear the daily news
From Nordie.
Leave lots of time to get your mail
For Roy has stories, too.
Adapt,
Become adept
At blending in.
Learn to ride a horse
And love a hereford
And do not wear a cowboy hat
Until you do.
Adjust your rhythms, slow.
Watch the sun slip southward in the
winter.
Let it go.
Join the church and go to potluck
dinners;
Don't bring tabouli though
And don't be vegetarian.
Shoot an elk instead.
Skin it in your yard and share the meat.
Learn the grains,
The golden seas that ripple in the winds
And know the names of distant peaks as
well.
Bernard will teach you those:
He doesn't need a map. You should not
either.
Haul your wood
And split it on the coldest day you can.
Begin to hear.
Then and only then
You may begin.

Joanne Tulonen

oo

Glittering Generalities from The Official Waiter's Handbook

Chapter One

Anyone who comes to Bread Loaf on a waitership is about to experience the ultimate in "things that are worse than bein' dead." To guide and encourage the fledgling waiter, I offer the following tips (none of which are included, of course, in the Unofficial Waiter's Handbook sent by The Director). Here, then, are the ten basic rules for new waits:

1. Do not tell the people at your tables the menu. Bread Loaf is no longer a public inn. These people are consumers, not customers. As such, they have no rights. All they are supposed to do is eat and get out!
2. Do not make any exception to the above rule. Obviously, I cannot stress this point enough. But some adults, like children, will try themselves and attempt to slip one over on you by saying things like "The meat here is always burnt so bring more gravy, and I don't want any cooked carrots so just give me the meat loaf and please

could I have some extra potatoes?" Do not let the fact that they've said "please" modify your behavior. Nod your head. Go to kitchen. Load tray with dinners. Return to table. Deliver plates with cooked carrots and no extra potatoes. Say, "Sorry, cook says no seconds on the gravy." Walk away quickly. Do not look back.

3. Insist upon serving only water. If it's good enough for graduate students at Oxford, it's good enough for high school teachers from Boise. If anyone pouts, tell them it's Perrier.
4. You CAN drink on the job. The Un-official Waiter's Handbook says you cannot. This is a lie, a test to see if you're Bread Loaf material. Obviously, those who believe everything they read are not true intellectuals and do not belong at this institution. Therefore it is imperative that you show up drunk for at least one Bread Loaf meal. Do not break this rule.
5. Do not smile. Nothing reeks of reality more than a waiter who smiles. Likewise, do not say waitressey things like, "Hello, I'm Dianne and I'll be serving you tonight." If ever tempted to do so, get a handle on yourself; remember your place, for Pete's sake!
6. Make up a dessert tray. I developed this idea myself and I think it's a great one. If there are cherries and cake for dessert, put a half dozen of each on your tray and let everyone choose his or her favorite. In all probability the first six people will pick the cherries. The other six will want cherries, too, but do not give in to their whining. Let them eat cake.

7. Do not live up to your capabilities. Once you do, you've had it. People will begin sitting at your table because they've heard you "do a good job." Do you want to get a reputation like that? Think about it.
8. Get them out of the dining room. This is the most important rule of all. Loitering cannot be tolerated. Do not put ash trays on the tables. (We all know what that leads to!) Smoking after sex is a private privilege but smoking after a Bread Loaf dinner is a public taboo. Likewise, do not go around serving refills on coffee. Instead, disappear into the kitchen. Eat cherries, smoke a cigarette or have sex. No one says you must follow your own rules.
9. Create a disturbance. If you've followed rule number eight and you return to your tables only to find people still lingering, it's time to get serious. Clash glasses. Rattle dishes. Sing anything from The Sound of Music.
10. Kick back. Don't rush around setting up tables after everyone's gone. There will always be some imbecile who believes in the Puritan work ethic and who will, if you fumble around long enough, do your work for you. Obviously, this person is a sicko. Do not deprive this individual of his neurosis. Let him feel needed. But do give him a stroke. Say, "Gee, thanks."

Situations will inevitably arise which catch you off guard. Remember never to panic. Panic is uncool, as is sweating. Bread Loaf waiters do not panic or sweat. If something begins to get to you, bring yourself back to reality--drop a tray of dinners.

Dianne Sutton

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Some names in this issue have been changed to protect against injury.

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VOICES FROM BACK HOME AND ELSEWHERE

Selections From
the Blue Parlor Reading Series

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Summer 1984

Dedicated with thanks to

Charlotte Ross
Kay Bennett
Elaine Hall

who make it all possible.

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GIRLS

I have gathered stray photos of girls--
 girls of dormitories, girls with names that rhyme,
 girls standing in awkward rows
 like matching silverware. In twilight they glitter--
 like morning silverware, not like stars.
 Girls with sun-lustrous legs, and mobile
 girls with travel bags and wide-brimmed hats,
 girls containing messages in Spanish.
 I tried learning the language, but it was evening,
 the sky was raining silverware,
 a distant fountain quietly shouted:
 girls I have slept with, like houses or
 castles in scary movies the semi-hero enters,
 uninvited, and there is fright running around,
 dark music, virginal, hoary, and the
 girls watching are shouting, "Don't go in!
 leave now! stop!" and he looks for something
 to be scared of. Dormitories, girls--where
 every entrance is a rape, every exit an escape.

CARUSO

His lungs were white marble
 polished to look wet and real.
 A doctor could take a tiny camera
 down his pink-white larynx and see
 how delicate such hardness can appear.
 Music purely rising out of stone!
 Michelangelo died and died again,
 crushed under stone, to hear,
 to feel, the contours of such music
 rising out of stone and returning.

Joseph Chaney

ALICE IS DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE AGAIN

"Alice is down the rabbit hole again."

The inside rivaled the outside night in its murkiness. Coils of scented smoke snaked lazily through the stagnant air, carried on the throb of the music. Vague shapes huddled on chairs and crouched in corners; a soft voice droned an echo of the beat from a distant song.

"Alice is down the rabbit hole again."

Spirits of men not yet dead and yet always dead, born dead, wove in and around and out and down. The drone ceased for a moment: murmurs of "Oh, yeh" and "Man" drifted across the room. Then, another voice (almost heard?) told about turtle sex. A bottle of Jack Daniels, half empty or half full, floated on the miasma following a Dixie cup of ice. "Drink me."

"Alice is down the rabbit hole again."

A man in a brown tweed jacket and a Fort Lauderdale t-shirt emerged from the haze with a pinkish cigarette, spitting smoke that joined its kindred in the corners of the mind.

"Alice is down the rabbit hole again."

Papers rustled in a frenetic dance, performing intricate motions in the page-turning happening.

Distant shadows drew nearer, twisting-turning.

A tiny red pill screamed "Eat me!" from the palm of a hand. Bigger; smaller; bigger; smaller.

"Alice is down the rabbit hole again."

Did you know a turtle only screams during sex? I wanna sing; I wanna dance; I wanna live!

A man staggers into the room with a woman attached to his left hand. They fall onto the couch which gets smaller and bigger and closer and farther.

"Alice is down the rabbit hole again."

Hugging gently in the night, lovers grasp the tiny scraps of reality that dance past them. Closer. Farther. Smaller. Bigger.

ALICE

The song is done. The dancers skip home in a merry parade of sounds and colors and visions and the world gets farther. Smaller. Bigger.

"Alice is down the rabbit hole again."

Terri R. Vest

NEW YORK CITY SHOULDERS

Every summer in Vermont
I lost my New York shoulders
tough walk
(You come near me
you son-of-a-bitch and
I'll rip your lips off!)

sneer that is a stopper,
and I walk in the road,
slow down,
float across the grass,
knowing that I still slip
into that look occasionally
in Vermont
(What did I do? one unknown
victim mouthed across the dining room).
New York survival tactics
send the Texans around me into
defensive postures.
Even Washington State poets
(All that rain should help them
understand!)

shrink before my very
ordinary
New York City
smile.

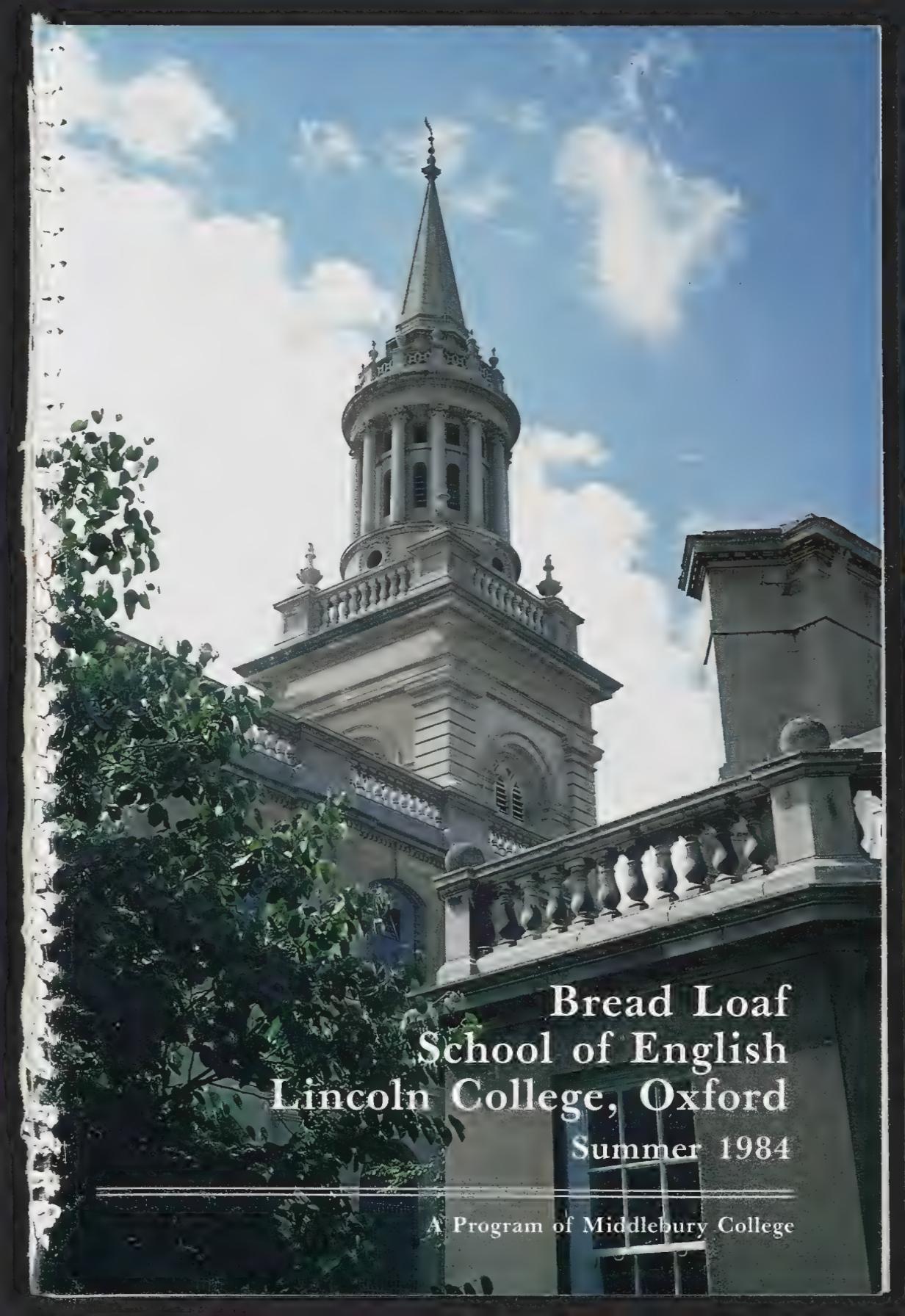
ON THE LINE AT ST. MARK'S POETRY PROJECT BENEFIT, 1979

Can you cultivate a sweet face?
Bring your face into the shop;
You need more than new batteries,
The eyes need a tune-up!
The eyes, melancholy as grapes,
The lips smiling, drifting like old beach wood,
I know you, you in your rainbow-colored scarves,
I know you.
How can you show you appreciate
A poem without an up to date
Poetry-in-my-marrow
Oh, so lost sparrow
Mia Farrow
Look?

DENTAL-POLITIK

I love it,
The idea of sleeping
Cells suddenly awakening
Cells that were there when I almost wasn't
The original cells saying
no, it's world war two
Who knows what is hiding
Out there
Wait and see

Cautious epidaural cells for some
reason despite the intelligence
reports, the dying air
say now is the time to be (of all things) teeth



Bread Loaf
School of English
Lincoln College, Oxford
Summer 1984

A Program of Middlebury College

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Front Cover: The Turl looking towards All Saints' Library.

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The Butler of Lincoln College: p. 5

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This is a publication of the Middlebury College Publications Service, Forest Hall, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

Middlebury College
The Oxford Program
of the
Bread Loaf
School of English
At Lincoln College, Oxford

Seventh Summer
July 2-August 12, 1984

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The Turl looking towards All Saints' Library.



The Aim: Middlebury College and Lincoln College, Oxford, offer a program of literary studies devoted to the humanistic ideals of the liberal arts in graduate education. The School of English, both at Bread Loaf and at Lincoln College, aims to provide its students with a rich literary experience leading to the Master of Arts and Master of Letters degrees in English. Bread Loaf views its masters' degrees as an experience in the mastery of the literary arts, not as a process nor as a compromise. It affirms a commitment to literary concerns, not to a collection of credits, in the extraordinary educational and cultural environment afforded at Oxford. The Bread Loaf-Oxford Program attempts to emulate the academic standards and the social spirit of the School of English, as well as to engage the unique opportunities inherent at Oxford for the study of English literature and literary history in seminar and tutorial.

Lincoln College

The Bread Loaf School of English has exclusive use of the accommodations of Lincoln College during the summer session, so that the School of English has its own identity.

Lincoln College was founded in 1427 by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, as a foundation to train clergy to confute the prevalent Lollard Heresy. Located on the Turl, in the center of Oxford City, Lincoln has retained most of its medieval appearance. Notable features of the College include the oldest extant dining hall in the University (c. 1437), the Chapel (1631) and the Medieval Parish Church of All Saints, now renovated as the College Library. Famous alumni and Fellows of the College include Sir William Davenant, distinguished playwright and Ben Jonson's successor as Poet Laureate; John Radcliffe, prominent physician and benefactor of Oxford's Radcliffe Infirmary, perhaps Britain's most famous hospital; John Wesley, founder of the Methodist Church; Mark Pattison, educational reformer and model for the fictional Mr. Casaubon in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*; and Lord Florey, eminent British pathologist under whose supervision the medical properties of penicillin were developed.

The Program

Each student elects one seminar as a summer's program. There are about six students in each seminar, which meets each week in a manner determined by the tutor. In most, the tutor meets all students together once a week for two hours and then individually for an hour tutorial. Students undertake a considerable responsibility for their own education under the guidance of their tutor. Tutors assign as much, if not more, reading in both primary and secondary materials than is customary at the School of English. Oxford tutors place heavy emphasis on independent study and assume that Bread Loaf students are motivated to pursue their work without substantial faculty guidance. Students should expect to give oral reports in tutorial. They are assigned weekly 10-page, handwritten papers during the summer. Seminars are held at the College with which the Oxford tutor is affiliated.

Admission Because of the importance attached to writing and self-education, applicants must demonstrate a capacity for self-motivation and for competence in literary analysis. All students who have attended the School of English are eligible to apply. Qualified undergraduates in English or American Literature entering their senior year, graduates and graduate students from other institutions are also eligible for admission.

The Bread Loaf School of English enrolls about eighty students at Lincoln College.

Application Students interested in attending should apply to Paul M. Cubeta, Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753. Applicants who have not attended the Bread Loaf School of English or Middlebury College must forward a \$15 fee with their applications. All undergraduate and graduate transcripts should be forwarded to the Bread Loaf Office for students who have not attended the School of English. New applicants should ask two colleagues or teachers to act as references. Since special attention is given to judgments about a student's writing, his or her ability to participate in a tutorial and to take responsibility for independent study, undergraduates must submit a sample of their best critical writing with their application. The application form doubles as a registration form for the seminar after the publication of the current Bread Loaf-Oxford Bulletin.

Although early application is advised, there is no deadline for application.

Credits Successful completion of a seminar with a grade of B- or better counts as the equivalent of two Bread Loaf courses (six graduate hours). The grade can also be transferred to Middlebury College as the equivalent of six semester-hours or to other institutions as is the practice with School of English credits. Summers at Lincoln College can be applied toward the thirty graduate hours required for the M.A. or M.Litt. degrees at the School of English. One summer of residency at the School of English in Vermont is required for the M.A. and M.Litt. degrees.

The Faculty

Dorothy Bednarowska, M.A., Oxford. Lecturer in English at Worcester and St. Catherine's Colleges and Emeritus Fellow at St. Anne's College, Oxford. For many years Tutor in English at St. Anne's, Lecturer in English at the University of Oxford, General Supervisor for M.Phil. (modern period) English Graduate Studies at Oxford, and Director of Studies (English) for the International Graduate Summer School run by the Oxford University Department of External Studies, Mrs. Bednarowska has held visiting professorships at Manhattanville College and the University of the South. She has contributed *Henry James: The Portrait of a Lady* to the British Council's *Notes on Literature*.

Tony Burgess, B.A., King's College, Cambridge; M.A. University of London. Lecturer in English, Institute of Education, University of London. Mr. Burgess has worked as an English teacher in British state secondary schools and as research

The Butler of Lincoln College prepares High Table for Bread Loaf's Commencement Banquet.



officer on the development of writing and on language diversity. He has been interested in school-based teacher training and is co-founder of the Institute's Alternative Course, located in a number of inner London secondary schools. He is currently working, within an ethnographic perspective, on the realization of understandings about language and learning in classroom settings. He is co-author of *Understanding Children Writing*, *The Development of Writing Abilities 11-18*, and *The Languages and Dialects of London Schoolchildren*.

Valentine Cunningham, M.A., Keble College, Oxford; D.Phil., Oxford. Fellow and Tutor in English Literature, Corpus Christi College, Oxford; University Lecturer in English, Oxford. He is the author of *Everywhere Spoken Against: Dissent in the Victorian Novel*, editor of *The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse*, and a member of the Advisory Board of *Victorian Studies*. His OUP Opus book on literature and society in the 1930s is due very shortly to appear. He is currently editing *Adam Bede* for the Clarendon edition of George Eliot. He contributes regularly to the *London Times Literary Supplement*; his reviews have appeared in *English Essays in Criticism*, *Victorian Studies*, the *New Statesman*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Listener*, the *New Review* and the *Time Educational Supplement*. He has been a Visiting Professor at the University of Massachusetts (Amherst), and twice at Konstanz, West Germany.

John Dixon, B.A., M.A., St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. Mr. Dixon taught English for twelve years in inner-city schools in London. After writing "Growth through English," the report on the Dartmouth Seminar, he was chairperson of the English Committee for England and Wales (1968-74). He worked with serving teachers from 1969, first as Director of the Diploma in English Studies, University of Leeds, and later as Director of the national project on English 16-19. Consultant to the Open University (1978-80) for their new course on "Mathematics Across the Curriculum," he recently retired to continue research on writing development 9-13, and on the analysis of achievements in writing 16-17. His books include *Education 16-19: the Role of English and Communication* and (forthcoming) an investigation of Evidence of Response to Literature.

Stephen Gill, M.A., M.Phil., Oxford; Ph.D., Edinburgh. Fellow and Tutor in English Literature, Librarian of Lincoln College, and a Lecturer in the University of Oxford. He previously was a Lecturer in English at the University of Edinburgh. One of the Trustees of the Wordsworth Trust and Honorary Librarian of the Wordsworth archive in Grasmere, he has published articles on Romantic poetry and nineteenth- and twentieth-century fiction and inaugurated the Cornell Wordsworth Series with his edition of *The Salisbury Plain Poems of William Wordsworth*. Other publications include editions of *Mary Barton*, *Our Mutual Friend* and *Adam Bede*.

Douglas Gray, M.A., New Zealand and Oxford. J.R.R. Tolkien Professor of English Literature and Language in the University of Oxford and Fellow of Lady Margaret Hall. Mr. Gray is the author of various books on medieval literature including *Themes and Images in the Medieval English Religious Lyric* and *Robert Henryson*, and has edited *A Selection of Religious Lyrics*.

Robert W. Hanning, A.B., Columbia; A.B., M.A., Oxford; Ph.D., Columbia. Professor of English and Comparative Literature, Columbia. Recipient of NEH, ACLS and Guggenheim Fellowships, he is the author of *The Vision of History in Early Britain* and *The Individual in Twelfth-Century Romance*. He has published papers on texts and subjects in Chaucer, Renaissance literature, and medieval historiography and is co-editor of an anthology of 16th-century verse and prose, co-translator of *The Lais of Marie de France*, and co-editor of *Castiglione: The Ideal and The Real in Renaissance Culture*. In 1982, he co-directed an interdisciplinary NEH Summer Seminar for College Teachers on "Myths of Love in the Renaissance." Mr. Hanning was the first Frank and Eleanor Griffiths Professor of Literature at the Bread Loaf School of English. He is the Director of the Bread Loaf Program at Lincoln College, Oxford, for the 1984 season.

Dennis Kay, M.A. University College, Oxford. D.Phil., Lincoln College, Oxford. Fellow and Tutor in English, Lincoln College, Oxford. Mr. Kay is the author of a study of *The English Funeral Elegy, 1558-1625*, and of articles and reviews on poetry and drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and on Dickens. He

is currently writing a book on Sir Philip Sidney. He is Consultant-in-Residence for the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College and this year was Visiting Research Fellow at the Huntington Library.

Roy Park, M.A., Glasgow and Oxford; Ph.D., Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Tutorial Fellow in English and Librarian, University College, Oxford, and University Lecturer in English, Oxford. Dr. Park has taught at the University of Cambridge, 1964-72, and was Visiting Professor at Queen's, McMaster, and Manitoba. He has published *Hazlitt and the Spirit of the Age*, and *Lamb as Critic* as well as articles of Romantic critical theory. He is at present working on Francis Geffrey and the English Romantics.

John Pitcher, M.A., D.Phil., Oxford. Fellow and Tutor in English, St. John's

College, Oxford, and Lecturer in English in the University of Oxford. He was previously a Lecturer in the University of Leeds. He has written on Shakespeare and Renaissance poetry, and he is editing the Oxford edition of the Elizabethan poet, Samuel Daniel. His edition of Bacon's *Essays* (for Penguin) is soon to be published. He is writing the section on Tudor literature for the *New Oxford Illustrated History of English Literature*; and a book entitled *Arcadian Families*.

Nicholas Shrimpton, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford; D.Phil., Oxford. Fellow and

Tutor in English Literature, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and University Lecturer in English, Oxford. He was previously a Lecturer at Liverpool University, at which time he was also a theatre critic for *Plays & Players* and the BBC. He has published articles on Shakespeare, Bunyan, Blake, Ruskin and Dante Gabriel Rossetti and is at work on the new Oxford edition of the poems of Matthew Arnold. He writes the 'Shakespeare's Plays in Performance' chapter of *Shakespeare Survey* and is a regular reviewer for the *Sunday Times*.

Stanley Wells, B.A., University College, London; Ph.D., The Shakespeare In-

stitute, University of Birmingham. Senior Research Fellow, Balliol College, Oxford; member of the Faculty of English, University of Oxford; honorary Fellow of the Shakespeare Institute; formerly Reader in English and Fellow of the Shakespeare Institute; General Editor of the Oxford Shakespeare and head of the Shakespeare department, O.U.P., Governor and Member of the Executive Council of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. Dr. Wells is the editor of *Shakespeare Survey* and author of *Literature and Drama*; *Royal Shakespeare: Studies of Four Major Productions at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre*; *Shakespeare: the Writer and His Work*; *Shakespeare: An Illustrated Dictionary*; and *Re-editing Shakespeare for the Modern Reader*. He has edited works by Thomas Nashe and Thomas Dekker and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard II*, and *The Comedy of Errors* for the New Penguin Shakespeare. He reviews Shakespeare productions for the *T.L.S.* and the BBC.

John Wilders, M.A., Ph.D., Cambridge. Tutorial Fellow in English, Worcester

College, Oxford, and University Lecturer in English. Mr. Wilders has taught at the universities of Princeton, Bristol and California at Santa Barbara and has been

a Senior Research Fellow at the Australian National University, Canberra. He has edited Samuel Butler's *Hudibras* and a Casebook on *The Merchant of Venice* and is the author of *The Lost Garden: a View of Shakespeare's English and Roman History Plays*. He is a Governor of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. As literary consultant for the BBC-TV series on the complete plays of Shakespeare, he is writing the introductions to all the plays for the BBC edition of Shakespeare. He recently wrote a dramatized biography of Shakespeare, which was broadcast on BBC radio and is following that up with a dramatized biography of Samuel Johnson. Mr. Wilders is also Senior Adviser to the Director of the School of English.

Lecturers

Richard Ellmann, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., Yale; M.A., Oxford; B.Litt., Trinity College, Dublin. Goldsmiths' Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford and Woodruff Professor of English at Emory University. Mr. Ellmann has taught at Harvard, the University of Chicago, Northwestern and Yale. He is the author of *Yeats: the Man and the Masks*, *The Identity of Yeats*, *James Joyce*, *Ulysses on the Liffey*, *Eminent Domain*, *Golden Codgers*, and *The Consciousness of Joyce*. He has edited *The Letters of James Joyce* (vols. II and III), *Joyce's Selected Letters*, and *The New Oxford Book of American Verse*; in addition he has edited, with Charles Feidelson, Jr., *The Modern Tradition* and, with Robert O'Clair, *The Norton Anthology of Modern English and American Poetry*. He is now completing a biography of Oscar Wilde. Mr. Ellmann has been a member of the staff of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference and has both attended and lectured at the School of English.



High Street looking toward Magdalen Tower.

Vivian Green, M.A., D.D., Oxford and Cambridge. Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, he was elected Rector of Lincoln College in 1983. Previously he had been Fellow and Tutor in Modern History since 1951 and sub-Rector from 1970. He has published many books, among the best known being *The Hanoverians, Renaissance and Reformation, John Wesley, Medieval Civilization in Western Europe*. He has written a *History of Oxford University* and has recently completed the first authoritative history of Lincoln College, *The Commonwealth of Lincoln College, 1427-1977*.

Charles Tomlinson, M.A. and Honorary Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge; Hon. D. Litt. (Colgate and Keele Universities). Professor of English, University of Bristol. He has taught at Princeton, Colgate, and the University of New Mexico. He has published ten volumes of poetry with Oxford University Press, most recently *Notes from New York* (1984) and *Selected Poems, 1951-74*, as well as his prose memoirs about American poets, *Some Americans* (1981). Editor of *The Oxford Book of Verse in English Translation*, he has also edited books on Marianne Moore and William Carlos Williams. He has translated from a number of languages, most notably from the Spanish of Machado and Paz, and a selection, *Translations*, came out in 1983. His Clark Lectures in Cambridge have appeared as *Poetry and Metamorphosis* (1983). Also a painter, he has published a book of graphics, *In Black and White*, and an Arts Council exhibition, 'The Poetry and Graphics of Charles Tomlinson,' has toured the country extensively since opening at the Hayward in 1978.

Consultants in Writing

James Britton, M.A., Hon.LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Education, Institute of Education, University of London. Mr. Britton is a former English teacher in British state secondary schools, Educational Editor to John Murray (publishers), and Head of the English Department at the University of London Institute of Education. Director of the Schools Council Writing Research Unit 1966-72 and member of the "Bullock Committee," the 1972-74 British Government Inquiry into Reading and the Uses of English in Schools, he was awarded an honorary doctorate in 1977 by the University of Calgary and the David H. Russell Award for Distinguished Research in the Teaching of English by the National Council of Teachers of English. Publications include *Language and Learning, The Development of Writing Abilities, 11-18* (editor and co-author) and *Prospect and Retrospect*.

Nancy Martin, B.A., M.A., University of London. Former Reader in Education and Head of the English Department at the University of London Institute of Education. A member of the Schools Council Writing Research Unit (1966-72) and Director of its Development Project, *Writing Across the Curriculum* (1971-76), she has been visiting professor at Rutgers University, the Universities of Western Australia and Alberta and New York University. Publications include (co-authored with colleagues) *Writing and Learning Across the Curriculum, The Development of Writing Abilities, 11 to 18 years*, and *Understanding Children Talking*.

Panorama of Oxford with Lincoln's All Saints' Library at far left.



Administration

Paul M. Cubeta, A.B., Williams; Ph.D., Yale. Director, Bread Loaf School of English; College Professor of Humanities, Middlebury. A former Carnegie Fellow at Harvard, and Assistant Director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Mr. Cubeta has also taught at Williams. Author of articles on Jonson's poetry, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, and Frost, he is the editor of *Modern Drama for Analysis* and *Twentieth Century Interpretations of "Richard II,"* and has written "Lear's Comic Vision" for *Teaching Shakespeare* (Princeton Univ. Press).

Seminars/Tutorials

Group I

[*The Program in Writing*]

533. Writing, Thinking and Learning/Messrs. Burgess and Dixon

A central concern of this seminar and its accompanying tutorials will be a study of the relationships among writing, thinking and learning. It will explore the need for a rationale for the teaching of writing which takes proper account of this relationship and which is set against the broader scene of teaching and learning as a whole, including the uses of the spoken language and the place of literature.

These intentions will be pursued through 1) a systematic study of theories of writing and an exploration of ways in which these theories may illuminate the practice of individuals and schools; 2) visits to public and private British schools, colloquia at Lincoln with British teachers and other educators, workshops conducted by members of the seminar and visiting consultants; 3) students' self-directed writing in the form of a long study or a portfolio of shorter pieces.

Open only to students who have previously attended the Bread Loaf School of English.

Group II

[*English language and literature through the Seventeenth Century*]

524. Chaucer and Medieval Literature/Mr. Gray

This course will study some poems of Chaucer and his contemporaries and attempt to place them in their cultural and literary context in late medieval England. The works discussed will include *Troilus and Criseyde*, selected *Canterbury Tales*, and *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*.

Texts: Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, ed. F.N. Robinson, 2d ed. (Houghton Mifflin or Oxford U.P. hardbound or paper); *English Verse 1300-1500*, ed. John Burrow (Longman); *Pearl, Cleanness, Patience and Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, ed. A.C. Cawley (Everyman's Library, E.P. Dutton). For reference: *A Chaucer Glossary*, eds. Norman Davis, Douglas Gray, Patricia Ingham, Anne Wallace-Hadrill (Oxford, paperback.)

518. Shakespeare: On the Page and on the Stage/Mr. Wells

Recent Shakespeare criticism has increasingly stressed that Shakespeare's plays should be studied as scripts which are incomplete until they have been realized in the theatre. This seminar will discuss certain plays with particular reference to their theatrical dimension. The plays studied will include those in the repertoire of the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford and at the Barbican Theatre in London. Members of the seminar will be enabled to attend these performances. An announcement of the plays to be performed is expected early in 1984.

Preliminary reading: The plays of the repertory (to be announced); John Russell Brown, *Shakespeare's Plays in Performance* (Edward Arnold, 1966); Richard David, *Shakespeare in the Theatre* (C.U.P., 1978); J.L. Styan, *The Shakespeare Revolution* (C.U.P., 1977); Stanley Wells, *Literature and Drama, with special reference to Shakespeare and his Contemporaries* (Routledge, 1970); *Royal Shakespeare* (Manchester University Press, 1977).

526. Shakespeare's Comedies/Mr. Wilders

A study of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night* and *Measure for Measure*. One week will be devoted to each of the six plays, and students will be expected to write one short paper every week. An attempt will be made to discover the unique achievement of each play and, if possible, the nature of Shakespearean comedy generally with particular emphasis on construction and dramatic effect.

Texts: Any good, convenient annotated texts of the plays.

539. Poetry, Drama and Prose at the Jacobean Court/Mr. Pitcher

The course will consider Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson and Donne in the context of the Jacobean arts of power, rhetoric and dramatic poetry. The culture of the Jacobean will be explored in weekly seminars, relating specified single works (say, *Volpone*) to the intellectual movements of the period, its political motifs, theories of literary representation, and contests for the souls of men. In the tutorials, according to the interests of individuals, chosen plays, poems and selections of prose will be interpreted and appraised.

Texts: Shakespeare: *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*; Jonson: *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*; *The Epigrams*, *The Forest*; Donne: *Songs and Sonnets*, *Sermons and Devotions*; Bacon: *The Essays* (Penguin editions).

519. Milton and Marvell/Mr. Kay

Members of the seminar will be encouraged to examine the works of Milton and Marvell in their artistic, historical and intellectual contexts. A selection of shorter pieces, such as *Lycidas* and 'To His Coy Mistress' will be studied in class, while consideration of longer works or of major themes will form the basis for tutorials.

Texts: Milton. *Poetry*, ed. John Carey and Alastair Fowler in Longman's *Annotated Poets* series; *Complete Prose*, ed. D.M. Wolfe or *John Milton: Complete Poems and Major*

Punting on the Cherwell.



Prose, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (1957) or J.M. Patrick *et al* (eds.), *The Prose of John Milton* (1967). Marvell. *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*, 2nd ed. (2 vols., Oxford, 1952); *Poems*, ed. E.S. Donno (1972).

Group III

[English literature since the Seventeenth Century]

506. Blake, Keats and Shelley/Mr. Park

This course will concentrate upon Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, Keats's Odes and Letters, and Shelley's essays and longer poems. These works will be considered first, within their historical and philosophical contexts, and secondly from a critical viewpoint, in terms of patterns of myth and metaphor.

Texts: Blake, *Complete Writings*, ed. Sir G. Keynes (Oxford); Keats, *The Poems*, ed. M. Allott (Longman), *Letters*, ed. R. Gittings (Oxford); Shelley, *Poetical Works*, ed. T. Hutchinson (Oxford), *Prose*, ed. D. L. Clark (Univ. of New Mexico Press); D. Perkins, *English Romantic Writers* (Harcourt) is useful for additional material.

520. The Visionary Gleam/Mr. Gill

The title of this course is taken from Wordsworth's *Ode: Intimations of Immortality* to indicate the starting point of study. The aim will be to examine Wordsworth's treatment of the great themes, Man, Nature and God, and then to see how later nineteenth-century writers handle them and their Wordsworthian inheritance. The course will concentrate on Wordsworth, Tennyson, Arnold and Hopkins, but reference will also be made to novelists and prose writers.

540. Jane Austen and The Brontës/Mrs. Bednarowska

The realistic and romantic novel: a study in contrasts. Topics for discussion will include social backgrounds and conventions, attitudes toward love, marriage, the position of women, religion and morality. Consideration will also be given to structure, style, the use of dialogue and the voice of the narrator.

Texts: Pride and Prejudice, Sense and Sensibility, Emma, Jane Eyre, Villette, Wuthering Heights.

541. Hardy and Henry James/Mrs. Bednarowska

A study of the conception and presentation of tragedy by two contemporary but very different novelists. Particular attention will be given to the development in thought and technique in the early and later work of these two writers.

Texts: The Return of the Native, Jude the Obscure, The Portrait of a Lady, The Turn of the Screw, The Wings of the Dove.

542. Novels and Anti-Novels/Mr. Cunningham

A course of reading that will plunge into the problematics of what fictional texts are "about," and will do so in relation to a mixed group of novels, some tending apparently to traditional textual ways and inciting traditional readerly expectations, some apparently not doing so, but all of them raising the question of what a novel/traditional novel/modernist novel actually is. In other words, we will weigh old and new fictional practices against old and new critical orthodoxies, and in an inspection of Dickens' *Bleak House*, Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss*, Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, Beckett's *Watt* and Golding's *Rites of Passage*.

543. The English Stage from Shaw to Stoppard/Mr. Shrimpton

A study of the development of English drama in the 20th Century, based upon five representative groups of plays. Students will be expected to attend the theatre in Oxford, London and Stratford during the course.

Texts: Pinero, Trelawny of the 'Wells'; Shaw, Arms & The Man; Wilde, The Importance of Being Earnest; Shaw, Heartbreak House; Harley Granville Barker, The Madras House; Houghton, Hindle Wakes; Coward, Hay Fever; Maugham, The Circle; Coward, Private Lives; Osborne, Look Back in Anger; Wesker, Roots; Priestley, The Linden Tree; Pinter, The Birthday Party; Orton, Loot; Stoppard, Jumpers.

Group V
[Continental literature]

544. Medieval Romance/Mr. Hanning

A critical study of selected medieval narratives of love and adventure. A broad definition of the themes and concerns of this fictional version of reality should emerge from textual analysis and class discussion.

Texts: *Lais of Marie de France*, tr. Ferrante & Hanning; Chretien de Troyes, *Arthurian Romances*, tr. Comfort (Dutton Everyman); *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, tr. Matarasso (Penguin); *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, ed, and trans, W.J.R. Barron (Manchester/Barnes & Noble paper); *The Death of King Arthur*, tr. Cable (Penguin).



The Radcliffe Camera.

Tower of All Saints' Library seen from Front Quadrangle of Lincoln.



Accommodations

Students have single accommodations, often consisting of living room and bedroom. They take their meals together in the College Hall. Rooms are cleaned by scouts. There are also suites available at Lincoln for students with spouses, but couples with children must find their own accommodations. The Steward of Lincoln will offer her assistance. Students have the use of both the library of the College and the Bodleian Library of Oxford. The Junior Common Room and Deep Hall (a student bar) are available to Bread Loaf students.

Dates

Rooms and meals will be available by noon on Monday, July 2. Students must arrive by Registration Day, July 3.

Commencement ceremonies will conclude the session on Saturday evening, August 11.

Advance Preparation

Students are urged to complete as much of the reading for their seminar as possible before going to Oxford in order to permit more time during the session for collateral assignments and for the preparation of papers.

Choice of Seminar

Correspondence regarding the choice of seminar should be addressed to Mr. Cubeta. Since enrollments are limited, early registration is essential to insure one's first choice or first alternative. Only under extraordinary circumstances is a student permitted to change his or her registration after the session begins.

Fees

The comprehensive fee — tuition, board and room — is \$2,150. This fee is exclusive of air fare. Students are expected to make their own travel arrangements.

The fee includes transportation and tickets to two theatre performances, one at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon and one at the Barbican in London.

Each applicant who is accepted is asked to pay a \$50 deposit refundable up to May 1 which is applied to the student's total bill. A student is officially registered only upon receipt of this fee. Money should not be sent until payment is requested. Final bills are mailed about May 16 and are payable upon receipt. Checks should be made payable to Middlebury College.

Students who withdraw for medical reasons or serious emergencies forfeit the enrollment deposit (\$50) but may receive refunds for any additional amounts paid as follows:

Before the end of first week — 60% of amounts due and paid

Before the end of second week — 20% of amounts due and paid

Thereafter — No refund.

Financial Aid

No interested applicant with strong credentials should fail to apply because of need.

To be considered for aid awarded through Middlebury College, a student must file a Financial Aid Form (FAF) with the College Scholarship Service. The College assumes a minimum of at least \$600 in self-help from each aid applicant. Requests for aid should be made when the application form is submitted; Financial Aid Forms are sent when the applicant is accepted. Although students may apply for financial aid at any time, they are advised to forward their Financial Aid Forms to the College Scholarship Service as soon as possible. Awards will be made promptly upon receipt from the College Scholarship Service of the information on a student's needs.

Within the limits of funds available for this purpose, Middlebury College makes short-term loans toward their College charges and other expenses to students who are unable to secure loan funds for Oxford from other sources.

Other Information

In early spring students will receive information covering details of preparation for the trip abroad and living in Oxford.

Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

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Middlebury, VT

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So that now there is a new wisdom tooth
marching down from behind my ear
scouting for new sites
establishing ambushes

And four who found the route south
settled in around the fertile crescent
found to be illegals and deported

(Guerilla of my dreams!
A cell has been sighted
sneaking over the border toward my ankle!)

TO BARBARA TUCHMAN

The Khmer Rouge threw doctors headless into pits
We did not hear the cries from the boneyards
Blind as a veteran's thousand metre stare
John Wayne is marching into El Salvador
Children are dragged from their parents screaming

Refugees from history
We are lost
And out there in the stars
Spacemen adjust a bolt
And come back earth-blind and deaf

We belly our ambushes into jungles
Men and women hide behind the giant fern fronds
lobbing curses
Yankee so'jer you die tonight
And take our guns from us
And hang our ears from their belts
And paint their faces green.

And so'jer you die

And we do, again.

Despite agent orange
Fields of fire
Rumors of war
We are lost
And they are lost, too.

L. Wollin

FATHER'S CONFESSIONS TO SON, NOW TEN

When you were new born and home, I wrote in your little book, "You made my heart sing." Now, its ten years later, and you've grown up a lot. I hope I have too. I read somewhere before you were born that parents are to be teachers to their children and are to guide them in choosing right from wrong. I'm sure I believed that. I took the responsibility seriously. Sometimes teaching became preaching, and you stopped listening. I could tell when you stopped listening, but often I kept on talking. Perhaps I was saying things I needed to hear. You, more than anyone else, made me understand how much the pupil I am. I now realize that we are partners in learning just as we are partners in life.

You surprised your mom and me when you started speaking in sentences. You had not then begun using words. I remember one day you were sitting on the kitchen table. You pointed to the door and said, "I want to go out." I had expected that you would start with simply, "out." I should have learned then never to depend on my expectations. A pile of expectations can be a heavy load for a little kid to carry around. But, often there they were. When you were three I expected you to act like you were twelve.

You surprised me too when I saw you learning to run. You were so graceful and swift. I remember running races with you and letting you win. And I remember too, the day not so long ago, when I really couldn't catch you any more.

Right from the start of your life, you've been your own person, with your own set of values and concerns. I've often tried to make my values and concerns yours. And you've often resisted. Now, I'm glad. I want you to have the freedom to develop your own ideals. I've come to notice many of mine are tarnished with age, at any rate.

Thinking of you now, my hands reach out to touch that softness of new life that is still within you, at ten, something yet wild, uncluttered, unburdened. Son, you still make my heart sing, only now. . . it can carry a tune.

EARLY THIS MORNING

Early this morning
 my son called out
 her name.
 He said, "Mom?"
 "What?" came the hushed,
 sleepy reply.
 "Just wanted to know
 where you were."

The world was in its place
 and both went back to sleep
 more soundly than before.

COLOR PHOTO

She came out of the Inn and sat down on the old stone fence facing the field and mountains of Vermont. As she gazed outward, the look in her pale eyes narrowed. The greenfield grew golden, and the mountains leveled and dissolved into black earth.

A small child is running to catch the wind, while another is picking wild flowers for her kitchen table. A young man waves his cap to her as he brings the ancient red Farmall to a halt and descends to receive the cooling jug of water from her bronzed outstretched hands.

She was looking at a green field in Vermont, but her eyes were seeing home.

S
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 s
 when I
 am sitting
 by the wood
 cook-stove, your memory
 comes slipping through
 the back door like the
 neighbor's cat and wraps
 its warmth around me in
 a fur coat.

Danny Boone

FOR DOROTHY FULDHEIM, DEAN OF TV NEWSCASTERS

"Dorothy, we love you! Dorothy, turn blue!"
Ghoulardi would rave, hosting "The Late Show" on Saturday nights.
Between reels of B-movies
he fixed your image in our dens & our teen-aged hearts.
He made you his cult counterpart
whose crabby editorials we anticipated
at the end of "Captain Penny."

It was Dorothy & then dinner & then
I thought I would only see you on my parents' TV
when I visited, like the last time, which was so strange
because they showed your whole body
& you traded jokes with the anchormen
like they started doing eight years ago here.

With age you wear less jewelry
& give away more of yourself.
"We used to think it came from the outside
but believe me, what little beauty is left after 85
I'd trade for one of those heavy, expensive necklaces
I wore then. The time I interviewed Humphrey
he kept me waiting forty minutes.

"I could feel my irascibility rising & I told him
even when a cameraman's late, I got furious
so afterward he sent me a thin gold bracelet & delicate,
not my style at all. The only time I put on a pair of gloves
was to meet the Duke of Windsor.

"That was a coup. I called his hotel & a man answered
& I thought it was a page or someone so I said
'I want an interview with the Duke
because I think he's romantic,' & the man said
'my lady, this is the Duke,' & when it was over
I thought he would propose--he was so thrilled
it was painless, like the feeling
you have for the dentist when he doesn't hurt you.
It's over & you admit you love him.

In Cleveland we could depend on you for a solemn review
of the world. "I got the first Americans who were brainwashed
in a Chinese jail." Dorothy, dinner & then
we were let loose to make news for you
like the head of a schoolboard you called an "acrobat"
for flashing moons out the window of his car.

I could only have grown up there but you stayed
as if it were another issue
you were going to be stubborn about. I saw you alone
way back in Cleveland, alone
because I thought no one would ever
pay attention to you, or that outside Ohio
no one else would ever know your name.

Jeff Schwartz

THE ARCHITECT

He was the one who had taken care of the "garden" the first
years in the house. The pots of Swedish ivy, Boston ferns and
succulents were set in niches in the cliff, the full greenery
hiding the pipes to the waterfall. This was the only place in
the house where you felt enclosed. Emory had designed an embank-
ment at the foot of the wall, using the rocks they had unearthed
in construction to form a stone ledge which ran the length of the
cliff. He used to sit on the ledge, watching the waterfall spill
over the rock, forming and reforming pools in the basin at the
bottom. He enjoyed the cloistered feeling; he enjoyed his own
architectural joke, that the place in the house where the out-
doors was brought right through the glass also contained the most
sheltered area.

He always remembered the waterfall as it was in the summer-time, trickling in the night. He could hear it from their bedroom, the steady stillness of the streams running over rock. He would imagine the cliff shining in the dark like obsidian, with droplets sending rings over the surface of the pool beneath. It was one of the children's favorite places to play. For a number of years, the pool had held a fleet of plastic boats and paraphernalia. Climbing on the rocks had been strictly forbidden, but they did it anyway. Plants had been knocked over, pots smashed; others had simply died. Emory had paid less and less attention to the garden. It was mostly his fault, he supposed, the state it was in now. The pipes lay rusted and exposed; hand-sized puddles lay at the bottom of each pool, muddy and blank. He was so comfortable in the house, he didn't bother about small areas that had fallen apart. Whether they ran the waterfall or not, the conception was there, a quick reminder as he passed through the hallway of the idea behind the house itself: to bring the outdoors indoors. The wicker furniture in that corner of the living room had fallen apart, strip by strip, and they'd bought new stuffed chairs, and no one had missed the ferns. Ellen never would have given that wall a second thought if she hadn't started seeing that counselor.

Emory rose from the table, slid his dirty plate into the sink and decided not to make popcorn. His life was being dictated to by some twenty-eight year old counselor with a Masters in psychology named Rita, whom he'd never seen. But damn it, ever since Ellen had planted the doubt in his mind, it had been bothering him. He hadn't actually tried the waterfall in a few years. Maybe she was right; maybe it wouldn't run anymore.

Katherine Kellogg Towler

DOUBTFUL

A sky of no moon
Rains gray. Blurry street asleep,
Sea of steel wool night . . .

COUSIN JESSE'S BACK ROOM WALL

Some times more than others
Christmas doesn't come or go,
For that matter, it never leaves
The corner where the trees used to be
Lit up and blinking. We would
Hunt down cedars out at Uncle Henry's,
And I can't seem to get used to
These perfect, small-shaped firs now
Like I could those cedars we'd cut down.
And then, of course, Aunt Mac
In the back room at Jesse and Carl's.
She was old, always; her back was
Never bent though. It's true
She married a man with Indian blood;
I've decided that's why no one else
Looks like Cousin Jesse.
We still go to their house
For Christmas 'nog and stay long enough
To say we've been and see the cousins.
It must be ritual like moving from kitchens
To dining rooms with spoons and pie,
Or it must be Aunt Mac's picture
Her hair fastened in a bundle, fixed to stay
On Cousin Jesse's back room wall.

Lu Ellen Hur

EARLY MORNING MUSINGS OF A PHILANTHROPIC SOCIOPATH

or

5-14-84

Today, thus far, is one of those "get me through it" days.
Days when to go to work is definitely not the answer, to go to s

the only logical alternative, yet one still goes to work. "If I am going to be tired and monosyllabic I might as well be paid for it." I am presently confronted with a rather reasonable situation with which to begin such a day; a quiet, easily intimidated first class, brimming with nubility, followed by a "free" period. Yes, my decision to work was indeed a wise one. "Bathroom? Sure, go ahead. Take your time." My occupation, for those of you without a clue as to what this verbal diuretic is garbling about, is as a substitute teacher in a reasonably large city's Junior High School system. A paid masochist. The low pay should suffice in driving this point home: \$30 a day. Even for twice this amount it requires a truly sick mind to put up with this kind of work day after day, and an even sicker mind to enjoy it. I enjoy it.

One particularly unruly individual, in an obvious ploy to escape the confines of the room and wander the confines of the corridors, requested permission to go see his guidance counselor. One look, being the impeccably perceptive individual that I am, told me, ploy or not, that guidance was something he was in definite need of. The only logical thing to do was to let him go. This served a threefold purpose: It gave the student what he wanted, to escape my class; what he needed, guidance; and what I wanted, him out of my class. Everybody is satiated, but far from happy. Uh-oh, time to walk around the room and "make my presence felt." That's what they tell us to do, right in the substitute teacher's handbook, to "walk around from time to time making your presence felt."

My second class today is a bunch of spoiled whiners that could use a dose of good, healthy, blood-curdling fear thrown into their bones to straighten them out. There is nothing quite like a good old-fashioned "mind fuck" to get the adrenalin pumping. One girl strikes me as someone who regularly abuses drugs. White, helled shoes, pallid panty hose beneath tight blue-jeans gripping pubescent cellulite; just chubby enough to sicken, just slender enough not to be "fat"; complete with vocal chords powered by "Ex-lax." It is precisely this type of student that I would love to put on a wilderness survival course. Oh, I neglected to mention that for the moment I am in charge of a woodworking class. This fact disturbingly brings to mind the Taoist idea of the "uncarved block", that human beings at birth are analagous to uncarved blocks of wood. Through life this block is carved and shaped, given identity and form, definition and purpose. What I find disturbing about this concept, with relation to my Junior High students, is that their 'blocks' have not simply been carved, but twisted and misshapen by contemporary, urbanized society. Their spirits are steeped in the 'violence ethic' paradox that our society at large so lovingly embraces. But I can hardly blame these kids for their spiritual deformity when many of the values taught to them while their blocks were yet relatively unscathed, were twisted perversions of anything truly ethical.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

Why do we have clocks?

What purpose to measure time;
for time more accurately measures itself?
I am curious

to see

what life would be like on this planet
without these seemingly silly devices
that regulate our lives,
telling us where to go

what to do. Even as I look
about the room in which I sit,

I notice the clock

sitting in the most prominent position,
as a holy symbol for a perverse religion.

Indeed, clocks occupy the most preeminent places
in our architecture.

WATCHING OVER US.

Making sure we are doing "what we are supposed to be doing."
We structure, methinks, too much of our lives
around this device; rushing around to be somewhere before a mechanical

calde

vicepushestwolittlehandstospecificnumbers

as if our lives depended on it.
 I wonder sometimes
 if our lifestyle has progressed,
 or perhaps degenerated
 to such a state that it does.

You say that it is _____, but what time is it really?
 NO!

Don't look to your three-handed god strapped about your wrist.
 Look into yourself, and tell me,
 what time is it really?
 Perhaps time to get rid of this slavedriving wall fixture?

Dave Perry

THE CREATION

Seven days ago
 I fell in love
 Six days since
 I fell
 Five days
 A flood of tears
 Four
 Remember me
 Three
 I am alone
 Two
 I hurt inside
 One. . . .
 I will love
 No more.

JEALOUSY

This evil that grows within
 Slowly consumes the flesh.
 It saws at heartstrings
 Fraying them one by one. . . .
 It corrodes the level of emotion
 Setting the whole world out of balance by degrees.
 Till at last
 Love drains away--
 Leaving only a twisted shell.

BEGINNINGS

Soldiers surround the mountain's base.
 The young men climb
 And occasionally slip;
 Sunlight eludes them.

Armies form on the precipice of night.
 Shots are fired--
 The chasm widens
 Darkness engulfs them.

Gentians bloom, purple and gold,
 Perfuming the air;
 Leaf touches leaf,
 Sunshine bathes them.

SERENITY

Black onyx eyes look through me
 To the depths of my being:
 They see me for what I am.

Bronzed weathered arm support me
 On paths I must travel:
 They life my spirit.

Unbeguiling transparent words lead me
To woods, mountains, open fields:
They ease my mind.

This Cherokee in mocassins
Treads lightly on my heart,
Impresses images on my soul:
His name is Serenity.

Connie Kyzer

ROBERTA AND JANET

. . . what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain. . .

-Coleridge, "Christabel"

You remember that summer
day when you took me out.
Your birthday it was. In August.
Mrs. Stewart gave you a pass--
"There are snakes at Fern

Hill, you know," she warned not talking
to me, your shadow.
You said you knew. Looking
like you did know.
And she let us go
out to the hot snake-filled

forest because you
were responsible
and had your mysterious
knowledge, could tell
them "Go to hell"
in a mean enough voice,
would suck the venom
out of my leg, we'd come

back alive. You led me to the path
below the boys' green
dormitory (same color as that
bald caterpillar that died on me
and stank up my locker),

past the house of that big American
Presbyterian
family you loved so much
and I thought you were taking me
where I could never go

by myself and we would run
nonstop down that steep path I
remember from my dreams that began
in a bed of flowers and ended I
thought at a pavilion--

I dreamed old people took vacations
there and rode rubber
mattresses on the last river
at the end of our mountain
and laughed. And laughed.

* * *

Did I ever tell you the story of
my abortion? The cross-country bus
trip I took in seventy-five.

From Albuquerque on, outrageous
 heat. Got off in Santa Rosa,
 New Mexico with this young guy John
 who was miserable. I saw a
 lake so we walked there. Cotton
 wood deerflies stinking water weeds.
 Took off all our clothes and got in
 feeling awkward, of course. Teased
 like we knew how you're supposed to have fun.
 We missed the next bus, hit the local
 laundromat and a bar--John used fake
 ID; the waitress apologized
 for carding me. Back to the lake
 under the moon now after we missed
 the last bus. Tried to sleep I guess
 but the bugs were bad so I suggested
 the motel (by the lake). John said yes
 if it's less than seven bucks
 and I thought I should tell him then
 I had no birth control with me.
 He looked bummed. Motel was seven
 dollars so I checked in and John snuck
 over the back wall. We lay on the bed
 not touching and then I thought
 of the full moon and how my period
 had been coming with the full moon.
 "John it's okay" I said touching
 him--he said he knew guys whose girls
 said it's okay and then turned up rushing
 them into marriage a year later--
 "Hi honey, meet Junior." I told him
 about the full moon and my blood,
 it was time. It was time.

• • •

Anyway, back to your birthday.
 Suddenly you got mad.
 You called me names and stomped away.
 Then I noticed the gaudy
 wildflowers and how bad

the heat was. In our uniforms. I knew
 that without wanting
 or knowing or being able to
 stop myself, I was ruining
 your birthday and your life.

And I want to tell you that
 now I understand. You
 hated me and we couldn't do
 anything about it.
 Because we thought
 my life depended on you

in those days, in that strange place.
 And you taught me your
 special knowledge: what it is
 to be always hungry.
 You gave me your curse.
 Once on my birthday your voice

went off in my head.
 "Cut it out," you said.
 "You're making yourself suffer,
 you big fake."
 I took
 a razor and made a cut in myself
 but you weren't there

to suck the venom out of me
 so it's still here.
 Sometimes I can't speak.
 I shake
 myself until the hunger goes away
 and weep. And weep.

* * *

So there I was pregnant from
 Santa Rosa on. All that next day
 I was teaching John about sexism
 while this bunch of cells grew on the way
 to Oklahoma City where John
 got off the bus. My stomach was bad.
 By Philadelphia American
 cities disgusted me so much
 I wanted to plant a bomb. "Bunch of cells"
 is what abortion counselors call
 "it," by the way--a damned lie,
 as if it could just fall
 off like a dead skin. The night
 before the abortion they stuck
 dry seaweed in the cervix.
 This was supposed to soak
 up juices, expand, and ease
 the hole open. No such luck.
 God, my body made a fool of me.
 I counted nine deathfucks
 with the scraper. When I knew
 I was pregnant I loved my body,
 I wanted my body but I would
 not feed another child this blood. I
 had an address in Albuquerque
 for John so I wrote to him,
 "Girls don't always force catastrophe,
 not this time." Not this time.

Janet Gray

HEDGING

My dreams are left over from the childhood where I waited,
 in slippers and distressing flannel gown, on the fire escape late
 Saturday nights. It I was alert and ready, Peter Pan would come
 take me to the island where I could fight pirates and swear blood
 sisterhood with an Indian Princess. I ignored the parts where
 Wendy has to be a mommy, where he comes to get her (and later her
 daughter) to spring clean his treetop house.

One dream where Peter wears the face of Rick, the first (last
 and only) man I slept with in college.

"You won't mend them?" Holding his jeans.

"I can't." I never learned how to sew.

"You can pretend, can't you?"

"You can pretend they're not ripped."

Leaves are ever so much more practical. I would replace my
 green suit fresh every spring. Open the door to the winds. I
 wanted Never Never Land for the flying.

Trees weren't enough I learned on a summer vacation spent
 with my grandparents in Idaho. The best was a cottonwood in their
 back yard: I climbed it every day, hands alive to the smooth,
 dappled bark, stretching out on a limb forking from the trunk, feeling
 the wind translated through the branches. I sought the wind
 through trees, kites and gravity, running down the hill behind
 our apartment.

* * *

I was lying in the net hammock one hot afternoon. A large
 red dog bounced through the hedge to offer me one sandy paw,
 demanding half interest in the dish of melting ice cream I balanced
 on my stomach. Strongarming him down, I tried to concentrate on
 my poem, but he shoved my arm away and sat panting beside me. His
 fur smelled of dusty bark, dirt and the ocean. Spicy and rough,
 he nudged me with an urgent nose.

"Here, kid, I guess you need this more than I do." He gulped lumps of cold while I scratched his ears.

"Hey, Doge, come here, come back!" A woman's voice from beyond the hedge.

"I think your dog's over here," I called.

She came through the wooden gate and stood in the sunshine watching me and the dog, who buried his nose deeper in the dish when I made a futile effort to sneak it back from him. Red hair and freckles enough to count in tens and dozens on her face. A yellow halter dress showing more freckles. Contralto voice which flowed through my spine although the dog ignored her. A small breeze off the ocean chilled my damp skin.

"Don't worry--he eats anything."

"Sure loves ice cream."

"If he wants something, he gets it. Don't let him bother you. I'm Helena, your next door neighbor."

I tried to sit up against the loose net. "I'm housesitting for Professor Walker. My name's Lise Harrington. I'm one of his students."

"From his poetry class?"

"Yes--but now--"

"He always has a poetry student to housesit for him when he's in Ireland. Says they're the onest most likely to be broke."

"He's right."

Finished with the ice-cream, the dog moved to stand by Helena's knees.

"Harrington. . . Lise, not Lisa? I think I saw some of your work in The Islander, didn't I?"

Feeling stripped of my cut-offs and workshirt, I hugged the spiral notebook close to my belly. "In June's issue, yeah, he took Love of Women, Upstairs Apartment, and Spain, 1527, I wrote that one for his class when he assigned us set forms. I never thought anybody'd publish a sestina today. . ." I felt the blood in my neck and ears and mumbled to a stop. First publication is nothing to brag about.

"I enjoyed them. I'll be here this summer, full-time, if you need anything, a ride to town, company, whatever, let me know."

"Thank-you."

She tucked one hand in the dog's collar and pulled him after her; I got a smile when she pushed the gate shut.

I stayed in the sun a while, half-finished poem left unfinished, before I forced myself on the daily walk. I was supposed to be looking after the house; I paid no rent, staying in that lovely home by the ocean. So I walked the boundaries, needing to secure my limits.

I come from a playground habitat: chlorined water, concrete playgrounds with rusting swings and dirt paths outlined by wilting grass. These woods on the island, thick with cedar and madrona, second growth, would be a paradise for the children I'd read about, for the imaginary child I never was.

Wanting to search for the Lost Boys, I imagined Peter in every shadow. Captain Hook lurked in the distance. The paths from beach to house to neighbor's were so narrow they must have been cut to child measurements. The cedars grew thick and tall, cutting off the breezes and sun. I never saw the island kids in the woods, though. They were always on the beach when I walked there, intent on surfboards and inner tubes. The woods were too quiet, the paths too twisting for their STAR WARS games.

Robin Reid

MY FATHER LOVED WATER

I remember
my father
hated cats
and
loved water
which he sprayed
in ferocious green streams
after the cat
clinging to
white blossoms

and black branches
in the apple tree
where I built
a treehouse with
broken nails
the roof held down
with baling wire
and lilacs from my dreams.

I remember
my father
hated cats
and
loved water
near the river where
we studied rocks, choosing
round sand-soft stones
as flat as my cheekbone
to slip
as many as
fifteen times
across blue plates of water
quiet as death.

I remember
my father
hated cats
and
loved water
where
we swam in the pool
and
he bicycled water
with his toes, waiting
for me to jump
my heart cold
and damp as a toad's belly
into his arms
we got no
plastic water wings:
he would not let us cheat
in deep water
we must learn
to float alone,
the cool air of our
blood the only certainty.

SUMMER HAY

white parachutes of cloud
a sky as blue as eyes
gray cups of rain
a trembling whip of lightning, still miles away
a duck in the pond, a yellow dog rolling across
the green windows, scattering chalky stems
in the wake of her vague small dreams,
as fleeting as sneezes.

whirlpools of red-winged blackbirds gurgle, circling
the empty air above my heart, clutching
the lost space you left me there, beating
the sunlight of late August afternoons,
heavy and slow as cows under trees, under stars.

a sentimental housekeeper, a tidy keeper of dreams,
I look back over the field, now swept clean:
no dust, no leaves, no stones, leaving
nothing to rot, to rust, to chance.
satisfaction more quiet than sleep
puts my fast, hurt heart in order,
baling dark into light, blood into bones.

AMAZON TALKS

I may be what the biology dictates
 Curved in close-fitted pants
 Sweet-smelling with pale perfumes
 But I will not fit assigned places

In my time, I have made entrances
 Calculated the allure of femininity
 Portioned its doses in purposeful
 Manners to those addicted to affect
 I have had my way in spite of it

Men have lavished in lies my
 Image tells, they have loved me
 To the degree of 98.6 and it
 Seemed to be normal in assumption

If you want to know the difference
 Between a whore and a stud
 You'll need no dictionary-it's genital
 Biology is either for or against you
 But you can't forget it's with you

I have always been one to take sides
 I have written the terms of my war
 I know my soul has its own front
 I've fought too long to want peace

MANPROOF

Listen, I'm manproof now
 I'm as they are, power-packed
 My Evereadies charged with
 Ego juices and contact only
 Makes me sure of my barrier
 Yeah-well, I'm positive
 He ain't getting plugged in

Hey, men are your protectors
 I've been rescued by them:
 Delivered from my alcoholic mother
 But I learned to save myself
 From hands on an 8 year old
 I've tried to forget my sister's
 Husband standing over my bed
 No sympathy for those afraid
 Of Virginia Woolf cause
 I'm Ulysses in a dress

So, you interested in intimacy:
 Something covert and quiet?
 A little Sherry by the fire?
 I got stories make you want
 To hold me but that part's
 Over, I'm Hamlet in a thing

WHAT KNOWING CHANGES

Within the maple's bough cling
 Clusters of potent seeds
 Each wrapped in brown tissue
 Like winged shrouds

It is the withering
 That allows the falling-off
 For the maple will whirl the
 Forest tentacles to soil and
 Some shall unseal themselves to rise
 Exactly as the parent of their descent

This may be how I've clung to you
 You who are as faceless as a tree
 But that which is rooted will give-up its
 Life in its death, the order falls in on itself

Ripening is the resolution of summer
 The flashing of autumn shall promise and
 Death shall not unroot though stripped trees
 Will heap their emblems as the wealth of winter

In unknowing will be found the downside of existence
 Both the rare and the ordinary heart beat to expire
 Neither the sunlit season nor the storm-suffering
 Shall change the end, eternality grants no favors
 Look at Lear or observe Oedipus, these old fathers
 learned to love their flowering daughters into death

Catherine Evans Griffiths

CAT AND MASTER

My name is Cat.
 Do not call,
 "Here, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty,"
 and think that I will come.
 I will come
 when I am ready.

By day I sleep
 in a box.
 I dream of what I will do
 the moment you turn your back.
 I see visions
 of blood and bone.

Do not feed me
 saucers of milk;
 I am not
 a milk-and-toast cat.
 I will hunt
 when I am hungry.

I move softly,
 but have no doubt:
 some night when you are sleeping,
 you'll hear my claws scratch your door.
 I will hiss,
 "Here comes your Cat."

NIGHT DREAMS

She is living in a woods
 where animals like cats and dogs
 seem to be the common sort
 but aren't. Where birds have only one wing.
 Where bears, big black bears, smile,
 talk sweetly to their prey.
 Where trees grow tall but have no leaves,
 their summer limbs are always bare.
 Toadstools glow green in the dark,
 and as the woods are always dark,
 they shine here endlessly.

And by their garish glow she sees
 her world, an ordinary place,
 a patch of no-light with no-day,
 and very much the ideal spot
 for little girls to play.

DAY DREAMS

Living here alone, I face
white walls and ceilings,
barren floors and cobwebbed corners,
living like a newborn ghost
trapped within a starkness
of her own design.

Inside, I feel the thrust of winter,
see the gathering white mass
through frosted panes of glass.
Outside, an old thermometer
butts against the coming blast,
foretells of future ups and downs.

And while I sleep
the glacier creeps
and feeds upon my doorstep.

Dianne Sutton

NOT A KISS

When I reached for you
I didn't need a kiss
A kiss lasts too long
We're only here
For a burst of petals

I wanted a hug
To be with someone without
Sounding a past
Tied to a future

The paint-peeling windowless room
Sweat streaming down flanks
Panting. Laughing. Teaching
Closeness of bodies for a second
A hug, a clutch
My chest against you

I need to feel closely
One all around me
It shouldn't last
But for a brief touch of two

Two dogs before was a ~~STUDCROSS~~
Duffer started the day with a log
At noon little kids could throw it
By supper it was a tooth pick
He dropped it before anyone
Prance and plead with them to throw it
Again one more time and one . . .
At dark I put the toothpick in my pocket
He brought another stick.
His best feat was to have something tossed
Right in back of him He'd leap over
Backwards and snatch it out of the air
I threw a lacrosse ball;
It bounced madly
Three times sideways as far forward
The car tried
I still have the blanket
An evening after in the midst of people
I promised to myself to do everything possible.
One thousand American dollars wasn't any better
Than to help stinking cauterize him on weekends
When the nurse wasn't in.

The doctor would write up the operation for Journals
 If it worked
 There was no charge for the cremation
 Derry next a present from students for children
 Another five dollar dog
 One evening the phone summoned us home
 To the oldest, the three year old saying
 "Derry's dead, she has a hole in her head"
 Not crying till then
 Derry spent the night in the back of the pound's pick-up
 Next morning a snapping sound as the legs bent to fit in
 the car

The burial on a rise at camp
 Our first time together with death
 Over winter animals dug up her head
 A white museum exhibit
 I did a shitty job

George Dunn

ODE TO MY REFRIDGERATOR

My refridgerator.

It is a yeast that cultures decay. If I want anything to droop and rot, then I just pop it in my refridgerator. Everything that is wet will seep. Everything that is dry will drink the seepage. Every day there is a different color puddle in the bottom of the refridgerator. Then it mysteriously disappears and the bread assumes that color. The cottage cheese is always warm, the feta has turned to a chalky slime. The drinking water is dirty in the bottle but there's a lid on it. So how did the water get dirty? It is my refridgerator. I have seen the blacker side behind the soft sides of the white door. It deludes me. I continue to stuff it with perishables, unconscious faith in machines. But it is no god. It revels in its destruction. And someday it will destroy itself. Someday soon perhaps. But until then, it will continue to maintain its position in my kitchen. A high position and still it oppresses me. I no longer have respect for my refridgerator . . .

ODE TO BREADLOAF

Second day neurosis. . .

I am one. One. Here at auditions for plays which I have never read, people who I don't know, exchanging glances, appraising staires, hmmmmmmmmmm. AUDITIONS. Unbutton blouse, open shirt, tear skin and rip my heart out. To keep it from beating so. Take deep suffocating breath. Control that hard tick-tick-ticking that refuses to be contained, that pulsates in and out, that wants to get out. That has gotten out. It has spilled on the floor. Look, can't you see it beating?

Olive Oil reads now in red plastic sandals with skinny feet, skinnier legs. Step on it, Olive. Stop the palpitations. Like a chicken with its head cut off, still unbounding with the same frenetic energy. Step on it, Olive, in those plastic red sandals. The colors match.

Mig Little

THE MIND'S EYE

Jealousy's the mother of
 A great imagination
 Plain folk get more glamorous
 Through envious contemplation.

The Other Woman, formerly seen
 As boring, not pretty, uncertain
 Takes dimensions more striking and bold than deserved:
 Becomes Liz to his fond Richard Burton

Nancy Seid

THINKING NO THOUGHTS

She smiles through her arthritic hands
 stitching the shirt that must be stitched
 thinking of the old man in the fields
 that sweats away
 the life of another
 The beds in the back room and the attic are made
 the water drawn
 fire stoked
 potatoes boiling
 heat streaks the air
 with silk and corn
 and there are no thoughts
 of places far away
 No time for anything
 but fourteen children
 raised and worked
 living and dead
 and one
 private man
 The crow's feet in her eyes are from smiling
 and squinting at the sun
 she returns to it all
 from the root cellar
 with blackberry preserves
 and butter
 tonight
 there will be meat for dinner
 bread
 and two vegetables
 Tired muscles will return to wash
 to eat
 then
 to sleep
 and she will kiss fifteen framed photographs
 on the mantelpiece
 half-fill herself with half-dreams
 of a flower garden
 outside the screen porch door
 where roses grow for her
 only
 for her
 Makes sure they've all turned in
 folds the comforter as
 tired muscles tug
 the corners
 of her mouth

Scott Hutchison

ROSH HASHANAH

In small splendor she sits
 Nose fixed against right forefinger
 Thoughtful eyes on blacknoted music.

Her voice ascends flutelike
 A sweet message to the heavens
 Brilliant praises heartsung to God.

What can she be thinking?
 Her eyes are too clear
 To reflect her transgressions.

Nancy Seid

WE HAVE ONLY THE NIGHT

for Karla Winberg

The Grand Jury Charges:

On or about April 28, 1981, in the State and District of Colorado, JAKE KELLER NEAL did, by force and violence, and by intimidation, take from the person and presence of Karla Winberg approximately \$14,100.00 in United States currency and . .

Karla, there is no hope for you.
I thought maybe I could do it once they
hired me, and tonight when you count
your final till, I'll wind the cord
from a Venetian blind around your milky throat,
then stuff your slowly stiffening corpse
into the safe before making my escape.

It's nothing personal, you know. "Just business,"
I'm sure other hired guns for Pinkerton's
have said before killing. So what if the gun
was hired for your protection. So what?
Tonight I'll be free from minimum wage. It's me
who'll count the money and you'll be looking glum.

I'm waiting dear. You never knew
each time I held the door for you at lunch
that soon you'd never eat again, sleep
down the hall from your father, or whisper
"rent-a-cop" and giggle with a girlfriend.
You and your wool suits and white hose.

You'll miss your college class tomorrow,
but most of all the worry of your day's take
in my keep will drift slowly from your memory
while my hands ache, pulling the cord tight
until you're dead. Dead! Baby,
this was no way to make love.

Judge Carrigan said it was "the coldest,
most calculated, most premeditated crime"
he'd ever seen before he sentenced me.
In ninety years I'll be free.
But listen, I can pull fire through keyholes--
yellow flames like fur between the tiger's stripes.
Unlock the door, call away the guard--
watch me breathe.

Tom Miller



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

March, 1984

Dear Bread Loafer soon to be at Oxford:

This is a first effort to help you make your travel plans for a great summer at Lincoln. A letter of "useful" details will be sent you in late May.

The School has been full for weeks, and we have a waiting list. If your plans change, please call the Bread Loaf School of English Office collect 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418, so that some other Bread Loafer can have the advantage you have to postpone.

You should secure a valid passport at once, a task that can take several weeks. You may obtain a passport application from your travel agent or town clerk. If you already have a passport, make sure it is valid until at least September 15, 1984.

You should make your flight reservations just as soon as possible. With prices holding, flights will be heavily booked. If you are departing directly from the States, would you please let me know the following: 1) date of departure; 2) point of departure from the U.S.; 3) airline and flight no.; 4) time of departure and arrival. This information will assist Bob Hanning if you don't turn up when you should.

Plan to arrive in Oxford no later than Monday, July 2, so that you will be almost over jet lag by Registration Day at Lincoln on July 3. Lunch at 1:00 p.m. Monday, July 2, is the first meal served. Your room will be available at Lincoln on July 2. If you'd like help with lodging at Oxford for any time prior to the 2nd, just write Miss Joy Makin, Steward at Lincoln College, Oxford OX1 3DR. The bed and breakfast charge at the Mitre, an inn across the street from Lincoln, is £8.45 per diem.

Tutorials conclude by Friday, August 10, but I hope you'll stay for the final Banquet and Commencement on Saturday evening, August 11. We'll have a great ceremony for about fifteen graduates. You should plan to leave Lincoln no later than Sunday morning, August 12, but you can make reservations during the summer to stay on at the Mitre.

Most flights to London from the States leave either early in the morning or late at night. Because of the five-hour time differential from the east coast, night flights usually arrive in London early the next morning, so that you will have no trouble making direct connections to Oxford. Early morning departures, on the other hand, arrive in London around 10:00 p.m., too late to make connections to Oxford. If you arrive in London at night, hotel accommodations are highly desirable, even essential, but expensive. Details

on how to proceed to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick airports will be set out in my next letter. Beware of standby air tickets, and be sure to have a reservation for your return flight.

Students in Writing, Thinking and Learning should bring manual typewriters, if possible. Oxford tutors, however, do not insist that you type your papers. Typewriters (expensive, scarce, and poor) can be rented in Oxford.

Remember that electric typewriters and all electrical appliances must be fitted with an adapter (purchased here since they are not available in Oxford). British current is 220v, not 110v, as in the States.

Airlines allow two suitcases - any weight - and one piece of luggage to go under the seat. Since surface shipping takes at least two months (or never), and air freight is expensive, it's better not to send books or clothes on in advance. If you must mail ahead, please address the label as follows:

(Your Name)

Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom

HOLD FOR ARRIVAL:
July 2

Neither Middlebury nor Lincoln College assumes any responsibility for items lost either in transit or after arrival at Lincoln College.

Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

You can purchase your books at Blackwell's, one of the world's great bookstores, or at several fine paperback stores, all just a block away from Lincoln on Broad Street. You should, however, read as many of the main texts as possible prior to the session. United States published books are less expensive, but are cumbersome to carry over.

British inflation is running at about 6%, and at the moment the exchange rate is still under \$1.50, close to its historic low.

We are booking tickets for all students for a performance of Merchant of Venice at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre and also for Measure for Measure at the Barbican in London.

I know that it will be a summer worth waiting for. Beth and I look forward so very much to joining you in mid-July. We already have our tickets.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:jae



MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

May 1984

Bread Loaf School of English

Dear Bread Loafer at Lincoln College:

Your international travel agent reporting in once more with the last set of details. I hope that they make your trip easier and your arrival at Lincoln pleasanter.

Enclosures:

1. Medical Information Form. Please return in sealed envelope with your name on the outside to Charlotte Ross for transmittal to Lincoln.
2. Insurance Information.
3. Information Sheet re Passport Number/Next of Kin.
4. Lincoln College Floor Plan.
5. List of Bread Loafers at Oxford is enclosed for your delectation, curiosity, anticipation.

Your bill will be sent to you on May 15. It is due and payable upon receipt prior to your leaving for England.

Money: It's best to take your money in travelers checks (American Express, Barclay, Visa) in £'s unless you expect the pound to rise sharply this summer. Banks charge 55-75p or more for an international exchange transaction. Travelers checks in £'s eliminate the uncertainty of currency fluctuations. Right now the exchange rate is very favorable (about \$1.45). The best plastic money is VISA. Be sure to convert enough money into British currency at the airport to get you through the first week-end. There isn't time to open summer checking accounts at Oxford. Even certified cashier's checks may take two weeks to clear. Personal checks (yours, or those made out to you) are uncashable. You should take at least \$650, or their £ equivalent, in travelers checks for spending money while at Lincoln. Students in Mr. Wells' course should expect to spend another \$125.

Instructions on Arrival at Heathrow Airport - Commercial Flights - Concourse C

1. Go through Immigration, present passport, explain nature and length of stay.
2. Collect luggage downstairs.
3. If you have nothing to declare, go through customs exit GREEN AISLE.
4. Get \$ converted to £ at Barclay's Exchange at end of customs exit.
5. You can take a direct bus to Oxford from Heathrow (290 or 790). The trip is nearly 2 hours. Or you can buy British Rail (Air-Rail link) ticket to Oxford at window next to Barclay's. Follow coach signs outside and get Brit Rail coach (bus) direct to Reading Station. Board express train north to Oxford. Outside Oxford Station, get a cab to Lincoln College (tip 5p per 25p charge). At main entrance to Lincoln, give your name to the Porter, who will give you your room assignment. Get over jet lag.

Instructions on Arrival at Gatwick Airport - Charter Flights

1. After you go through Immigration and pick up your luggage, you can get to Oxford by bus or a bus-train link. There are two direct trains per day via Reading. There are many more trains with a change at Reading. You can get a direct bus to Oxford or a rail-bus link via Reading. The trip from Gatwick to Oxford is a minimum of 3 hours. Buses leave every hour. The rail-bus link via Reading drops its passengers at Headington, three miles from Oxford. From there it is a taxi ride to Lincoln.
2. If you want to stop over in London (not recommended if you're not staying over), take the train from Gatwick to Victoria Station in London.
3. At Victoria Station, take the 'Circle Line' Underground (subway) West to Paddington Station. Get express to Oxford (1 hour).

Advanced Arrival: Lincoln cannot accommodate earlycomers. You must make your own arrangements with hotels or guest houses. If necessary, ask Miss Joy Makin, Steward of Lincoln College, for her help. The following guest houses in Oxford have been recommended by Bread Loafers:

St. Christopher's Hotel, 236-238 Iffley Road
Walton Guest House, Walton Street
Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Flanakin, 103 and 105 Woodstock Road
Old Parsonage Hotel, 3 Banbury Road

All of these places are in the £9-13 range.

Monday, July 2: We need your expected time of arrival so that we can give the Steward an accurate meal count. Lunch is at 1:00 and dinner at 7:00. Your room in Lincoln will be ready on Monday. It will be either a living room with attached bedroom, or a single. There are shared bathrooms in most entries. Most bedrooms have hot water. The number of rooms in each entry varies from two to twenty-five. Some rooms are directly across the Turl (a medieval street not so wide as the road to the Barn at Bread Loaf).

Registration Day, July 3: After registration in the Bread Loaf Office (Entry VIII, Room 1), you can spend the day going to Blackwell's, checking out the location of the tutor's College where your seminar will be held (many of your first seminars will be held on Wednesday, July 4), or getting acquainted with Oxford. Mr. Hanning will be in the Bread Loaf office during the day for registration and will have maps of Oxford for you. He will be assisted by Chan and Monie Hardwick, Bread Loafers East and West. They will be in residence at Lincoln and are ready to help you adjust to Oxford, socially and academically. Mr. Kay will take you over in groups to sign in at the Bodleian. You will need two passport-sized photographs for your Bodley registration. You can either bring over extra passport pictures or obtain them from a coin-operated machine in St. Aldate's Street for 40p. There will be an introductory meeting at 4:00 in the Oakeshott Room, a reception at 6:00 before dinner at 7:00. A short ceremony of welcome will follow afterwards in Hall.

Tutorials: You should be ready to read your papers before your seminar group or in tutorial, since that is part of the Oxford system. Do try to get as much reading done in advance as you possibly can. You'll be happier in July.

Mailing Address: Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom

Phones: The main phone at the Porter's Lodge of Lincoln College can be direct dialed 011-44-865-722741, (for person-to-person calls stateside: 01-44-865-722741). If necessary, the Porter will take an incoming message and leave it on the Bread Loaf bulletin board outside the Main Entry. Should you wish to make or receive international calls between 1:30 and 2:30 Oxford time, the Bread Loaf office phone is 011-44-865-244591.

Dress: Casual clothes for travel and daily wear (corduroys, slacks, jeans, sweaters, informal dresses or skirts and blouses). Since the English like to dress for an occasion, suits and ties are more common in London than in New York, or at Bread Loaf. One or two dressy outfits for our formal evenings, opening night, our evenings in Stratford and London, and Commencement would be appropriate. Don't forget your raincoat. Try to underpack; there are a wide variety of stores in Oxford, if you forget anything. Good walking shoes are a must.

Medical: Our doctors (McPherson, Fowler, McLennon and Lloyd) do not treat visiting students on the National Health Service. There are reasonable rates (about £5) for an office consultation or for a visit in College (about £10).

Laundry: Lincoln has washers and driers for your use. The College provides blankets, linens and towels, but not face cloths.

Sports: Bring your own squash and tennis rackets if you want to play. Lincoln has squash courts, and tennis courts are available for about £5 for six weeks. There is a 20-minute walk to the courts.

Reading About Great Britain: Bread Loafers recommend a good student guide like Let's Go. You'll be given a map of Oxford and a copy of Vade Mecum, a handy guide around Oxford.

Please:

1. Don't bring radios, or stereos, except maybe pocket transistors, because quad noises carry badly.
2. Don't bring any illegal drugs.

Weather: (As unpredictable as Vermont's, only more frequently.) Days can be warm (80°), although the average Oxford temperature in July is 60°. It does rain in Oxford, even on sunny days.

Time: Oxford is five hours ahead of Eastern Daylight Time. (It's daylight until 9:30 p.m. or so.)

Guests: Student guests can be accommodated at meals in Hall if reasonable warning is given at the Bread Loaf office. You will be asked to sign up and to purchase a meal chit the day before. If you plan to have overnight guests, make reservations for them to stay in the Mitre, a nice bed-and-board hotel across the street from Lincoln and operated under the auspices of Lincoln. If you'd like to stay in Oxford after the School, you can book a room at the Mitre across the Turl from Lincoln for £7.65 for bed and continental breakfast. During the summer your guests can be accommodated there for £8.45 per diem for bed and continental breakfast. The cost of meals for your guests in Hall will be £1.55 for breakfast, £2.80 for lunch and £4.20 for dinner. Your guests are not permitted to reside in College. Violations of Lincoln's regulations could create an embarrassing hassle. You will be billed by the College, and your guest will be asked to leave. We are guests of Lincoln College and are expected to abide by the Rules of Lincoln College.

Plays: We will make picnic excursions to the Barbican Theatre in London to see Measure for Measure on July 13 and to Stratford for The Merchant of Venice on July 25. Tickets have been purchased for you.

It's been great sharing all this planning with you. Now have yourself a memorable summer. Beth and I look forward to being with you on July 18.

Cordially,



Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:jae

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD
INFORMATION SHEET

Please Print or Type

NAME: _____
 Last First Middle

PASSPORT NO. _____ DATE OF ISSUE _____

PLACE OF ISSUE _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON PASSPORT _____

PERSONAL SICKNESS & ACCIDENT INSURANCE (if any)

Name of Company _____

Policy No. _____

Father's Name _____ Address _____

Mother's Name _____ Address _____

Spouse's Name _____ Address _____

ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER (with area code) OF PARENTS OR NEXT OF
KIN (Please give relationship.)

Signature _____ Date _____

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of \$1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, One Boston Place, Boston, MA 02101, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	26 June - 13 August 1984
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	2 July - 12 August 1984

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

BREAD LOAF — MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MEDICAL INFORMATION FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: In order to attend Bread Loaf, you must complete this form.
Except where otherwise noted, we require that you provide all the information requested.

WHERE NECESSARY, ATTACH ADDITIONAL SHEETS OF INFORMATION.

NOTE: Do not use the reverse side of this form; it is reserved for use by the College physician.

TYPE OR PRINT — Send the completed form to the Bread Loaf Office,
Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753

If you put your name on the envelope and mark it "Medical Information - Confidential," it will be opened only by the Bread Loaf Medical Staff.

Name Campus Address

Address if living off-campus (include telephone number)

1. Do you have any physical disabilities or health problems? If so, please describe:

2. Do you have any allergies? Please describe:

3. If you are currently under the care of a physician, please give his name, address and telephone number:

4. Recent surgery or medical illness for which you are no longer under the care of a physician:

5. Have you had any emotional problems for which you have received treatment within the past three years?

Please describe:

6. If you are currently under the care of a psychiatrist or psychologist, please give his name, address and telephone number:

7. Please list any medications which you are currently taking:

8. Are you allergic to any medicines? Which ones?

9. Other pertinent information:

10. In case of emergency, please notify:

Name Relationship

Street

City State Zip Telephone
Area Code

Alternate:

Name Relationship

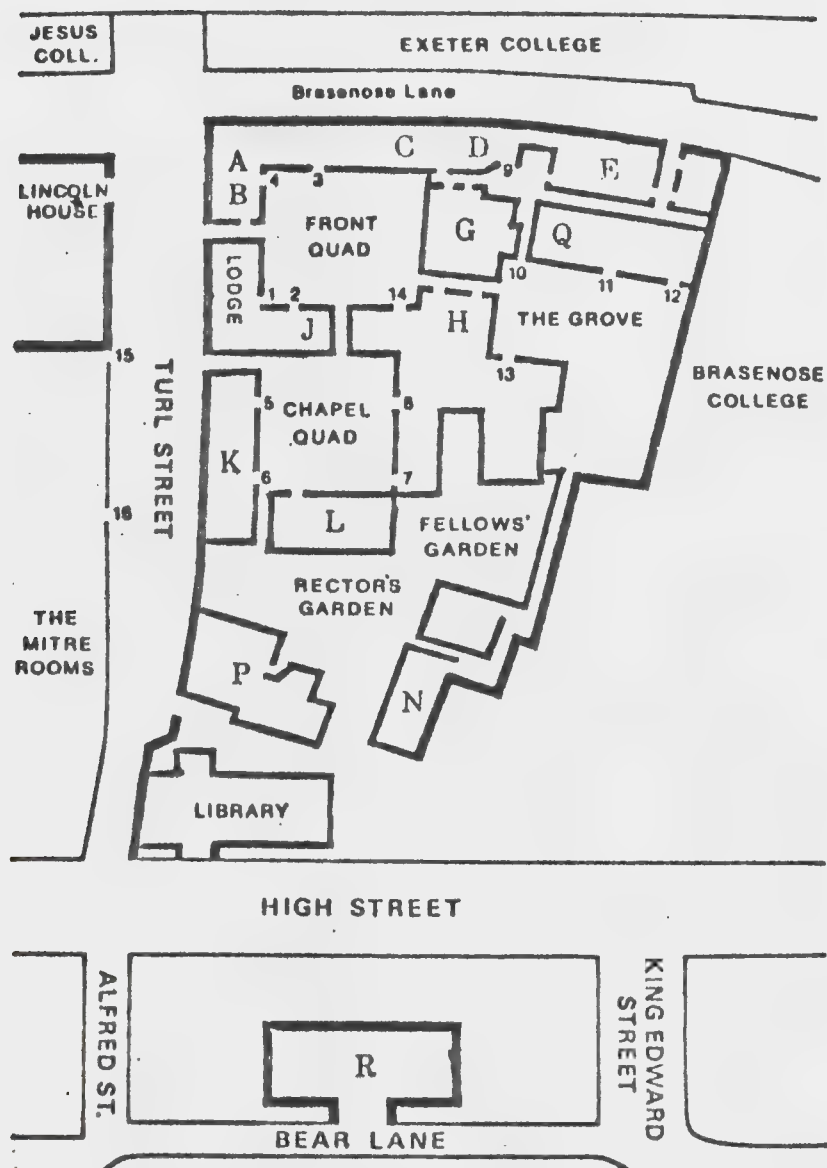
Street

City State Zip Telephone
Area Code

11. Your church affiliation (optional)

LINCOLN COLLEGE

Sketch Map GROUND FLOOR PLAN



- | | |
|---|--|
| A Bursar's Office | J John Wesley Room, over :
War Memorial facing Chapel
Quad |
| B Steward's Office, Rector's Office
& College Secretary's Office above | K Junior Common Room |
| C Senior Common Room | L Chapel |
| D Buttery, Quin Room above | N Lecture Room |
| E Kitchen | P Rector's Lodgings |
| G Hall, 'Deep Hall' under | Q Middle Common Room |
| H Beckington Room,
Williams' Room | R New Bear Lane Building |

NB Numerals indicate staircase numbers

Bread Loaf School of English

1984

GENERAL STATISTICS - OXFORD

Student attendance by states: (according to applications)		Total student enrollment	72
		Men students	35
		Women students	37
Alaska	1	Former students	63
Arizona	1	New students	9
California	1	Candidates for Midd. M.A.	50
Connecticut	5	Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	6
Delaware	3	Candidates for M.M.L.	1
Florida	1	Undergraduates	3
Georgia	2	Continuing Education	7
Idaho	1	Number of colleges represented (where graduated with B.A.)	55
Illinois	2	Average age of students	33
Iowa	1	Median age of students	30
Maine	2	Under 21	0
Massachusetts	5	21 - 25	13
Michigan	2	26 - 30	26
Minnesota	1	31 - 35	15
Missouri	1	36 - 40	6
New Hampshire	3	41 - 50	8
New Jersey	5	51 & over	4
New Mexico	1	Number of courses	13
New York	10	Number of faculty	13
Pennsylvania	4	Private school teachers	25
South Carolina	2	Public school teachers	20
Tennessee	3	College and Jr. College	6
Texas	1	Undergraduate students	3
Utah	3	Graduate students	4
Vermont	4	Unemployed	5
Virginia	1	Other occupations	9
Washington	1	Scholarship students	35
Wisconsin	2		
Wyoming	1		
Switzerland	1		
United Kingdom	1		
(29 states represented and 2 foreign countries)			

Lincoln College, Oxford
1984

CANDIDATES FOR MIDDLEBURY M.A. DEGREE (50)

Ballou, Lorraine
Blake/Crisp, Elizabeth
Bolte, Ben
Bradshaw, Mary Catherine
Crumbly, Paul
Davies, Nancy
Farrell, Stephen
Frew, Peter
Geer, Gretchen
Hatley, James
Hemp, Christine
Holmsten, Victoria
Hunt, Susan
Ingraham, Polly
Jensen, Phebe
Kerin, Michael
Kinney, Donna
Lee, Patrick
Lees, Becky
Lefferts, Nicholas
LeGault, Sandra
Litwack, Susan
Lumley, Dale
Longwith, John
Manley, Joan

McInerney, James
Metzegen-Bundi, A.A.
Oakes, Abner
Parson, Gail
Perry, Arthur
Pierce, Brett
Pilkington, Elaine
Powell, David
Rau, Shirley
Reed, Patricia
Risteen, Blanche
Roach, Daniel
Roach, Elizabeth
Scalapino, Lisa
Speers, William
Stern, Robert
Stillman, Peter
Thym, Robert
Truax, Alice
Unger, Marian
Van Sickle, Lisa
Wadley, Denis
White, Jonathan
Wood, Elizabeth
Yale, Kelley

CANDIDATES FOR MIDDLEBURY M.LITT. DEGREE (6)

Caserta, John
Pilkington, Ace
Sempreora, Margot
Sempreora, William
Tadler, William
Vonder Haar, Christine

CANDIDATE FOR MIDDLEBURY M.M.L. DEGREE (1)

Senn, Theodore

Lincoln College, Oxford
1984

UNDERGRADUATES (3)

Brown, Edward - Middlebury
Markus, Stephanie - Middlebury
Tripp, Deborah - Middlebury

CONTINUING GRADUATE EDUCATION (7)

Amoroso, Arnold
Christensen, Mark
Hayes, Carol
Jones, Kenneth
Lintecume, Alberta
Mork, Roger
Morris, Jr., John

Lincoln College, Oxford
1984

COLLEGES REPRESENTED (55)

Amherst - 1	Montclair St. - 1
Augusta College - 1	Mt. Holyoke College - 1
Berry College - 1	Oberlin - 2
Black Hills St. Coll. - 1	Ohio State - 1
Bowdoin - 1	Princeton - 2
Bowling Green St. U. - 1	St. John's U. - 1
Brown U. - 1	St. Paul's - 1
Calvin - 1	Shippensburg - 2
Central Connecticut - 1	Slippery Rock St. C. - 1
Connecticut College - 1	Stanford - 1
Dartmouth - 2	SUNY - Albany - 1
Fontbonne - 1	SUNY - Buffalo - 1
Franklin-Pierce College - 1	U. of Maine - 1
George Washington U. - 1	U. of Minnesota - 2
Glassboro St. U. - 1	U. of Pennsylvania - 1
Gonzaga U. - 1	U. of South Carolina - 1
Harvard - 1	U. of Tennessee, Chattanooga - 1
Hofstra - 1	U. of Texas, Austin - 1
Idaho St. U. - 1	U. of Vermont - 1
Kenyon - 1	U. of Wisconsin - 1
Leeds, U.K. - 1	Vanderbilt - 2
Loyola of Chicago - 1	Vassar - 2
Lyndon St. - 1	Utah St. - 2
Macalester - 1	Wells - 1
Middlebury - 5	Wesleyan - 1
Millersville St. - 1	Westminster - 1
Moore Coll. of Art - 1	Williams - 2
	Willamette U. - 2

March 30, 1984

Dear Member of the Class of 1984:

Because of distance, we would like to make arrangements now to order your Middlebury hood so that it can be sent over to Oxford in July.

We need to know by May 1 whether you wish to rent or purchase a hood. In either case, your check must accompany your order.

	* <u>Rental</u>	* <u>Purchase</u>
M. A. Hood	12.60	54.44
M. Litt. Hood	13.36	64.84

Please circle the desired hood and price and return this sheet with your check to me before May 1. Caps and gowns may be rented in Oxford. Please note that if you request a rented hood, you may not elect later to purchase it.

Sincerely,

Charlotte Ross

Your name

* Prices include shipping, packing and tax.

July 1984

Dear Colleague:

All grades of students at Bread Loaf are reported by letter. More important than the grade on the transcript are the brief comments I'll ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are most helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and in my preparing letters of recommendation. I attach a statement on School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974.

I should like to suggest the following scale:

<u>Description</u>	<u>Bread Loaf</u>	<u>Oxford</u>
A superlative achievement.	A+	A+ A
An extraordinary accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are probably received by no more than 10% of all students	A	A- A-- AB
A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.	A-	BA B++
Very good work.	B+	B+?+ B+
Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, in the lower to middle range of your class.	B	B?+ B B?-
Passing, but undistinguished work.	B-	B- B-- BC
A failure. No credit awarded.	C	

I look forward to seeing you when we get over in July.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:jg
Enc.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE



The Bread Loaf School of English
at
Lincoln College, Oxford



SEVENTH SESSION

Commencement Ceremony

THE LINCOLN COLLEGE CHAPEL

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1984

9:00 P.M.

1984

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

POLLY MERRITT INGRAHAM

PATRICK JOSEPH LEE

SUSAN JOY LITWACK

JAMES PATRICK McINERNY

ARTHUR LADD PERRY

BLANCHE MOORE RISTEEN

DANIEL THOMAS ROACH, Jr.

WILLIAM SAVAGE SPEERS

PETER REYNOLDS STILLMAN

MARIAN BRETT UNGER

SUSAN WISE WALKER

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

JOHN PAUL CASERTA

WILLIAM JOSEPH TADLER

Processional

Introductory Remarks

ROBERT W. HANNING, A.B., M.A., Ph.D.

*Professor of English and Comparative Literature, Columbia
Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, Lincoln College*

Rector's Welcome

VIVIAN H. H. GREEN, M.A., D.D.

Rector, Lincoln College

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

WILLIAM JOSEPH TADLER, A.B., M.A., M.LITT.

Commencement Address

JOHN WILDERS, M.A., Ph.D.

*Tutorial Fellow in English, Worcester College
University Lecturer in English, Oxford*

Conferring of the Degrees of

Master of Arts

Master of Letters

DOROTHY BEDNAROWSKA, M.A.

*Lecturer in English at Worcester and St. Catherine's Colleges
Emeritus Fellow at St. Anne's College, Oxford*

DENNIS KAY, M.A., D.PHIL.

*Fellow and Tutor in English, Lincoln College
University Lecturer in English, Oxford*

ROBERT W. HANNING

Concluding Remarks

JOHN PAUL CASERTA, A.B., M.A., M.LITT.

Recessional

PANICULUM

Volume 7, No. 1 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College 3 July 1984

Glorious Summer

Welcome to Bread Loaf at Lincoln College. This is our seventh summer here, and director Bob Hanning and his assistants Chan and Monie Hardwick hope that, whether this is your first summer or one of many, you enjoy your studies and your life in Oxford.

THE BREAD LOAF OFFICE

The Bread Loaf office is located in the Chapel Quad, Stairway 8, No. 1. It will be open much of Tuesday and thereafter for an hour after breakfast and lunch, not usually after dinner. Bob and Barbara, and their daughter Gina, are living at 101 Woodstock Road; Monie and Chan are in No. 5, Stairway 11. Please stop by if we can help with anything.

MEALS

Normal meal times are: Breakfast, 8:00; Lunch, 1:00 (buffet); and Dinner, 7:00 (served). Sunday times are different and will be posted later.

KEYS

Those of you living in college should have two keys: one for your room, and one for the front gate, which is locked each night about midnight.

TELEPHONES

The telephone number of Lincoln College is Oxford (0865) 722741. This will connect callers to the porter, who will take a message, but the phone cannot be used for personal conversations or outgoing calls. The Bread Loaf Office number is Oxford (0865) 244591 and can be used for incoming long distance calls in the hour after lunch when the office is open. Pay phones are located in Stairway 6, adjacent to the JCR, and in Lincoln House.

BULLETIN BOARD

The Paniculum will be posted on the Bread Loaf Bulletin board in the Porter's Lodge each weekday. You are looking at it now. Please check this board for personal messages and for announcements from the Office. Drop any items for the Paniculum by the Office.

OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE

We would like to get a complete count of those who desire vegetarian dinners as soon as possible. Please, if you have not done so, see Chan or Monie about your desire to be counted among the faithful vegetarians. No switching after. Tuesday's dinner plans are made at 10:00 A.M., so let us know by then.

SON OF YORK

There remain a very few tickets for Wednesday night's Stratford trip to see Richard III. The price is £15.65 including ticket, bus fare and box supper. Do not hesitate to let us know. "Page and Stage" students should please stop by the Office to confirm and pay for your space.

MEAL SIGN OUT

Each day a list will be placed on the bulletin board after breakfast. You should indicate on this list in the space provided your intention not to take either lunch, or dinner, or both, if you will be away. The accuracy of the daily meal count is important to the running of the kitchen, and we shall appreciate the courtesy of your having the forethought to sign out. On Fridays a sheet for the weekend will be posted in addition to the regular Friday list. Thanks for your cooperation.

DAS BOOT

Located just below the BL Office is the "submarine" which contains, among other things, washers and dryers (cost: 3 x 10p for washer; innumerable 10p for dryer). An iron can be signed out at the Porter's Lodge.

TODAY AND TODAY AND TODAY

Look for today's schedule elsewhere on this board. Note that the 4:00 meeting is for all students.

PANICULUM

Volume 7, No. 2 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College 4 July 1984

WHOM THE BELL TOLLS FOR

For you, if you plan to miss any lunches or dinners. The bell tolls each morning at 10 A.M. (redundant phrasing, but emphatic) when the list will be taken down for the day. Please sign out for either meal or both meals by then. Thanks!

THE GOOD DOCTOR

If you need to see a doctor or nurse at any time during your stay at Lincoln, arrangements have been made with Dr. Ann McPherson at 19 Beaumont St., an easy walk. If you want to make an appointment, stop by the BL office to pick up an information sheet.

FIDDLER OFF

Under no circumstances are students allowed on the roof or around the battlements of the college.

BEYOND THE FRINGE

Two Lincoln students, who have recently graduated and are living in college, will be available for in depth and thorough walking tours of Oxford. For about £1.50 per person, Marc Howe or Jim Reeve will lead groups of any size; there will be regular times posted, or you can arrange for your own time by leaving them a note in the "Pidgeon Hall" next to the Porters' Lodge. They may even give you tips on the art of punting. Do give them a try.

THE HUNCHBACK OF STRATFORD

As of this writing, just two (2) extra tickets remain for Richard III, bus fare, and box supper at £15.65. For those who have tickets, we shall gather at the Porters' Lodge at 4:35 and walk over the Gloucester Green. "Page and Stage" students should wait until a lump sum figure is available before paying. Oh yes, no need to sign out.

I LIKE TO SEE IT LAP THE MILES

Train and bus schedules - of an odd variety - are available in the BL office. Check with us before looking elsewhere. Notices about Oxford and surrounding communities are posted on the bulletin board across from ours.

ALL NIGHT, ETC.

Cold feet? Warm them up on Wednesday evenings at the new Oxford International Folk Dance Group, meeting at 8:15 until 10 in the St. Giles Church Hall, 10 Woodstock Rd. Beginners are welcome.

THIS SUMMER'S WINTER'S TALE...

is playing at St. Catherine's College and Denis Wadley has seen it; his review is posted in the office. Last two nights are Wednesday and Thursday.

FORMS

If you did not send in the medical form or information sheet, please stop by the office to fill one or both out. Check with us if you aren't sure.

GULLIVER REPLIES

Right. The Paniculum will be placed at "eye level" in the future. And please don't hesitate to use our suggestion box, placed well behind the Lincoln playing ground tennis courts (rather under a smallish shrub), if you have other criticisms.

1776

Enjoy your Independence Day celebration with figurative fireworks in Oxford's pubs.

FUTURESOCK

Seniors meet with Dr. Hanning Thursday at 5:30 in Deep Hall. Dr. Green's lecture is at 8:30 that same night. Oxford orientation is Friday in the Oakshott at 5. And for the many who have asked, Paul and Beth Cubeta are arriving on Wednesday, July 18.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Thursday at 8:30 P.M. in the Oakshott Room, Dr. Vivian Green, Rector of Lincoln College, will deliver a lecture on the history of the college. Dr. Green received his M.A. and his D.D. from Cambridge. A Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and a Fellow and Tutor at Lincoln College, Dr. Green had been Sub-Rector at the College since 1970 until he was named Rector this past autumn. He has published widely, including a History of Oxford University and The Commonwealth of Lincoln College, 1427-1977. Copies of the latter are available at the Porters' Lodge for about £5.

AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY...

Sunday the meal times are different from the rest of the week: Breakfast, 8:45; Lunch, 12:30; and dinner remains the same at 7:00. Saturday there are no changes (Radcliffe Camera is open until one, eh?), but dinner that night is a cold buffet.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

Those who expect to receive degrees on August 11 - henceforth known as seniors - should not forget their meeting with Dr. Manning this evening at 5:30 in Deep Hall. Drinks are on the Loaf.

I MET A TRAVELLER

For those of you who cannot get too much of Shakespeare, try the Regents Park Outdoor Theatre for The Merry Wives of Windsor.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

(From Barbara Manning) "Christ Church is the largest college in Oxford and its gardens and meadows are among the most beautiful. There were 101 members of the original foundation, which is why 'Great Tom' (the huge bell in Tom Tower, built by Wren in 1681) is tolled 101 times every evening at 9:05. But why five past nine? Because Oxford, with scholarly precision or sheer stubbornness, thus proclaims that it is 1 degree 15 feet west of Greenwich, so that when our clocks show five past, it is really on nine at Carfax!"

LET US GO THEN, YOU AND I

Next Friday, July 13, the entire school has tickets for Measure For Measure in London. Busses leave at 3:00 from Gloucester Green so that we can beat the traffic and have time to investigate the Barbican. Let us know, of course, if you plan to go to London early or come back on your own. Also, there are extra tickets for guests.

DESPAIR AND DIE...

...if you take both juice and cereal! Apparently the ground rules laid down yesterday were not followed this morning and many of us took both. Because of expense, we cannot offer both, so please choose either juice or cereal. If this continues to be a problem, the cereal will be (My God, No!) discontinued.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT

Newspapers are available immediately after breakfast in the JCR. The "Trib" has American news, stocks, politics, and baseball. Please leave them in the JCR.

NOW TO READ A NOVEL

First, get a reader's card for the Bodley. Those who have not yet gotten a card, please stop by the office after lunch.

STAGGER LEE

There's an American style bar at the Randolph Motel, but - alas - no sign of a Mexican restaurant. If there is any call to keep Deepers open late on, say, a Friday night (or any other), we can negotiate with Tony. In past, people have contributed to that end on an individual basis. See the BL office if you want details.

PANICULUM

Volume 7, No. 4 Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

6 July 1984

ALL MEN LIVE IN HOPE

Beginning Monday morning the BL Office hours will be as follows: 8:30-9:30 A.M.; 1:30-2:30 P.M. For urgent matters, the office can be opened by contacting Dr. Manning, Monie, or Chan. The office will have no regular weekend hours, but will be open usually for a time Saturday morning.

BABYLON REVISITED

At 5:00 in the Oakshott Room there will be an informational presentation concerning Oxford's extra-curricular possibilities. Logistical concerns will be prominent so you might bring a map to follow the course of the suggestions and to jot down phone numbers on. If you have been here before, you will be allowed to chime in, as it were, disagreeing only in regards to fact, not taste. We'll adjourn to Deep Hall to refresh ourselves after.

UPTOWN WHIRL

(From Barbara Manning) "Next time you are at Carfax, the crossroads at the very center of Oxford - its name is derived from Quatre Voies - take the time to notice the 14th century tower and clock, a relic of St. Martin's church where Shakespeare is said to have stood as sponsor for the infant William Davenant. Then walk along Cornmarket to St. Michael's at Northgate, where the Saxon tower, dating from 1050, was once a watch-tower of the city wall."

A PENNYWORTH OF BREAD TO ALL THAT SACK

Bottles of Lincoln College wine and sherry may be purchased in Deep Hall for consumption elsewhere, preferably at dinner when you can share some or annoy those who have to work that night. Tony will open the bottle for you.

WHITE CHRISTMAS

(from the wires) "Twenty-nine years ago today a wildfire religious movement sprang up in Oxford, fueled by rumors that the second coming was at hand and that, indeed, the birth had taken place that morning. An alarming number of students rushed toward the suspected place of the nativity - which was interpreted through various astrological symbols to be somewhere in California - and either drowned or stayed in Ireland. The few Americans who were also seized by this religious mania made some mathematical errors and now reside in Hawaii. The babe, a male, was hustled out of California and grew up in Massachusetts, reportedly went to Harvard, and today - at 29 - seems relatively mortal. Nevertheless, there are small groups of Irish and Hawaiians - and at least one young woman in Oxford this summer - who still celebrate his birthday."

NEITHER FISH NOR FOWL

There will be a short but important meeting today for all vegetarians (that is, those who have signed up or now want to) promptly at 1:40 in the BL office. We must submit a final list to chef, who will begin to make up your dinners individually so that no confusions occur. If you cannot make the meeting, please see M. Hardwick or drop by the office as soon as possible.

MANY WERE CALLED

By Monday lunch we would like to know if you are not planning to attend the Friday, July 13, trip to the Barbican. Also, we need to know if you will want a guest ticket or tickets; public offering to other colleges begins Monday afternoon.

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

The meal sign out list for Saturday and Sunday goes up this morning and goes down at 10:00 A.M. Saturday. PU-LEASE sign out. Thank you.

NO DAMN METHODIST SOCIETY

A pub crawl is a time honored BL tradition. The Office, which refuses to organize these things, will be happy to provide maps, rules, and prizes to the enterprising individual (Caserta?) or individuals who wish to organize a crawl. More details at the 5:00 meeting.

PANICULUM

Volume 7, No. 5 The Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College 9 July 1984

THRICE BLESSED

Charles Tomlinson, poet, critic, and Reader in English Poetry at the University of Bristol returns for a third year to speak to us. His topic this summer is "Edward Thomas, Englishman" and the lecture will start at 5:15 in the Oakshott Room tonight. A wine and sherry reception will follow in the Beckington Room.

NOT ONLY WITH THINE EYES

But with a bottle from Deep Hall if you are so inclined. If you would like wine with dinner after the Tomlinson lecture, bring your own, and bring your wine glass (full) from the reception.

GOING, GOING...

Tickets for guests and non-student spouses for this Friday's trip to London and Measure For Measure must be reserved by lunch today. Afterwards, they will be offered outside the college. Cost: £11.50.

BUT TO LOSE TWO, MR. WORTHING

Apparently, many people left articles of value in the Hall after dinner Saturday, as well as at other times. The head scout reminds us to please be careful because some things have been left and never seen again.

SOME ZEST TO OUR WINE

DEEP HALL's regular hours include Tuesday and Friday nights until 10:30, later if we arrange it with Tony. For other nights of interest, see the Office.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AND ALL THAT

St. John's lectures on English history and literature begin tomorrow at the Tayloran Lecture Room in the Ashmolean Museum (on Beaumont St.). "Charles II and His Reign" begins at 10:30 A.M. and "Dryden and the Verse of the Late Seventeenth Century" follows at 11:40. This time schedule goes throughout the week as the lectures work through the Neo-classic period in history and literature. A complete schedule will be posted.

TAKE THIS JOB AND...

MARY CATHERINE BRADSHAW and JOHN CASERTA know of job openings for next year, if anyone is interested. Mary Catherine's opening is in Greece; John's in Michigan. If there is interest, we could make up an employment bulletin.

THE PLAY'S TWO THINGS

Those interested in going to the two remaining "Page and Stage" productions in Stratford, Henry V and Romeo and Juliet, should sign up on the list posted on bulletin board. Wednesday (July 11) at 10 A.M. this list comes down. There are about 18 extra tickets per show. Please read the instructions before signing up.

THE CAUSE OF HUMOR

"Stop the Weak" is an Oxford student production along the lines of Saturday Night Live. While some of the humor is so British we may find it remote, most of the review is quite funny. If you enjoy that sort of broad, irreverent humor, you might enjoy this. Cost £2 at the Burton Rooms on Gloucester Street.

PANICULUM

Volume 7, No. 6 The Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College 10 July 1984

SHE ALSO SERVES...

Normal office hours in the morning are from 8:30-9:30, but Gina Manning has kindly consented to keep the office open most mornings to take messages and to allow students to use the telephone. It would be helpful, then, if you could plan to use the Office telephone after 10 A.M. Remember, too, that any long distance call must be made by the operator so that time and charges can be ascertained (unless you are using a credit card to call the states).

SWEET THURSDAY

Because the school will be London Friday night, Tony will keep Deep Hall open late (until 10:30) on Thursday, this week only. Next week we return to Tuesday and Friday for late nights.

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

Cost for the two remaining "Page and Stage" productions: Henry V is £15.65, and Romeo and Juliet is £7.65.

WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG

Those interested in starting a Madrigal group should meet Thursday in the Oakshott Room at 8:00 P.M. As yet no one has stepped forward to lead such a merry band, but the Office is sanguine about the situation.

TIME KEEPS ON SLIPPING

For those who need to know some important dates for the rest of the summer, they are as follows:

July 18, Wed.	Henry V
July 23, Mon.	Ellman lecture
July 25, Wed.	Merchant of Venice (everybody)
July 30, Mon.	Romeo and Juliet
July 31, Tues.	Michael Wood lecture
August 11, Sat.	Commencement
August 12, Sun.	All depart by noon

There is also a master calendar in the office which contains all activities, including less formal events. If you have something you wish to add to the calendar, please stop by.

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP

Debbie Tripp has successfully scouted out an Oxford swimming pool, which happily includes a wading section. The Marston Ferry Pool, located on Marston Ferry Rd. just off Banbury Rd. about $1\frac{5}{8}$ miles away, seems to be fairly uncrowded between 1:30 - 2:30 P.M., or about the time that everyone - including us - eats lunch. Cost per swim is 60 pence or buy a season pass for ten quid. No swim cap required. See Deb for further information.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD...

Christine Kemp, who has been living in England, is a singer in a band which plays Irish folk music. They would like to play for us one night in Deep Hall for the sum of £60. The School is happy to contribute £20 of this fee. The other forty must be raised and in hand before we can set up a definite date, although a Tuesday night appears the most likely choice. If you are interested, please see the Office or Christine so that we can get a commitment.

LONG MAY YOU WAIVE

New students should come to the office to sign waiver forms; these forms determine whether your Bread Loaf comment file is open or confidential. Please come during office hours this week.

ON BROAD WAY

(From Barbara Manning) "The magnificent Sheldonian Theatre on the Broad is worth a visit. It was Christopher Wren's first work of architecture, inspired by an illustration of the Roman Theatre of Marcellus. It was therefore classical in style as no other Oxford building had been to that time (1660's). Photographers can get wonderful shots of Oxford's rooftops and spires from the theatre's (19th century) lantern."

TIME, GENTLEMEN

Deadline for signing up for Henry V and Romeo and Juliet is 10 A.M. this morning. It appears that there will be some sort of lottery.

INNOCENTS ABROAD

The first few issues of this year's CRUMB will be posted on the bulletin board.

WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE FOR MEASURE?

Note the sign up sheet on the bulletin board which asks that you let us know if you have plans other than what is normally expected this Friday. In brief, the bus will leave from Gloucester Green station promptly at 3:00 and return immediately after the performance. Each Bread Loaf member will receive a box dinner. If you have other plans about transportation or dinner, please let us know. Thanks.

WHAT MERRY SPORT IS THIS?

The University Sports Centre is up Iffley Road and costs about £10 for a summer membership. There is basketball, squash, tennis, and a good, healthy walk to get there. For more information, contact Mr. Railton at 240476.

THE Gnostic CALM

New College Chapel is one of the largest in Oxford. Among the many treasures are fine brasses, a sculpture of Lazarus by Epstein (1951), best seen from behind, and a beautiful, peaceful cloister. But my favorite attractions are the fancifully carved 14th century Misericords, a different one under each seat of the original choir stalls. (Don't miss the monster hovering over two women in the south row.) Incidentally, it was from the pulpit in this chapel that Dr. Spooner announced the next hymn as "Kinquering Congs Their Tickles Tate." (from Barbara Manning)

THE EMPEROR'S OLD FEET

Ducker & Son, the shoe store across the Turl, is one of the best in the world. Their shoes are reputed to have superb durability, if properly cared for, and are thus worth every pence of the price. They are not for everyone, however. Indeed, a member of this program was told in grave terms that he "would not find shoes in England. Sir, nothing comes so large."

WHO HATH HONOR?

Mr. Wilders and Mrs. Bednarowska have been chosen by the Seniors to give the commencement address and hood, respectively.

WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE?

In the Oakshott Room at 8:00 tonight when those interested in forming a Madrigal group will meet.

SUNDAY WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

Yes, buffet fans, Sunday night dinners will now be at 6:30 and will be similar to Saturday night's cold platter special. Sunday lunch will continue to be at 12:30 but will be a warm meal. The reason behind all this is so that a) we do not have cold buffets two meals in a row, and b) the staff can get off a little earlier on Sunday nights. If you find that one of the platters has run out, then ask for more. Remember: Sunday and Saturday dinners at 6:30.

ANY WEDNESDAY

Or any other weekday you can, you might find a trip to London a worthwhile experience, particularly if you get tickets to The Real Thing, the Tom Stoppard play which is currently running in New York but is quite difficult to get tickets for. Here it is easier, and the play is quite respectably performed. Ticket prices run between 8 and 10 pounds, and there is a fine restaurant across the street Flounders which serves a very good pre-theatre dinner for about £6 and includes three courses. The round trip ticket (day return) from Gloucester Green is £4.20.

THE FRONT PAGE

Big news! The National League resumed its winning ways over the rival American League with a 3-1 victory in wind-blown Candlestick Park in San Francisco. In other news, Walter Mondale, who expects to be the Democratic party nominee, has chosen Geraldine Ferraro, a congresswoman from New York, to be his running mate.

A NEW GARDEN GROWING

(From Barbara Hanning) The garden of New College is particularly picturesque, not only because of its gorgeous wrought-iron gate and its colourful floral border, but also because of the naive little jungle mound created in 1544 right in the middle of the grounds. Most interesting too is the stretch of the ancient city wall, including five bastions which are now part of the college. Incidentally, in mentioning the Chapel cloister yesterday, I forgot to call attention to its gargoyles - some of the most imaginative in Oxford (and available on many postcards if you want to preserve a picture. -Ed.).

ON THE LOSS OF OUR FIRST MEMBER

It is with sadness that we must announce that Jack Morris was forced to leave the program suddenly when he received news of an illness within his immediate family. Because of the suddenness of his departure, Jack may not have had time to speak to many of us, and he would probably appreciate a card or letter. Drop by the office for his home address.

WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW

While Romeo and Juliet tickets are more than accounted for, there remain several Henry V tickets if you are interested.

MARDWICK'S LONDON JOURNAL

(Overheard on the 190 bus to London) Driver: We 'aving a meetin' Saturday?

Driver's non-paying buddy, probably another driver: Yea.

Driver: Strike meeting?

Buddy: Yea. We got the votes.

Hardwick: Excuse me. Is there going to a strike?

Buddy: What!

Hardwick: Are you going to strike?

Buddy: No! Drop it.

Hardwick: Right. Sorry.

(An uneasy calm settles over the bus)

Word to the wise.

PIGEON FEATHERS

Pip, one of the college scouts and an eager naturalist, informs us that those large gray-coloured birds with the ring of white around their necks - and which some members have curiously called grouse - are in fact "your ordinary wood pigeon which come back every year and what's now nesting in the vines up the Mall side of the Front Quad and what's not to be confused with the bulfinch what's in the Grove Quad." Future questions of this nature may be put directly to Pip or put in writing and left in the office.

AS TIME GOES BY

We leave ~~today~~ at 3:00 from Gloucester Green for London, but we strongly urge all of you to plan to be at the Green five minutes early. Tickets will be distributed just prior to leaving. Dress is optional, though jackets - if not ties, too - are suggested. Also, it might be cool for the bus ride back, so a sweater is suggested.

FOR THOSE WHO LIST TO LEAVE

A gentle note of reminder for those who will not be here this weekend: SIGN OUT BY TEN A.M. SATURDAY FOR WEEKEND MEALS! Much obliged.

MOO COW

David Powell and Bobby Thym completed the Mayhenge Saga last night by visiting the seminal edifice in Dorset. Though protected by electric wiring, Stonehenge yielded to our adventurers' exploration and was theirs at midnight under a benign full moon. It was the July full moon which inspired the Vermont replica, and it is precisely one year later that the pilgrimage ends. David photographed Stonehenge last night and hopes to have a superb offering for next year's catalogue. Meanwhile the stealthy six - who risked jail in their endeavor - spent a reasonably comfortable night, fearing only the morning onslaught of dairy cows which had been rumbling through the pasture in which the crew slept. Some took refuge in the van to avoid utter disaster; others defiantly bid the cows come and slept boldly on nature's floor.

CASSANDRA

Many of you felt that yesterday's Paniculum item about the bus strike was someone's idea of a joke. Well, the laugh's on you, buddy, because yesterday there was a strike - albeit for only an hour - and now it's over and you read it here first.

A DAY AT THE RACES

Tomorrow there are sheriff's horse races at Wolvercote (a few miles outside of Oxford and easily accessible by foot, bike, or bus), as well as a fair. Should be fun. More details are available at the Oxford Tourist Centre or from Art Perry.

TICKETS PLEASE

If you are not going on the bus to the Barbican, pick up your ticket now. Those who have been selected to receive tickets to Romeo and Juliet and/or Henry V may drop by the office and pay for their tickets. There are yet a few tickets left for Henry V, which according to Jim Holland is a great show.

AND GIVE INVITATIONS EACH TO EACH

Joining us tonight on our trip to London are students from St. Johns (Southerners mostly) and two guests from Lincoln: Joy Makin, the college steward; and David Barclay, a member of Lincoln and graduate student in English. Both have known Bread Loafers over the years, and Joy in particular is responsible for the excellence of our life here. David is a familiar denizen of Deepers and the JCR, particularly when a cricket match is being shown; he is the captain of the Lincoln College team. Please do not hesitate to introduce yourself to Joy and David.

KEBLE

(From Barbara Manning) Keble College on Parks Road is a triumph of Victorian Oxford. Its striped brickwork and patterned chimney stacks might be considered actively ugly; in fact, Ruskin so loathed the sight of it that he gave up his daily walks in the Parks, where Keble Chapel dominates the view from the tennis courts. The interior of the chapel has an altogether different appeal; especially noteworthy is Holman Hunt's pre-Raphaelite painting, "The Light of the World" in a small side chapel built to house it.

ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS

The office would like to settle accounts for the last two "Page and Stage" productions with those who signed up for tickets. Please stop by and pay before Tuesday lunch (or immediately after). The prices are: Henry V £15.65; Romeo and Juliet £7.65. There remain tickets for Henry V.

CHIP OFF THE OLD, ETC.

More Crumbs have arrived and - after passing censorship - will be posted.

MY CONVERSATION WITH DENNIS KAY, ETC.

Many of your tutors and their spouses will be present for dinner tonight, so leave a gap in our feast to welcome them.

RETURN OF THE TOURISTS

A recent trip to Dorset yielded some unexpected pleasures, including two bottles of Thomas Hardy Ale, "the strongest beer in Britain," which takes twenty-five years to mature. (It won't last ten minutes in my refrigerator.) If you would like to view a bottle, or if you like travel tips in the Dorchester -Weymouth area, please ask in the Office.

HE KNOWS IF YOU'VE BEEN BAD OR GOOD, SO BE GOOD FOR GOODNESS SAKE!

Paul and Beth Cubeta arrive this Wednesday morning. Deck the Hall.

NOT MUCH ROOM IN THE INN

If you have guests coming for graduation or the end of the term, you should consider booking them in the Mitre now.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY...

is for Seniors and tutors tonight at 5:30 in the Beckington Room.

MADMAN, LOVER AND...

Budding poets or those who have long since flowered, if you have an interest in a public (though relaxed and intimate) poetry reading, one is being planned for the end of the term. Anyone interested in sharing his or her works (finished or in progress) at such a gathering should please see Jim Matley.

LES MISERABLES

Was your bike stolen? The police called Lincoln because a bicycle was "pinched" Wednesday night in front of the college. The only problem is that no one knows to whom the bike belongs. If it is yours, let us know. (Does this note make sense?)

BLOW UP

Someone left a roll of film in the office. (Originally found in the Hall.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

We are still accepting payment for R & J and Mank V tix. ASAP.

DINNER FOR ONE, JAMES

The management will assume that everyone would like a box dinner to Henry V unless otherwise notified. Thank you.

DEATH BE NOT PROUD

(From Barbara Manning) Martyrs' Memorial, at the head of St. Giles, was erected in the 1840's to commemorate Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, burnt to death in Broad Street in 1555-6. At the same time, its design by George Gilbert Scott commemorates the Romantic era's revival of Gothic splendor in all its detail.

JOHN MANCOCK

When signing up - or out - for or from anything, please do so legibly, please. Printing might be helpful.

BEYOND THE HORIZON

Michael Wood will be speaking to us on Tuesday, July 31, and his subject will be "The Motive for Metaphor," which will be "a more general look at why writers, and other people, go in for metaphor and the trouble they land in when they do."

THE DEVIL MADE ME BUY THAT DRESS

The annual summer sale at Laura Ashley's begins this Wednesday morning at 9:00 A.M. The sale extends for awhile, and the store is located on Little Clarendon Street.

JOHN TAYLOR'S BULLDOG...

occupied the attention of Samuel Johnson (formerly of Pembroke College), and there continues the fine English condition of raising and owning bull dogs and bull terriers, which are different from the American pit bull. If you are interesting in taking one home as a reminder of your summer, we suggest you contact Mrs. Spary of Nansough Farm, Ladock. Telephone: St. Austell 882077.

ABSURD PERSONS PLURAL

For the official record, the entire "Hey! Stonehenge!" expedition included Ben Bolte, Roger Mork, Mary Catherine Bradshaw, Mister Jameson, and Christine Kemp. Let it be noted, however, that while Mister Jameson was present at the beginning of the expedition, he did not linger to see its conclusion.

COMING HOME...

in a sense, are Paul and Beth Cubeta, who consider Bread Loaf home either East or West. Though they will undoubtedly need to recover from jet-lag today, please don't be reticent with your welcome. The Cubetas will be with us for two weeks, joining us for some Stratford trips and other events. Cubeta mail service will also be operating and will be explained in another notice.

ART FOR ASH'S SAKE

The art gallery of the Ashmolean Museum (at the beginning of Beaumont Street) contains the best collection of Raphael drawings in the world, and a superb collection of Michelangelo drawings too - all once the property of Thomas Lawrence, the portrait painter. It has Uccello's Hunt in a Forest, a roomful of pre-Raphaelites, and lots of Pissarros. (From Barbara Manning)

MONEY IS THE ROOT

Tickets for Romeo and Juliet must be paid for after lunch today or the office will assume that you do not want your ticket and offer it to the waiting list. Henry V is due as well.

THE KING AND US

This Friday evening after dinner (at a specific time to be announced) Bill Sempreora is staging a reading of Luigi Pirandello's tragedy Henry IV in the Hall. The cast list is impressive, including Lawrence Davies as Henry IV, Dorothy Bednarowska as the Marchioness Matilda Spina, and Bob Blake as Charles Di Nelli. Others in the cast are Meg Sempreora, John Caserta, Teddy Senn, Ben Bolts, Paul Crumbley, Mark Christensen, John White, William Tadler, Patrick Lee, and Ned Brown. Those of us who are left will make up the audience, an important if unrehearsed part of any production. More details of the play will follow.

MAGIC BUS

These happy very few who are going up to Stratford to see Henry V today should meet at 4:45 for the walk over. The porters' lodge is a good place to meet (because the box dinners are there). If you cannot meet the group there, then remember that the bus departs Gloucester Green at 5:00. Tickets will be handed out on the bus.

MY DUCATS!

Extra tickets for next Wednesday's RSC Stratford performance of The Merchant of Venice go on sale today. Price: £15.65 not including dinner. (All students are, of course, paid for.)

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT

Yesterday, sports fans, Jack Nicklaus was awarded an honorary doctor of law degree from St. Andrews University (see how easy it is?) for his contribution to the game of golf. The British Open will be played at St. Andrews this year and play begins tomorrow. BBC coverage starts at 10:55 A.M.

REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE AFTER 10 A.M.

Because the lien's share of the office work takes place between breakfast and 10 in the morning, we would appreciate it if you could delay your telephone use until after 10, urgent calls excepted, of course. Thanks.

(From Barbara Manning) If any school of art can be said to have flourished in Oxford, it was the Pre-Raphaelite movement, largely a local product. William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones were undergraduates together at Exeter, and their friend Dante Gabriel Rossetti often used to visit them from London. There are tapestries, stained-glass windows and paintings by them all over Oxford, but the most famous are the decorations and scenes from *Morte d'Arthur* in the Library of the Oxford Union (St. Michael's Street). In search of a model for Guinevere, Morris found one in Oxford so suitable that he married her!

Abner Oakes and Brett Pierce are organizing a gathering at The Perch tonight. People should be there around 6:30, and I imagine a walking party will leave the Lodge around 5:45, but see Brett or Abner for details. And, of course, be sure to sign out from dinner.

Reminder that tonight at 8:30 there will be a full reading of Henry IV in the Hall.
Deep Hall will provide your refreshments until around 10:30, but please don't leave empty glasses and rubbish for the scouts to pick up in the morning. The breakfast settings should not be disturbed.

If anyone in the community happens to see a note for S. Francisco on the EL bulletin board, know that it is not an oddball note to Mondale/Ferraro, nor another (yet another!) letter for Ned Brown. No, this note will be for Stephanie Cay Marcus. Apparently, she was jogging or walking fast or something and this MAN caught her (gold chain dangling from his neck) or caught up to her and, well, asked her out. For a date or something. He's from Tex-as, after all. Anyway, she said, "Great!" in that sort of fake way, and allowed that she was called Stephanie. Stephanie what? he asked suspiciously. "Uuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh....Francisco?" Clever, eh. (Why not Jose, or S. Louis, or S. Ripton, for godsakes!) Anyway, she has this big DATE, y'know, but the man from Texas is looking for Abraham College.

Paul Cubeta is looking for good pictures for the 1985 bulletin. If you have either color transparencies or black and white photographs, we would like to see them. We are primarily interested in casual, candid shots and scenic pictures of the college and Oxford. Thanks.

In addition to the Crumbs posted yesterday, Dr. Cubeta has brought two up-to-date address lists from The Mountain. Stop by the office if you want to check anyone's address from over there.

Though realizing that it will be difficult to tear us away from Tony's delicate Bulgarian red, David Barclay is opening the Junior Common Room Wine Cellar to the Bread Loaf community. These wines - many of which are excellent vintages originally sold to the Senior Common Room - are an extraordinary value, albeit not from an Eastern Bloc country. David will be happy to sell them to you; a list is posted in Deepers. Tony will open the bottles for you, but grudgingly.

THAT TIME OF YEAR

"Yeats' Second Puberty" is the subject of Professor Ellmann's talk this evening, which will begin at 5:15 and will be held in the Lower Lecture Room. Richard Ellman is a former Bread Leaver and Goldsmiths Professor of English at Oxford. He is well known for his biography of Joyce, as well as other criticism of Joyce and Yeats, among others. The lecture will be followed by a reception in the Beckington Room and a High Table dinner at 7:00. Everyone is requested to dress appropriately.

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Remember Merchant of Venice is Wednesday and you need to contact us by lunch if you would like an extra ticket. Box dinners will be provided unless you sign out from getting one; a list is posted. The bus leaves at 5:00 from Gloucester Green and arrives around 6:30, which does leave you time to snoop around the theatre and park, but not Stratford itself. If you would like to have a more thorough tour of the town (not necessarily recommended), there is public transportation leaving from Gloucester Green all day. Again, if you plan not to go up with the group, please sign out and come by to pick up your ticket.

A LIVERY BETTER THAN YOUR FELLOWS'

Paul Cubeta would like to know if you are looking for employment next year so that he can keep you in mind as openings become known to him. Would you please stop by the office and sign up for this consideration? We have a folder for resumes (which can be xeroxed) in the office.

BROUGHTON CASTLE

Thursday's trip for Broughton Castle will leave after lunch (about 1:45) and return by six o'clock, costing about £2 plus admission. A sign up sheet is up. This trip is highly recommended. LAST MINUTE CHANGE: trip postponed until August 2!

A GAP IN OUR GREAT FEAST

Unfortunately, we did quite poorly this past weekend signing out (i.e. we expected 50 people at lunch Saturday and only 30 turned up, and that was a better showing than at other meals). While weekends are easier to manage than other days of the week, not signing out does put a burden on everyone connected with running the kitchen. On regular evenings, vegetarians have special plates made up, so they are particularly encouraged to be responsible. Obviously, you cannot foresee every possibility over the weekend, but we urge that you try. Thanks!

MURDER MOST FOUL

Friday evening's reading/performance of Henry IV was highlighted by enthusiastic reading, impromptu acting (primarily by Lawrence Olivier Davies), and precisely timed laughing and screaming by Mrs. Bednarowska. Despite being handicapped by complete lack of rehearsal time, Bill Sempreera wisely cast skilled old pros, like Bill Tadler and himself, and the reading was entertaining and skillful. Bravo!

YANK HOLIDAY HORROR

(From the DAILY MIRROR) "Nine American students left a trail of terror and junk food from Oxford down through South coast line: Studland and Lyme Regis being the hardest hit. Other areas reeling from the group's absurd 'coo's and ahhs' were Bournemouth, Swanage, and Winchester Cathedral, whose dean said that comparatively York got off light. Two hired cars sped along the highways of the South, as the ugly Americans avoided holiday traffic snarls by driving exclusively on the right side of the road. Although claiming to have been dragged off, Robyn Stone and Debbie "Walk Much" Tripp appeared to be having the Thym of their lives. Mike Kerin, Nick Lefferts, Abner Oakes and Jim McNery were detained in Studland before convincing authorities that a terrible mistake had been made; Bruce "Rock Salmon" Gershkan brought new meaning to the term "Bed and Breakfast."

PANICULUM

Volume 7, no. 16 The Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College 24 July 1984

I KNOW WHERE IS A MIND

(From Barbara Manning) Yes, there are still deer at Magdalen College. To find them, though, you have to cross the little bridge in the garden and walk left along Addison's Walk. The deer are roaming in the meadow that borders the path on the right, far from the madding crowd, but they are usually not averse to sharing some of your salted crisps!

THE REAL THING

In the interests of accuracy, the office would like to update the address list of Bread Loaf East before Paul returns to the mountain. If your address or school has changed since the original list was printed, please stop by and let us know. If you're not sure, stop by and check the original list.

WAIT A MINUTE MR. POSTMAN

"These who live in retirement, whose lives have fallen amid the seclusion of schools or other walled-in and guarded dwellings, are liable to be suddenly and for a long while dropped out of the memory of their friends, the denizens of a freer world. Unaccountably, perhaps...there falls a stilly pause, a wordless silence, a long blank of oblivion...I suppose animals kept in cages, and so scantily fed as to be always upon the verge of famine, await their food as I awaited a letter."

Villette, Charlotte Bronte on how
those who get no mail this summer
must feel. (from Susan Walker)

THE TOYSHOP OF THE HEART

The, uh, Laura Ashley sale is still on.

THE WINGS OF THE DOVE

Roughly speaking, the Cubeta mail service is your inexpensive way to say "Hi-doo" to a friend or waiter at Bread Loaf West. Simply put your message into an appropriate envelope (post cards are acceptable, too), address the envelope with the receiver's name, and drop the missive by the office before Dr. Cubeta leaves (best by August 1). Upon his return, Dr. Cubeta will drop the letters by the office who will distribute them accordingly.

LAUGHTER AND FORGETTING

Those who enjoyed last year's showing of Rocky Horror will be pleased to know that it will be shown this Friday at the PPP at 7, 9, and 11. If you go, stop by Bret's Burgers (right on Cowley) and have a real hamburger.

THE OUTSIDERS

Those who will not be going up with the group to Stratford and/or those who do not want box dinners, please sign out. Thank you.

PANICULUM

Volume 7, no.17

The Bread Leaf School of English at Lincoln College

25 July 1984

COACHES COACHES DRIVE

We leave Gloucester Green this afternoon at 5:00, and it is, of course, important to be prompt. If you are going up early, please stop by the office to pick up your ticket ahead of time. And those who do not want a box dinner for Merchant (free to those in college), please sign the appropriate list. Much thanks.

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN

(From Barbara Manning) Among Oxford's famous residents have been Geoffrey of Monmouth, who probably wrote his History of the Kings of Britain in the Castle grounds (the castle mound and tower are still visible from Queen Street); Edward Halley, discoverer of Halley's comet, whose house and personal observatory on New College are marked by a plaque; and Alice of Alice in Wonderland as well as its author, who was a mathematics don at Christ Church. An exhibit relating to the life of the "real" Alice is currently on view at the library of Christ Church.

THUS SPAKE CASERTA

The senior class president would like to meet with all the seniors today in Deep Hall at 12:30.

BEHIND THE WHITE DOOR

If you make a last minute decision not to attend tonight's performance of Merchant, please leave a message under the office door so that we can account for you. Otherwise, we may have to hold up the group in order to find you.

MY MASTER WHIPT ME WELL

Dr. Johnson (briefly a member of Pembroke) expatiated (to Boswell, of course) on the advantages of Oxford for learning. 'There is here, sir,' said he, 'such a progressive emulation. The students are anxious to appear well to their tutors; the tutors are anxious to have their students appear well in the university; and there are excellent rules of discipline in every college. That the rules are sometimes ill-observed, may be true; but is nothing against the system. The members of an University may, for a season, be unmindful of their duty. I am arguing for the excellency of the institution.' (From VI, 23)

TIME'S WINGED CHARIOT

Other events on our calender: Tuesday, July 31, Michael Wood lecture 5:15
reception, high table dinner

(Romeo and Juliet,
Monday, July 30)

Morning Dew in Deepers 8:30

Thursday, August 2, Cubetas and Monie depart
Castle Broughton Tour

Saturday, August 11, Commencement

YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'

Jim Hatley commented this morning at breakfast that he feels trapped in his study of Romanticism. If there is enough community concern about this issue, group counselling is available as well as a hotline in the Lake District.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

(From Denis Wadley) All five major British charities are uniting to collect funds to aid the six Central African nations caught in the appalling famine recently reported on TV and in the papers. Bread Loafers who want to make a contribution to famine relief may donate at the office or give the money directly to Denis who has arranged to bring it Sunday morning to St. Mary Magdalen Church, whose vicar will forward the full amount. This contribution will go exclusively for food and medicine to the proper agencies.

MOLL FLANDERS, TOM JONES, ETC.

The lectures at the Ashmolean Museum (in the Taylolean Room) have been superb according to those who have attended a few. The schedule is on the bulletin board.

IT IS THE CRANES, IT IS THE CRANES, O MY SOUL!

The above is a brief editorial comment on the Merchant production we saw last night.

SUMMER'S LEASE HATH ALL TOO SHORT A DATE

One mistake you do not want to make (as many have) is to miss visiting Blenheim Palace, just nine miles up the road in Woodstock. (We pass by it everytime we drive up to Stratford.) One can easily make a full day of it by biking, or by touring the palace, the Duke's private apartments, and the gardens, finishing off with a good English pub meal in Woodstock. Besides just the sheer magnificence of the place, the Churchill exhibition (Sir Winston was born there) and the art and china make it a unique opportunity. The history of the palace is quite interesting as well. If you do not want to bike, you may take a day trip in a hired car and make the palace a stop on the way, or the 420 bus leaves regularly from Corn Market and stops just in front of the palace. Return busses run regularly, though be sure to check on Sundays.

"I MUSTN'T BE LATE," CRIED THE WHITE RABBIT

Seniors remember the invitation to the Mannings this evening at 5:30. Stop by the office for directions. (It is 101 Woodstock, just beyond the Horse and Jockey.)

A MAN ON WHOM I BUILT AN ABSOLUTE TRUST

Christine Hemp asks that those who have signed up to hear Morning Dew next Tuesday please pay £1 to David Powell. If you did not sign up, but wish to come anyway, please do. You may contribute at the door.

RULES OF THE GAME

Because the demand for Romeo and Juliet tickets is so great, we must insist that, if you do not plan to attend, you return the ticket to the office so that a Bread Loafer has a chance to go. The right to these tickets is not transferable to those outside the program, unless you consult the office first. Thanks for your understanding in this delicate area.

PANICULUM

Volume 7, no. 19 The Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College 27 July 1984

IT WEARIES ME, YOU SAY IT WEARIES YOU

The sign-out sheet is posted for this weekend's meals. Let us please not have the situation that resulted at some meals last weekend when fully a third of those expected did not show up. Thank you.

A WINTER'S TALE

Information regarding Independent Winter Reading Projects (IRWP) is available in the office.

PANIC IN UNIVERSITY PARK

Anyone who would like to play softball (at least it looked like a softball) against an All Star team of Brits, Yanks, Aussies, and Canadians should talk to Nick Lefferts or meet at the Porter's Lodge Monday at 5:00 P.M. Game time is at 5:30 at University Park. We need seven (7). The more the merrier; men and women welcome!

NOW TO YOUR BOND

Romeo and Juliet ticket-holders will leave by coach from Gloucester Green at 5:00 Monday afternoon; box dinner will be provided unless you notify the office that you do not want one. If you cannot attend, please let the office know as soon as possible.

OVER DEEPERS WATERS

We are looking for a pair for a bridge game this afternoon at 5:30 in Deep Hall. Please let the office (or Chan and Monie) know if you are interested.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW

Denis Wadley thanks those who have already contributed to the African relief fund and reminds others that contributions are still being taken (either by him or in the office) through Saturday.

DON'T LOOK NOW

There will be a list of the seniors at Bread Loaf's Mountain Campus available in the office by tomorrow.

THAT YOU HAVE BUT SLUMBERED HERE

Reports are that the production of A Midsummer Night's Dream is "ragged and laid-back, but highly energetic and entertaining. Very enjoyable." Performances are at 8:30 held nightly in the Magdalen Deer Park.

PANICULUM

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The Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

30 July 1984

ENTRE NOUS

Those students who would like to speak with Dr. Cubeta before he departs on Thursday should stop by the office to make an appointment.

SEE, THEY DEPART, AND WE GO WITH THEM

The coach leaves Gloucester Green for Stratford (and Romeo and Juliet) at 5:00. Please be on time. There is a waiting list for this play; let us know if you cannot attend.

THROUGH WIND AND WAVE AND SNOW, ETC.

The Cubeta "Pony Express" will close down at Wednesday night dinner. No galloping over to Bear Lane any later.

HENRY IV, Part 2

Happy birthday, Mo-Mo!

OUTPOST OF PROGRESS

Denis Wadley reports: "Bread Leafers contributed £201.54 to the Famine in Africa Fund through St. Mary Magdalene Church. Father Bennett mentioned from the pulpit at 10:30 mass Sunday 'a very generous cheque from a group of American students at Lincoln College' by way of urging others to contribute. Their collection will be forwarded at mid-week, so any further contributions given to me or dropped by the office can still be accepted."

WHAT OFT WAS THOUGHT BUT NE'ER SO WELL EXPRESSED

Michael Wood, former Bread Loaf faculty member and friend to many of us, will speak tomorrow at 5:15 in the Oakshott Room. A reception will follow in the Beckington Room with a High Table dinner at 7:00. Please dress accordingly. Seniors who are asked to sit at High Table will receive written invitations and are urged to reply promptly.

AND THIS GIVES LIFE TO THEE

Dr. Cubeta will take the opportunity afforded by tomorrow night's dinner to announce this year's award winners.

AN OGGSFORD MAN

The senior picture will be tomorrow at 6:15, right after the lecture. Please meet at the Porter's Lodge. Further, sign-ups for the pre-Commencement party at The Bear end next Tuesday and your commitment (to cash, that is) is irrevocable. Please see John Caserta if you have questions about guests, etc.

COME BACK LITTLE SNEBA

All coffee pots that have carried themselves away from the JCR coffees should carry themselves back. Thanks.

SAY HEY, WILLIE! (or Rachel, as the case may be)

Softball game with Brits and Aussies is on. Men and women who are interested meet at Porter's Lodge at 5 P.M. Game is at 5:30 P.M. in University Park. Nick "The Natural" Lefferts will be leading the BL club.

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Interested in Indian Food? Ask Nick Lefferts, Jim McInerny, and Michael Kerin about what not to order.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Anyone wishing to share an early morning cab to Heathrow on Monday, August 13, should let the office know. Also, we shall be happy to confirm your reservation on regularly scheduled flights (i.e. not charters) beginning next week. Please stop by the office with the appropriate information over the next week so that we can make these calls.

PANICULUM

Volume 7, no. 21

The Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

31 July 1984

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Tonight's lecture by Michael Wood will be on "The Meaning of Metaphor" and will begin at 5:15 in the Oakshott Room, with reception and dinner to follow. A former holder of the Chair of Literature at Bread Loaf, Michael Wood is a graduate of Cambridge and has taught at Columbia, Cambridge, and is currently Professor of English at the University of Exeter. He has written several books and is a regular contributor to several journals, including the New York Review of Books and The Sunday Times. In addition to Michael Wood's lecture and reception, Dr. Cubeta will be announcing awards for the coming year at tonight's dinner. It should be a very special evening.

TAM O'SHANTER

Following the late afternoon festivities, the evening is rounded off by a performance of Morning Dew, Christine Kemp's Irish folk band, in Deep Hall. The music begins at 8:30 and, of course, Tony will keep the bar open late. Those of us who have signed up should pay David Powell; otherwise, people may contribute what they can at the door.

POESIS IN PRAXIS

(from Jim Hatley) "Bread Loaf at Oxford is welcomed to a quiet and relaxed evening of poetry and wine next Monday (August 6) at 8:30 P.M. in the Beckington Room. Works in progress, odds and ends, finished pieces. Tatters of the human heart. Some sweet noise to make the silence less vicious."

LOOK ON OUR WORKS YE MIGHTY

(From John Caserta) Seniors are asked to contribute £8 by Thursday, August 2, for class gift & etc....Remember, too, that the Senior Photo is today at 6:15, just after Michael Wood's lecture, at the Porter's Lodge.

DAMN YANKS

In yesterday's rousing softball game, won by the non-British alliance, Bread Loafers were instrumental in the 16 - 14 outcome, particularly Dale Lumley who hit two shots for 4 (i.e. a home run) and garnered MVP honors. John White pitched well, and Nick Lefferts did a fine job of organization. The next game is slated for this Thursday.

MATTERS ORGANIZATIONAL

The Office would like to know the following from each student:

Departure date

Flight information.

In addition, applications for next year, either here or there, are in the office and should be picked up, filled out and returned in the next week. None of these items is a rush order, but things to think about.

TRON

Computer information forms need to be completed and returned to the office by Wednesday evening. If you did not receive one at lunch yesterday, please stop by and pick one up at the office.

AND DID NOT KNOW WHERE TO FIND MIM

News from those who went to Stratford last night runs as follows: The play was good except for Romeo (Robyn Stone); Michael Kerin made everybody wait forever (consensus statement); Paul Cubeta is a helluva guy for buying a round at a nearby pub after the show (Abner "The Beav" Oakes).

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

Paul and Beth Cubeta are drawn back to the Mountain tomorrow (very early morning) so if you will see them, do so today. You can stop by the office to make an appointment with Dr. Cubeta. Remember, too, that the Cubeta Mountain Air Express accepts no mail after tonight's dinner.

HE IS THE VERY MODEL...

Charles, the head scout, has hired a mini-van and the trip to Broughton Castle is set. The group leaves promptly after lunch tomorrow; please sign up on the bulletin board. Cost: £2.50 plus admission. The group should be back about 6:00. It's a great trip!

SUDDENLY NEXT SUMMER

A tentative program for next summer at Lincoln will be posted later today. If you are inspired, come into the office and pick up an application for Bread Loaf-Lincoln '85.

O'FLASHDANCE

Awards for last night's performance in Deep Hall include Best Jig, John Dixon; South Carolina version, Alberta Lintecume; While Moving A Bed, Pip. General delight was had by all, and we are grateful to Christine Kemp and Morning Dew for helping us cap off a fine day.

R2D2

Dixie Goswami's computer survey needs to be completed by dinner if they are to go back with Paul. Please try to get that done to save you the trouble of sending it in later. Much thanks.

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE THERE ANYMORE

Also before Paul leaves, please stop by the office to make any changes necessary on the address list. We'd like to have that correct for the winter.

MOODY BLUES

Tuesday afternoon is the deadline for giving us your flight information (if you want the office to re-confirm for you) and also for telling us your departure date from Lincoln. All students must be out of their rooms at Lincoln by noon, August 12; however, you may stay at the Mitre for a reduced rate. See the office for details.

O WISE JUDGE!

Evaluations will be handed out today at lunch (or available in the office if you miss the lunch time opportunity). Paul asks that you fill those out and return to the office before the end of the session so that we can send them back all at once; this also spares you the task of mailing it in (usually months later). Further, it is preferred that you sign your name. Signing your evaluation allows Paul to see the situation clearly, making it less like that your comments would be misinterpreted.

THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING

If you are changing your address and failed to correct the 1984 student address that Paul Cubeta took back to Bread Loaf, please give us your new address before you leave so that next year's bulletins and mailings reach you.

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

You may notice, as of Friday morning, a tall stranger in our midst. His name is Jim Mooney (better known as simply "Moons"), and he will be here to help out in the office in Monie's absence. Jim is a native of New York and has lived on both coasts, having just received his Masters (in education) from Stanford. He will be teaching in Rye, NY, starting this fall. One of his big handicaps will be not knowing names, so please don't hesitate to introduce yourself.

RETURN TO SENDER

Please turn your evaluation forms back to the office after completion. If you did not get one, stop by the office.

WITH NOBILITY AND TRANQUILITY

The trip to Broughton Castle leaves from the Porter's Lodge at 1:30 and returns around 6:00. This is a great opportunity to see an English castle conveniently and comfortably; those who have been before say that it is not to be missed. Price again is £2.50 for return trip in the mini-bus Charles hired, and admission is extra at the castle.

ONE MAN'S MEAT

Denis Wadley reports that Playboy of the Western World currently running at the Oxford Playhouse is quite good and he warmly recommends it. For more details, you should see him, or call the Playhouse for tickets and prices.

LIGHT IN AUGUST

The end of the tunnel is in sight, and these are the concrete details the office needs to know:

- a. What day do you intend to depart Lincoln?
- b. Flight information (if you want us to re-confirm)
- c. Evaluations
- d. Next year applications
- e. Your plans for commencement (if you are not a senior)

Please drop by the office to let us know; otherwise, we shall start a survey soon.

PIPING DOWN THE MEADOWS GREEN

An informal (meaning, I think, no cash prizes) running race will be held at 10 A.M. Sunday, leaving from Christchurch Meadows. There will be two courses, a six mile jaunt and a two mile romp, and all will start together. Bruce Gershkon will officiate. The exact course will be announced or perhaps debated at Saturday's lunch, but for further information contact Mike Kerin or Abner Oakes.

PANICULUM

Volume 7, no. 24 The Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College 3 August 1984

BRAVE NEW WEEK

Here's a glance at the final week's schedule:

Sunday: 10 A.M. Christchurch Meadow 6 mile and 2 mile runs to relieve Olympic aspirations. Not officially sanctioned by any responsible governing body, except maybe Bruce.

Monday: Poetry Reading at 8:30 in the Beckington Room to "to make the silence less vicious." Some wine will be provided, but more may be required. See Jim Matley for more details.

Tuesday: Deadline for declaring yourself for dinner Saturday and following Commencement. Seating may be at a premium, so we have to know. Deep Hall open late for early finishers.

Wednesday: Weekend flights will be re-confirmed for free if you provide office with information. Only regularly scheduled flights please; this is the only day this service is provided. John Caserta must know about party at The Bear.

Thursday: Last day (supposedly) of seminars and tutorials, though exceptions have been made, and Fridays have been used.

Friday: Celebration time (c'mon). Afternoon graduation rehearsal for seniors; time to be announced. Deep Hall open until 11:00. Party at The Bear after (for those who have signed up).

Saturday: Splashdown and recovery. 6:15 Reception; 7:00 High Table Commencement Dinner; 9:00 Commencement Ceremony in Chapel. Deep Hall open late.

Sunday: Students must check out by noon. Those wishing to stay on (i.e. recover) may see Joy Makin about a reduced rate at the Mitre. Last chance to turn in evaluation forms and applications for next year.

AND COMMENCE OUR REVELS A WEEK HENCE

Seniors should let John Caserta know today how many guests you will expect outside of the Bread Loaf group for dinner and commencement Saturday.

THE DINING ROOM

Please remember to sign out by Saturday 10 A.M. for weekend meals.

ARONSON IN WONDERLAND

Yet even more CRUMBS are up. Please try to replace them (after you've pulled them down to read) in an order so that the most recent copies appear first. That will not be as easy as it sounds.

EXIT, PURSUED BY BEAR

John Caserta needs to know by Tuesday, August 7 (note error above) if you plan to attend the Bear party (organized by our seniors). You may pay £3 to John or to Marian Unger beginning today.

FAR FROM THE GLADDING CROWD

If you have not already done so, please stop by the office to sign-out for the commencement dinner and ceremony. The count appears to be fairly tight, so we need to know definitely if you cannot attend; Tuesday at the very latest. If you are not a senior and would like to bring a guest to that dinner, please see the office soon. There will be very limited seating, if any, for such guests. Also, in the next day or so, we shall try to contact you regarding your departure time. Those leaving prior to Sunday the 12th should see the office, if you have not done so. Thank you.

THE ROMANCE OF OXFORD

Over the next several days Jim Mooney will be taking photographs of Lincoln and you for next year's catalogue and for the Bread Loaf file. If he comes up to you, then, don't pose or feel uncomfortable, just carry on.

IF POETRY BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, READ ON

Let's not forget that tonight at 8:30 in the Beckington Room there will be a poetry reading open to all (whether you are reading or not) and designed to be a display of "tatters of the human heart." Wine will be provided in modest quantities; you may wish to contribute to the supply. See Jim Hatley for more details.

THE VIOLENT BEAR IT AWAY

Organizational Czar John Caserta must know by tomorrow your plans for Friday night if you intend to attend the 11-2 Senior/Bread Loaf Lincoln Gala. Delicious pub food will be on hand as well as traditional English ales at, of course, The BEAR.

STAY ON MACDUFF!

Joy Makin has clarified the "Where do I stay Sunday Night?" situation by allowing that Bread Loaf students may stay in their rooms after the official check-out time: that is, for \$7.65 per night, students may remain in college. If you would like to stay on, see either the office or Joy Makin.

KODACHROME

Sign up for pictures by today 2:30. Those who have signed up can begin to drop off their payments. The copies should be ready by the end of the week. (Note: these are the photos taken by Charles at the Wood dinner.)

PANICULUM

Volume 7, no. 26

The Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

7 August 1984

THE GIFT OUTRIGHT

To clarify the "tips" policy: unlike past practices, you should tip your scout or anyone connected with the college staff directly. There is a service charge already added to your tuition so that pooling is no longer required. If you have any questions about this issue, please stop by and ask.

GRADS DAY AFTERNOON

The rehearsal for graduation will be held at 4:00 P.M. on Friday in front of the chapel. (As with the marriage tradition, our rehearsal takes place on the day before the ceremony.)

SMILES OF A SUMMER EVENING

It now appears (as it has all along really) that there should not be any problem seating all Bread Loaf students in the Hall for dinner and Chapel for graduation. The only hitch might be non-Senior outside guests, and even those might be fine; we'll have to get the final count. To repeat, though, if you are on the usual meal count (as nearly all students and in-college spouses are), then you have a spot for dinner. (Please let us know if you do not plan to attend either dinner or the ceremony or both. Thanks.)

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS

(From Barbara Manning) If you make one last excursion to The Perch at Binsey, you might take a little detour to St. Margret's Church, which lies apart from the village about half a mile. (Follow the road as it turns to the left, away from the pub.) It once made Binsey into a bustling pilgrimage center, mainly because of its holy well whose water was reputed to heal eye and stomach troubles and to make barren women fertile. (In the 17th century, it was sold at a guinea a bottle!) This little well, which lies down some mossy steps behind the church, was called into existence by the local celebrity, St. Frideswide, as she magnanimously prayed to St. Margaret of Antioch on behalf of her blinded and rejected suitor.

WHOSE EGGS THESE ARE

For your information: Sunday breakfast will be served at the same time this week. That will be the last meal, however, of the program. (If there is interest, Breakfast can be served earlier. See office.)

OF DOGS, CHICKENS, COCKS, GREEN, CRANBERRY BOGS, YOUNGER SISTERS, JOYCE, AND ALL THAT

Last night's poetry reading in the Beckington Room was a great success, according to a special report to the PANIC. For the record, courageous, sensitive, and talented readers were: Peter Stillman, Christine Hemp, Meg Sempreora, Susan Litwack, Bill Sempreora, Paul Crumbley, Robyn Stone, Gretchen Geer, and (organizer) Jim Hatley. Despite many disclaimers like, "this isn't good but..." or "God knows why someone wants to publish this..." the poetry survived the authors' modesty, and those who attended were extremely fortunate. Thanks to all, especially Jim!

LEAVING ON A JET PLANE

Last call for those who would like the office to confirm your return reservations. We shall do so provided that your flight leaves on or before the 14th and you are booked on a regularly scheduled airline (i.e. not charter).

BEAR NECESSITIES

John Caserta would like to know today your plans for Friday night's party at The BEAR. Cost is £3 for the food; the ales are cash and carry.

TO SERVE THEM ALL MY DAYS

As many of you approach your last essay/tutorial, you may already be looking forward to a free day or two this week end. In that case, don't forget that the office has some very useful guide books which may be borrowed. We'll be closing up the office shortly and pitching many of the shhhedules, so stop by to pick up anything you might need.

DECLINE AND FALL

Rumor has it that this summer's students have been most impressive regarding our approach to life here (source: Tony in Deepers), but we need to continue to remind ourselves that it is inconsiderate to the staff if we fail to sign out for meals. There has been a touch of sloppiness of late; yes, some of us have Tripped up recently. In the future, don't forget to Marcus down if we plan to miss a meal. Thanks.

USEFUL VEHICLES OF FIRE

Sunday was the big two mile and six mile track events (around Christchurch Meadow) and PANIC correspondent Bruce Gershkon was there: "Well, it was a really marvelous performance today, and nature cooperating with a smashing bit of weather, not a cloud in the sky save two or three rather large ones. Everyone was in superb condition, showing those long hours of hard work with brilliant determination and courageous fortitude. Lovely sight that, our lads and lasses turning for home in full stride, completely unmoved by the threatening cows hovering near. Have at it, Arnie!! He was a cracker today. Oooo, but it's really all in the getting here. Of course, that's been said before, but so many get lost around Oriel Square that the marvelous fact of just getting here is just marvelous. One simply cannot say enough about this great BL team."

BUT I WILL NOT DINE WITH YOU...

People have been trickling in over the last few days to drop off the list for Saturday night. We would like to give Chef the count as soon as possible, so if you have not signed out yet (and intend to do so) please let us know. If you are fence-sitting presently we would like to know that, too. Thanks.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND NEXT YEAR

No counting today, you have just three days left to pick up a Bread Loaf East or West application form. If you fill it out quickly, we'll take it back with us.

DOESN'T ANYBODY STAY IN ONE PLACE ANYMORE?

Last call to change your address on the address list. After tomorrow, we pack it up.

TIP OF THE PIPS

Don't forget your scout.

LET NO DOG BARK WHEN I OPE MY LIPS

A scene from Oxford life:

"Lionel Hedges had come up from Tonbridge to Trinity College with a tremendous reputation as a schoolboy cricketer, having already played for Kent. A seedy looking middle-aged gentleman called on him one morning of a match. Imagining him to be reporter, Lionel said to him brusquely, 'I have nothing to say to you.' The man tried to expostulate but Lionel repeated, 'I have nothing to say to you.' It only afterwards transpired that the seedy man was not a reporter but his tutor, with whom he was otherwise not acquainted."

(Christopher Mollis, 1976)

BLOW UP

Those who ordered pictures: They are in. Come by and pick them up soon please.

COME SATURDAY MORNING

The office will cease holding regular hours after 10:00 A.M. Saturday. You may, however, gain access by seeing either Bob or Chan, who will be in the office frequently all weekend. Although it is hoped that evaluations and other forms can be completed before Saturday morning, it will be possible to get them at that time; by Saturday afternoon, however, we hope to have the office packed up for the winter.

BEECHWOOD 45789

As of Saturday morning all telephone calls made from the office must be strictly cash-and-carry; no time to run a tab.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

To clarify: rehearsal for graduation will be held promptly at 4:00 Friday afternoon. The thirteen (O fatal number!) seniors should meet in front of the Chapel.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

As the pressure begins to lighten (finally) around here, there some obvious signs of loosening up; to wit, Denis Wadley has been seen watching television two nights in a row; Tad and Elizabeth, delighted by the thoughtful coverage of the Olympics by the BBC, got out for some tennis yesterday; the Writing Program closed Deepers down last night; Meg Sempreora, Pat Lee, Jim "Jimmy Mack" McInerny, and Lisa "Sassy Pants" Van Sickle were all out dancing last night (Lisa was badly bruised in one particularly demanding number); David Powell and Brett Pierce entertained an old friend from Lynchburg, Tennessee; and Sue Hunt was "disturbed" when, on the late train from London, a man became violently ill just as she walked by. Just some observations.

NOW SING WE ALL AND DANCE IT

The Bear party is tomorrow night at 11:00, and the Reception before the Graduation Banquet is at 6:00 Saturday in the Rector's Garden, weather permitting.

THE SUN ALSO RISES

Is there any interest in moving Sunday breakfast up to 7:30 A.M.? If enough so desire, we can have it then. Please let the office know.

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS

Those who would like to leave luggage at Lincoln while they travel may do so. See the office for details.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Those who would like to stay in college an extra night or nights should see the office. Presently we only have two people listed.

MAKING THE LIST AND CHECKING IT TWICE

These are the students who have indicated that they will not be at dinner Saturday night: Lintecume, Holmsten, Hayes, Kerin, Pierce, Yale, Ace and Elaine Pilkington, Markus, MB, Powell, Staas. If you will not be here and your name is not on this list, please see the office. If you are on the list above erroneously, let us know.

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY PARK

Please pick up the photographs you ordered from Charlie if you have not already done so.

YANK DISCO HORROR

(Morning headline from The Sun) "Striking randomly, wantonly, and at will, a group of nearly a dozen Americans invaded an Oxfordshire dance hall last evening. Until their entry, local youths were quietly dancing to the sounds of The Rock Salmon Trio, an Old Wave group. Suddenly the dance floor became the Los Angeles East site as soon the group of Americans, first mistaken for the Roumanian gymnastic team, made their presence felt. Police were immediately summoned and arrived in great time with dogs and tear gas. However, by that time, the heat was too intense, and the Americans were allowed to burn themselves out. Emerging from the rubble the next morning, only Christine Hemp — "I mean, I live here!" — and two young women — who claimed to be too excited to remember their own names — were able to walk. Scraped from ^{the} roof, young Ben Bolte, Mike Kerin, Jim Lunar Tunes Mooney, and David Powell were identified by a Miss Bradshaw, herself suffering burns on her feet. There is yet one unidentified body, of which all that is left are some teeth, quite white, which periodically open and shout, "How are ya, Buddy!" and sometimes "Cheers, thank you very much."

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO TOMORROW NIGHT

Tonight and tomorrow's schedule of events: Friday 11:00 The Bear (for those who have signed up.)

Senior Schedule:	Saturday <u>6:15</u>	Reception in Rector's Garden
Friday 4:00 rehearsal	<u>7:00</u>	Banquet in Hall
	(approximately)	<u>8:15</u> Coffee in JCR
Saturday 8:50 robe for ceremony	(approximately)	<u>9:00</u> Commencement in Chapel

SUNDRIES

Breakfast will be at 8:45 Sunday; check out is at 12:00 unless you have arranged to stay an extra night. Please leave off your keys at the Porter's Lodge before you leave.

OVERHEARD IN CHRISTCHURCH MEADOW

Two older gentlemen were walking around the meadow:

Man Number One: That puddle, Nigel, reminds me of the days when I was a student. When it would rain, we would stand by the gutter and drop match sticks in the water and watch them go down the drain.

Man Number Two: Yes...quite right.

MOVIE, MOVIE

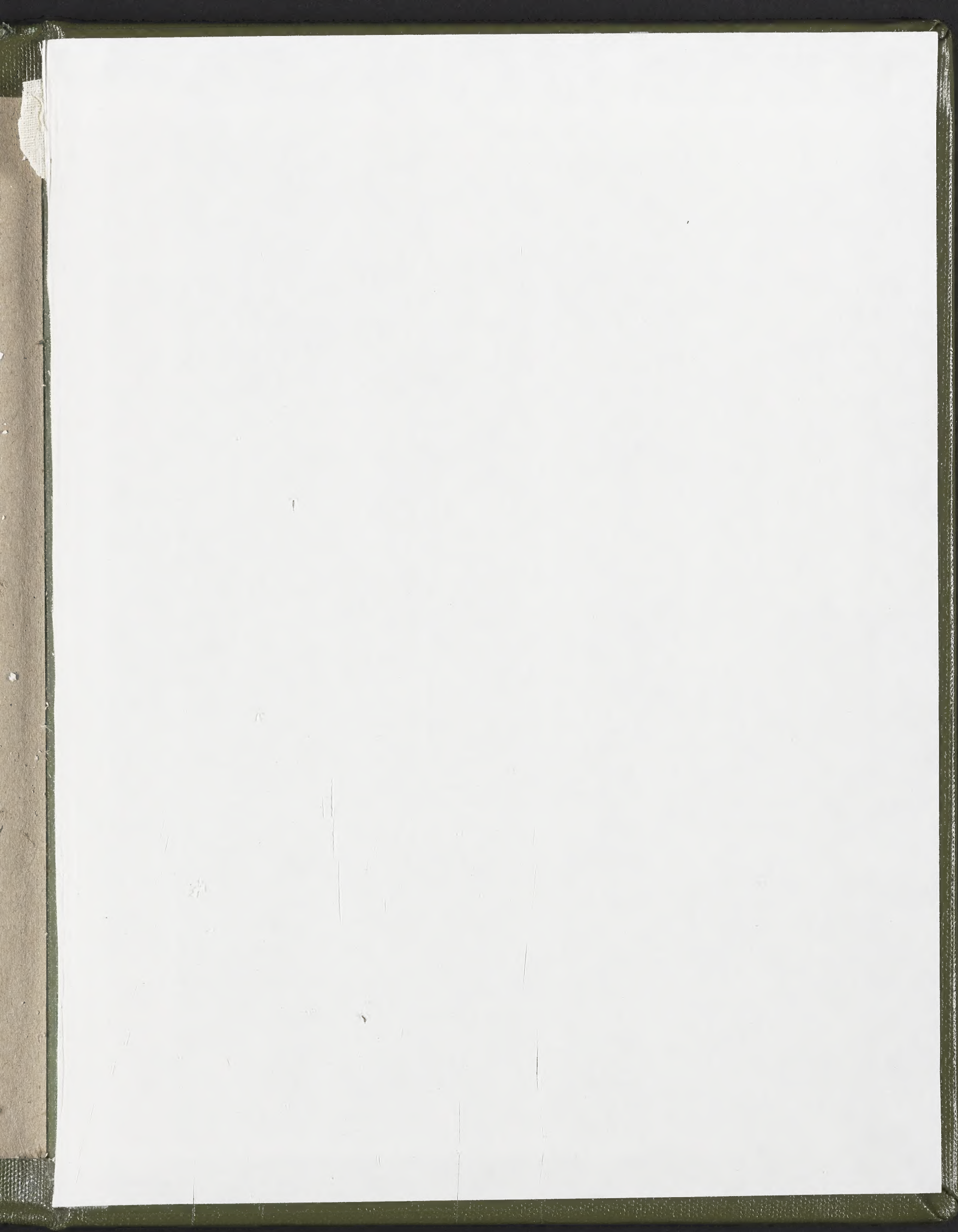
The movie "Beat Street" is presently showing at the ABC cinema across from St. Giles (just before Woodstock Road begins). The film was made by Harry Belafonte and filmed in part in Barbara Manning's music department. This film will help those headed back to a big city ease into reality.

AND TELL THE WORLD YOU ONCE HAD A FRIEND

Guest meal price for the banquet is £5.20. Please pay for your non-student guests as soon as possible.

FROM THE DIRECTOR

As we enter the final, pageant-filled moments of the session — and nothing becomes our Loaf like the leaving of it — I want to thank you all for making this such a pleasant, rewarding summer. Barbara, Gina and I wish you all the best in coming months. Bob.



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